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THE FATE OF THE FENWICKS

LETTERS TO MARY HAYS
(1798-1828)

EDITED BY HER GREAT-GREAT-NIECE

A. F. WEDD



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THE FATE OF THE FENWICKS

INTRODUCTION

ALL who are familiar with the Letters and Essays of Charles Lamb will remember the names of Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick. References to them both are frequent, and they appear in many other literary biographies and memoirs of the early nineteenth century as friends also of William Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, Thomas Holcroft and Crabb Robinson. Their later history has however up to the present time been unknown, and one of the greatest authorities on that period merely states that they "went abroad", and regrets that nothing further can be ascertained about "this interesting couple".

The correspondence of Mary Hays supplies the desired information in a large packet of letters from which the present volume has been compiled. Torn, mouse-eaten, and discoloured, they are closely written on large sheets of paper, some of which measure twenty inches by ten with as many as forty-six lines to the page. Some, consisting mainly of tiresome repetitions, have been altogether omitted. The remainder have been subjected to no alteration beyond the elimination of extraneous matter, division into paragraphs, and some additions in punctuation.

Mary Hays and Mrs. Fenwick were probably introduced to one another by Mary Wollstonecraft; together they ministered to her when she was dying, and they remained close friends, through a period of over thirty years.

The letters, which date from 1798 to 1828, give not only details of the chequered careers of John Fenwick and his wife,

but also the whole life-history of their two children, Eliza and Orlando, a delightful pair who were the pets and protégés and often inmates of the home of Charles and Mary Lamb.

Fenwick himself seems to have been a thorough scamp, with all the charm and attractiveness of the typical ne'er-do-weel. His talent for borrowing was phenomenal and is immortalized by Elia in the "Two Races of Men", where Fenwick is described as "my old friend Ralph Bigod Esq.". When this Essay was written his creditors were apparently still complacent, but a time soon came when his utter irresponsibility with regard to money landed him in serious difficulties. As a "boon companion" of Charles Lamb, the first steps in his downward course must have been innocent and pleasant enough, but his naturally vicious tendencies eventually plunged him into habitual drunkenness, debt and disaster. In 1799 he fled to Dublin, and on September 28th, 1802, Lamb writes to Coleridge: "Fenwick is a ruined man. He is hiding himself from his creditors and has sent his wife and children into the country." In 1806, Lamb tells Hazlitt that: "Fenwick is coming to town, if no kind angel intervenes, to surrender himself to prison"; and two years later, in a letter to Manning, Lamb says: "Little Fenwick is in the Rules of the Fleet. Cruel conditions. Operation of iniquitous laws. Is Magna Charta then a mockery?"

Mrs. Fenwick, whom these letters prove to have been warm-hearted and generous, but recklessly impulsive and as impractical as her miserable husband, tried by ever-varying means to earn or beg money for the support of herself and her family. Had she but stuck to one occupation, or known how to make the best use of such funds as came into her hands, she might have fared better. She is always moving from one lodging to another and from place to place. She tries in turn writing, school-keeping, helping in her brother-in-law's shop, translating, and colouring prints, previous to acting as resident governess in the Mocatta and Honnor families. For her to declare that any scheme has been abandoned invariably ensures the subsequent announcement of its having been put into execution. A chance piece of advice, the casual suggestion of an acquaintance, is enough to change the mind of this weather-cock woman. No sooner is she settled in one employ-

ment than she is off to another. Directly a school begins to pay she gives it up. She is sometimes penniless and sometimes comparatively affluent, but never does she succeed in making her income cover her expenses. Yet some mysterious force of character she must have possessed, for she exercised an unbounded influence over her two children, and ruled her pupils, even one whom she describes as having "a devil of a temper", with calm determination.

Eliza, though meekly subservient to her mother and resembling her in many ways, had evidently a much greater amount of self-control and common-sense, added to a fund of humour which she must have inherited from her father. With her nervous dread of any public appearance it is astonishing that she should ever have consented to become an actress, but having adopted that career in deference to her mother's wishes, she had enough talent and perseverance to make it a success, and to become eventually the "little idol" of a West Indian audience. When only about seventeen she was acting in the "private theatres" in London, and in 1810 she secured an engagement at Covent Garden with the famous John Philip Kemble. Her name may be seen on many of the old play-bills now preserved in the South Kensington Museum, but "Black Jack's" treatment of her was not in accordance with his promises; she left Covent Garden in 1811, and not long afterwards sailed with Mr. Dyke's Company for Barbadoes.

Her brother, Orlando, is a vivid figure in the story told by the letters, from the moment when, as a toddling baby, he triumphantly mounts the stairs for the first time unaided. One sees him develop into a beautiful, radiant, affectionate boy, passionately sensitive, and so adoring his mother as to be capable of "running" half the way from Wandsworth to Tavistock Square in his eagerness to be with her. From his childhood he makes friends wherever he goes; is petted, praised and flattered; yet he remains unspoiled. Mrs. Fenwick calmly announced, as early as 1800, that she would have no further dealings with her husband, but the unfortunate children could not escape so easily. Eliza was pestered and sponged upon as soon as she began to earn her own living. Lanno, for lack of any other refuge, was forced to spend some of his earliest years and subsequent school holidays in his father's charge.

During these periods he suffered agonies of shame and disgust, but the sweetness of his disposition soon reasserted itself; he was always ready to make excuses, and died reproaching himself for not having done more for the unhappy man.

Though Mrs. Fenwick modestly denied the possession of any literary gift, and professed to envy Mary Hays's talent, she nevertheless had a considerable power of lucid expression, and draws lively pictures of both places and people. Her phraseology, like that of her friend, is however too often inclined to over-elegance, as when she describes a quarrelsome husband and wife as behaving like "adverse dragons".

As a governess she must have been extraordinarily unsatisfactory, but she seems to have exercised some charm over her employers, for even the exacting "Mrs M." really treated her with astonishing indulgence and consideration. She placed a remarkably high value upon her own services, and commanded a salary equal to that of some of the best-trained teachers of the present day, yet she spent weeks at a time ill in bed, constantly imagined herself to be slighted, neglected, or imposed upon, and regarded any claims for special attention on the part of her pupils as "very troublesome". Added to all this, she expected that her son and daughter should be at all times welcomed as guests in the house, and that Orlando's superiority over her employers' sons should be acknowledged and accepted without hesitation or resentment.

Part of her fascination may have lain in her incurable optimism and valiant resilience after misfortune. Each fresh plan awakes her ecstatic enthusiasm, each ends in failure, and yet within a few weeks she is propounding another with unquenched ardour. A momentary appearance, or even a possibility of success, and she is uplifted with rapture, only to be immediately prostrated by some fresh disappointment.

This correspondence shows Mary Hays in a new and attractive light. The sentimental girl, the wayward, rebelliously passionate woman, the stilted authoress, of the other letters, now appears as a quite wonderfully faithful, forbearing, generous friend. Her means were small and she was mainly dependent on her own earnings, yet she never seems to have

refused one of Mrs. Fenwick's many appeals for help. It is she who defrays the initial expenses of the Belfast trip; she whose "generous loan" enables Eliza to go to Barbadoes; and she acts as a "second mother" to Orlando during his Wandsworth school-days. Mrs. Fenwick's abrupt changes of plan, continual alternations of hope and despair, frantic bursts of anxiety about her children, and spasms of fear lest Mary should be offended with her, in addition to her constant appeals for money or interest, must often have tried Mary's patience almost beyond bearing, but to the end she remains the "dear, dear friend" of the whole family.

The Lambs were also, with one short interval, constant and devoted. The cause of the temporary estrangement is not stated, but that Mrs. Fenwick was in fault, and then tried to ignore her offence, seems evident from a letter written by Mary Lamb to Sarah Stoddart on July 2nd, 1806. She says: "I met Mrs F. at Mr Holcroft's the other day. She looked placid and smiling, but I was so disconcerted that I hardly knew how to sit on my chair. She invited us to come and see her, but we did not invite her in return, and nothing at all was said of an explanatory sort, so there the matter rests for the present." A reconciliation took place in December of the same year, as related in Letter XV, and from that time until she left England for good, Mrs. Fenwick constantly relied on the Lambs to provide assistance and shelter both for herself and her children. Yet there seems to be no single reference to the young Fenwicks in the Lamb letters, and this is particularly surprising in view of Eliza's account of the Address written by Charles Lamb to precede her first appearance in Barbadoes, and of her statement in Letter LV that many people supposed her to be in love with him.

Thomas Holcroft was another good friend and helper. His Diary mentions on October 24th, 1798, that "Mr. & Mrs. F." had dined with him and that he had promised to try and raise money for her to start a day-school. On November 2nd of the same year he writes: "Advanced Fenwick £3 to support his wife with necessaries." Later he gave Eliza daily instruction in her art, and he was no doubt responsible for her introduction to the London theatres.

Godwin never had any money to spare, being himself always

in difficulties, but his Skinner Street venture gave Mrs. Fenwick temporary employment, though the letters show how she chafed under the exacting and uncomfortable conditions of that ill-fated enterprise.

The Robinsons and Browns, so often mentioned, were the family of Dr. Robert Robinson, the well-known Unitarian divine, all intimate friends also of Mary Hays.

Eliza's character seems to have gained immeasurably in strength and self-control after her separation from her beloved but erratic mother. Her letters show an imperturbable serenity in face of all manner of adventures and novel experiences, both before and after her marriage. In these outspoken days, little apology is needed for the inclusion of the one written to announce the imminent arrival of her first baby, and it demonstrates perhaps better than any other of what courage and endurance she was capable. Extraordinary fortitude in similar circumstances seems, however, to have been characteristic of the Players of that time. Mrs. Siddons was acting on the very night before the birth of her second child. Her mother, Mrs. Roger Kemble, had twelve children, most of whom "first saw the light" on circuit, and she on one occasion gave an almost too realistic rendering of the part of Anne Boleyn in Henry VIII, for her son Stephen was born immediately on her return to the inn at the conclusion of the performance.

After Mrs. Fenwick's own migration to Barbadoes, the list of minor trials and difficulties merges into a series of real tragedies. There is no doubt that this foolish woman was herself the cause of many of her troubles, but the irritation roused at first in the reader by her persistently volatile behaviour, melts into pity over the story of her later life, when indeed it almost seems as if she were justified in believing herself pursued by a malign and inexorable fate.

For two years, in spite of frequent illness and accident, storms and hurricanes, the school prospers; Orlando is at last settled in business with every prospect of success; the future of the family seems assured.

Then the first terrible blow falls, for Orlando suddenly succumbs to the ghastly Yellow Fever, which in those days decimated the English population of the West Indies, and which had already "snatched away" some of Mrs. Fenwick's most promising pupils and kindest friends.

Soon after this overwhelming sorrow comes the revelation of Eliza's unhappiness. In her solicitude lest her daughter should make a marriage as disastrous as her own, Mrs. Fenwick had rejoiced at the breaking off of relations with Henry Kemble in 1804, but Rutherford, who at first seemed the ideal husband and son-in-law, proves the very counterpart of John Fenwick.

Having done his best to ruin his wife and her family, this wretched man returned to England, and beyond one letter of "avowed remorse", they seem never to have heard from him again. Godwin, however, writing to his second wife on September 18th, 1818, says: "On Thursday last I had a visit from Mr. R. of Barbadoes, who drank three glasses of wine, and I began to fear would drink thirteen more. He is a sort of greasy, drinking, short and thick, player-looking man"; and in 1827 a last view of him is afforded by a letter of Charles Lamb to Sir John Stoddart, in which he is described as "a living scoundrel, lurking about the pot-houses of Little Russell Street, London".

Rutherford's desertion, after his behaviour during the previous period, must have come as a relief to his disillusioned mother-in-law, but Eliza's health was seriously affected by all that she had suffered, and a temporary improvement, after the move to America, proves but the prelude to a further course of illness and misfortune, ending in her death.

The gloomy picture of the last years is occasionally brightened by pleasant glimpses of the four Rutherford children. Mrs. Fenwick's gift of portraiture enables one to picture them from their earliest days:—the earnest, practical Pat, later known as William, already so useful in the house at the age of twelve; the passionate, unstable and constantly unlucky but lovable Tom; the fascinating little fairy Elizabeth, dancing faultlessly, when only four years old, in her "sattin trowsers" and muslin skirt, at the school ball; and the "beautiful

cherub " Orlando, with his " alabaster skin " and delicate health.

It is disappointing to know nothing further of this charming little family, but so far all efforts to trace their subsequent history have proved vain. The old Street Directories of New York give no address after that of the last letter, and Mrs. Godwin, writing to Mary Hays in 1837, says: " I have heard nothing of our poor friend Mrs. F. for many years. I have commissioned travellers to find her out, but with no success."

So the curtain falls abruptly in 1828 on the tragic fulfilment of Mrs. Fenwick's own prophecy, leaving her " old, infirm and broken-hearted, to protect and sustain four destitute children ".

As the contemporary of Mary Hays, she must by this time have been approaching, if not past, seventy, and we know from her own description that she was extremely stout, toothless, deaf and rheumatic. Yet the last picture shows her still undaunted in spite of manifold adversity, and one's final impression is of an ungainly but almost heroic figure, facing yet another venture with indomitable courage.

PART I

IN ENGLAND

I.—THE FIRST SCHOOL

(Oct. 22, 1798)

Monday morning.

. This struggle, this perpetual warfare must have an end. *I will attempt the school.*—I cannot write, perpetually surrounded with my family even were I assured that I have talents to make writing profitable & I possess no such confidence ; on the contrary, I feel that distress & disease have preyed more upon my mind than my body. The latter renews its strength daily, but the former, in almost constant fear of a worse morrow than today, has no chance of regeneration.

I know the modes & manners of a school. I am not averse to the species of labour. Supposing I get very few scholars, I can as well give the time to them that I must & do now devote to the children ¹ with me—I must live somewhere—I would dear Mary, do anything—anything that I know I can do would I now submit to, in order to extricate myself from this torture of seeing Mr F. perpetually struggling against a tide that so fettered & maniced he cannot stem.

Well then ! am I wrong in making the effort ? I must put my friends to the trouble of setting me forward & if I fail their benevolence will not be wholly misapplied, for I feel it my duty to make this endeavour. . . . Mr Holcroft has large connections, & among them may find persons willing to grant some aid. You, dear Mary, must also *beg* for me where you can.—I have a great deal of what I may call worldly pride for I do not use this solicitation even to you, my heart's friend, without a deeply wounded spirit.—Tears blind me while I write—Oh what an ill contrived, ill conducted world is this,

¹ Eliza, born about 1789, and Orlando, aged five months.

that while one half satiate themselves with refinements in luxury, the other must lick the dust of the earth to satisfy the demands of nature !

The reason of my *begging* is that I may be enabled to purchase a few articles of furniture, for to attempt a school in a furnished lodging is impossible, & if it were, the price of furnished lodgings is such as continually aggravates our distresses & it is my determination in following this plan to do it (according to the utmost of my power) in the way most likely to ensure its success.

As well as furniture I am in extreme need of some addition to my Cloathing.—As Dame Quickly says (vide Mr White) “ a modest change next the skin ”, a decent appearance of dress is, I believe, necessary to give people a good opinion of one.

I have thought of a preparatory school for little boys as a thing that I should much like.—It has paid admirably well in several neighbourhoods round London. But I am doubtful whether the environs of London have not as many as they can support, I have therefore thought whether some populous country town might not admit of such a plan. I also thought of asking you to consult Mrs Opie about Norridge. But I must first know the extent of the assistance I may receive because the going to a Country town would cost more than opening a day school in London. . . .

Adieu, my ever dear friend,

ELIZA FENWICK

II.—ANOTHER REQUEST

Sunday.

I came to drink tea with you yesterday & had not the good fortune to find you. I was sorry for I have seldom the will to go out & still seldomer the courage. I feel as if I had an immense weight to bear about with me & indeed so I have. The sense of my miseries appears to encrease with all the efforts I endeavour to make for their relief, yet under almost every possible disadvantage, except that of ill health, I am persevering to do that which had I done three years since I

might have done well, but now I have not even a hope to console me.

You & I dear Mary have not trod the rosy paths of life—I am, I confess, addicted to envy when I see people trifling with the blessings that have one after another been torn from my eager grasp. I believe there is very little real happiness in the world but there are comforts for those that can get them & I think tis hard to be quite out of the number. Yet I am become humble & not only willingly but even joyfully partake of the leavings. Perhaps you can procure me some of these.—My children are, Eliza in particular, sadly unprovided now in the article of Cloathes—& it occurred to me, as I was walking to your house last night & thinking of the wants at home, that Mrs Dunkin might have some things to spare that would really be *very servicable* to me. Possibly she has claimants known to her to whom she does those kindnesses & if so I would not for the world interfere.—Am I indelicate Mary in asking you to turn beggar for me? You know my temper & must know that I am ready to believe you will do that which is most decent, most fit for all parties—Necessity is a hard task Master I feel!

Monday. I was interrupted yesterday or I might have continued to wound you, for you are always ready to make my griefs your own. I am in much better spirits today—some days past I have been compleatly depressed, but I do not draw back from what I have asked, for at last what of *humbling* is there in it to a mind that can make a distinction between the pride of character & the pride of circumstances.—I am not sure that Mrs D., though she is your sister, Mary, can make this distinction, therefore I commit my wish & want to your decision wholly . . .

Mr F. has got a very bad eye again & we know not how. Saturday, yesterday & today he has been almost unable to use it.

III.—THE SCHOOL IS BEGUN

(Jan. 28, 1799)

Monday morn.

I cannot understand why you have not written to me & I have sometimes thought of it with excessive pain. My occupa-

tions have been various but unceasing & I am not quite well. my head in particular is sadly teized with giddiness partly in consequence of the distraction of the day, but more possibly for want of air & good rest. I have not crossed the Threshold since I was with you & when Orlando would let me sleep soundly & happily, Fanny Gerald keeps me waking.—If she is not removed from my bed it will almost kill me.

I have 6 scholars dear Mary, the eldest 5 years old & one I was fool enough to admit at 2 years old who all last week roared without ceasing.—I have £8 per quarter & yesterday devoting my time to Mr F.—writing while he dictated—I assisted him to earn £2. 10, without my help he could not have translated $\frac{1}{2}$ the quantity; we had worked but 8 hours so I have discovered how false my calculations have been.—I will confess to *you*, dear Mary, for you will endure & pity my weakness, that in the 6 hours of school keeping I have several days following endured sensations amounting to despair. Every suffering of the past seemed to return to awaken a consciousness of my imbecility & the perpetual sacrifices we have both made of our time and ability to do better.

I am nearly recovered from this sickness of the heart & indeed I ought rather to be telling you of the exertions that Mr F. is making to retrieve the state of our affairs. He has either been working too hard or been at other times too much depressed to be able to visit you, for he too has had his sickness. The daily encreasing shabbiness of his dress has (though he has generally borne it with a patience astonishing to me who know his excessive fondness for neat Apparel) helped to depress & confine him; his labour will now enable him to be in better plight which I am persuaded will give him an encrease of good spirits.

Orlando stands without support on the ground, even with both hands full, as firmly almost as I can, but he has not yet walked off. Last Thursday he to my great surprise climbed upstairs. Buonaparte could not express more triumph in the greatest of his victories than the little elf did at this effort of his power, till at length his ascending foot was caught by his petticoat & he fell with his chin on the edge of the Step & so ended the glories of the day. He only now wants to be weaned & to be *clean* to be the nicest boy in the world—

I may say so to you because you have had a share in him.

But why have you not written to me? I cannot come to K. Street till the Ducks have eaten up the dirt.

Adieu, Adieu, I love you too much to account satisfactorily for your silence.

E FENWICK

IV.—ORLANDO WALKS ALONE

(Feb. 1799)

I am sadly jaded, I have had a cold and slight sore throat & what was worse my boy has been & indeed is quite ill since Monday, his Cough has been violent & attended with considerable fever, the latter I believe to be wholly owing to teeth which are very discernable within the Gum.

Sunday night I was too ill to rest & since then his uneasiness has not allowed me to take a comfortable nap & though Eliza would & could relieve me in the day time, I am obliged to go without the indulgence I desire on account of the little Fry trusted to my care. On Monday I was sadly disposed to compare the present with the past & make discomfort more uncomfortable, but I soon found crying encreased my head-ach & I got as fast as possible into a better mood.

—My little great strong boy made his first walking *alone* effort last Friday & mightily pleased he is to find himself so much improved.

I wish much to see your wayward friend—bring him if possible but I should like to know when, that I may have a fire in the other room for the Children & for fear you should find me washing or scouring my room, for these are occupations to which I am very subject.

Mr F. wrote me a short scrap from Chester merely to say they had escaped a snow burial so far. I do not suppose I shall hear again till a letter can reach me from Dublin. . . .

Charles Loyd is then at the end of his grand career.

Adieu dearest of friends.

Ever yours

ELIZA F

Wednesday morning.

V.—A WETTING

Saturday morning (1799).

Mr F. is safe in Dublin.

We had so deplorable a journey on Thursday Night that I shall not for this day or two to come recover from its effects. In Holborn we were attacked by a sharp shower, to shun which we ran into Miss Saunders lodging & as soon as it abated we once more committed ourselves to the mercy of the weather but just as we reached the end of King Street down came another torrent.

We stood up at a shop door whose Mistress came out to *look* at the storm & having enquired how far I had to go & pitied the *sweet* child, she humanely shut her door in our faces & left us to endure the driving wind.

Having stood above $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour & vainly supplicated every passing Coach, I wrapped my Gown entirely over Orlando & home we trudged.

Eliza was already wet through in running after a Coach she saw set down a fare. Being thus compelled to carry Orlo all the way myself, what I suffered was almost intolerable, the outward wet from the rain was less uncomfortable then the excessive perspiration that fatigue forced from me.

The people of the house had a good fire ready for me, I sent out for some spirits & drank it hot as I went to bed, but never closed my eyes the whole night & yesterday I was unable to hold up my head. I thought I must have sent for some one to nurse me, for my little maid is at home with her scalded feet, however I rubbed through & today am better. Neither Eliza nor the boy caught the least cold. . . .

E F

VI.—MISGIVINGS

Friday, Aug. 30, 1799.

Can I tell you—no, I cannot to my satisfaction describe to you the lively satisfaction I feel in beginning once more to converse with you after daily experiencing many uneasy sensations lest your quick sensibility should misrepresent the nature of my silence.

Mr Fenwick has had more translation. I, as you know,

am then employed as amenuensis but there my occupations ended not, for Eliza has been very, very ill, & to compleat my sum of harrassing occupations, my little maid Betty, who at the best of times is of little use, became a burden instead of a service, for she also was very ill.

Every morning I promised myself I should that day find an opportunity to write to you & every evening's disappointment added to my fears of your conjectures.

How are you dear Mary? Are you doubting an affection that is sincerely yours? I cannot promise myself that you are not pained & displeased, for otherwise you would yourself have written. Will not my plain statement bring you back to affection & to confidence? You have often & often made allowances for my fettered situation & will not surely now lessen my growing happiness by reserve & displeasure. Write to me directly my friend & say that you forgive me. . . .

Mrs Reverly still sacrifices to a tight drawn etiquette. She receives no one, she visits no one. I am half afraid that when she is disposed to associate with her former acquaintance, she may have some resistance or resentment to encounter from those with whom she lives, who, having been accustomed to such strict retirement may be apt to think a breach of it an enormity.

Adieu my dear Mary. Mr Fenwick joins in assuring you of our true unalterable affection.

ELIZA FENWICK

I ought to have told you that Eliza is a great deal better, yet still pale & languid.

Among other of my businesses I forgot to say that I had in the intervals I could snatch fifty little jobs to do for Fanny Gerald which could not be delayed as she has at last left us. Her absence will certainly be an advantage if I can make anything of my time.

Once more fare thee well.

VII.—FLOODS AND A PHENOMENON ¹

LONDON, *Oct. 9th* (1799).

If you are not by this time ten feet under water, I think

¹ Addressed to Belven Mill, Maldon, Essex, the home of Mrs. Dunkin.

you will escape drowning as long as you live. I wonder the Churches and Chapels are not all opened & filled with petitions to Almighty God for fair weather. Without Jestings, I have several times thought your situation must be rendered almost critical by these incessant & heavy rains & I cannot but believe that damp is particularly injurious to the constitution. Do not be so much in love with your present tranquility as to run hazards for its sake.

You bid me tell you all I see & hear. Alas, I have little scope for observation & novelties keep aloof from me.

I think I heard yesterday you very kindly enquired after by the Miss Plumtres, who are settled in handsome commodious lodgings in Caroline Street, Bedford Square. They did not forget to mention that you & they were come nearer each other & I hope you will have more intercourse now that the distance is lessened.

Mr F. is very well although a little out of his wits with the delight of often seeing the mighty Mr Curran who is in England for a few weeks. I am in no small degree anxious to behold this Phenomenon of wit & eloquence & I shall, if the fates do not forbid, because he is to dine with Godwin when he recovers from an indisposition which at present confines him at home.

Adieu, my dear Mary. You should not have invited me to write to you for I am a worthless correspondent,—poor in everything but in the truth of my affection.

Mr F. sends his love to you & may we soon see you healthy & *happy* is the wish of your ever faithful

E FENWICK

We are going today to dine with Mr Fell. I believe we shall move into his house at Christmas which will bring us nearer to you by one half at least.

VIII.—FLIGHT FROM LONDON

Sunday & Monday, July 4th & 5th. (1800).

A week, dear Mary, has elapsed since I arrived here, more dead than alive, so exhausted was I at the end of my Journey, by fatigue more of mind than body. . . .

Yes, dear Mary, I am safe but not sound. I have a diseased mind. You know however my temper, & how little disposed it is to create or augment misery. I am rather restless than wretched & silent oftener than sad. It is not unnatural nor yet at all blamable that my wishes should press forward to the end of my Journey. I long to know & understand to their utmost extent my future cares. At present the suspense & uncertainty preys upon my spirits even while I am sheltered from the rude storms that of late have so continually overwhelmed my hopes; & I feel the kindness & attention of my friends here with a kind of self reproach for being so little able to divest myself of self & return them a pure & untainted sympathy.

I have written to Cornwall & urged them immediately to enable me to come there. I cannot hear from them before the middle of the week but even if they answer instantly as I wish, I shall likely be here ten days longer & shall expect a consoling letter from you.

One great detriment to my recovery is the rainy state of the weather. I cannot climb the hills nor repose in the wood where a favourite spot I selected ten years ago bears my name. Sunshine appears necessary to happiness in all cases except those of blighted affection.

I have heard once from Mr F. since I have been here. I do not suppose you have seen him for he intended to keep very close to avoid danger. I am determined Mary, if it be possible, to consider myself & children totally separated from his bad or good fortunes. If I should be able to contribute to his repose & comfort I shall rejoice, but never, never, will I again, if the means are to be had by my industry of supporting my children, involve myself in such miseries & perplexities as I have endured. I confess that I do not without regret part with those attentions & tokens of esteem & respect I used to receive from persons of talent & moral worth; nor would I willingly give up the feeling from whence I derived my gratification in those tokens, but still I turn to your friendship as my continual reward. . . . Adieu, dear friend. Direct at T. H. Pierce's Esq, New Park, Near Axminster.

Yours most truly

E FENWICK

IX.—ANOTHER TEMPORARY REFUGE

ENGLEFIELD COTTAGE, NEAR EGHAM,
SURREY.

. Since I came to this place my time has been completely engrossed by little but necessary avocations. We generally ride four or five hours a day & having till within these few days been without female servants, Miss Robinson & myself were busy from morning to night.

Englefield Green is singularly beautiful. 'Tis a broad plain on the summit of a high hill, the houses are irregularly scattered & the breaks & openings display an astonishing prospect of richly wooded & cultivated country with the Thames pouring through it.

Mrs Robinson's Cottage stands aloof from the grander dwellings of Lady Shuldham, Lord Uxbridge & Mrs Freemantle. Its front windows look over St Ann's Hill, the retreat of Mr Fox, & from the back we are sheltered by the tall trees of the forest.

Mrs Robinson has displayed great taste in the fitting up of her cottage; the papers of the rooms in a particular degree are beautifully appropriated to the building & situation. The furniture is perhaps more ornamental than I should chuse for myself, but still it is elegant & quiet—nothing gaudy nor ill placed. And yet dear Mary I sigh now & then for a *home*. Ah what a charm has the idea of a *quiet home* for me who for the last six years have been tossed to & fro amidst fears & frights & perils. But at present *Home* does not open its sheltering doors for me & I may congratulate myself on being the guest of a woman whose powers of pleasing, ever varied & graceful, are united to quick feeling & generosity of temper.

I intend taking every advantage of the air & situation & am now writing to you on a garden seat under the shade of two tall trees & surrounded by a plantation of shrubs. Mr F. came to us on Thursday last & intends returning tomorrow.

If you make an excursion to Windsor, do not be satisfied with the common routine of travelling through the town but visit the park by all means, it abounds with fine situations & majestic views,

Write to me dear Mary. You have in letter writing the happiest facility, while I am without any power of clothing the impulses of my affection in appropriate language. It is the same with me in conversation, I am powerless but not insensible.

Adieu, dear friend, may you be happy

Prays your sincere

E FENWICK

The children are well & Orlando improves in strength & beauty daily. Have you seen Mrs Robinson's address to him? 'Tis a charming little poem & was in the Morning Post last Tuesday.

X.—AN EXPERIMENT IN SHOP-KEEPING

PENZANCE, *Monday* (1802).

Pardon me, dear & considerate friend, for this length of silence. Many causes have contributed to chill my resolution when I have thought of you & your long known affection, but principally Eliza's illness has absorbed me, & my unremitting attention to her wants & weakness, uniting with other claims upon my time, left me scarcely a moment to think of you. Mr F. has I take for granted related the particulars of her situation, he too has I hope informed you that once again I believe she will recover.

My perplexity & distress during the most alarming period of Eliza's illness has been in no small degree augmented by the want of a *home*. My brother avows that he has no sympathy for illness. It appears indeed, whether it really does or not, to stand in his way, & everything that does not coincide with his will to get money is an incumbrance to him. His parsimony (which has astonishingly grown upon him since we were last together) also would render every expence properly incurred for sickness painful to him. Of course more than my narrow means could purchase or perform for the poor girl was not to be had. You know I am not of that domineering Spirit that wills everything to itself. If I cannot influence, I cannot try to govern. And so Matters pass ;—but Eliza mends & better days may be in store for her & me yet.

What shall I say of my situation that may give you pleasure ?

I fear nothing. My expectations were but moderate, yet I have fallen below them. I'd endure the slavery of the business, though it is a severe one, you may judge, when I tell you that on Market days neither Mr T. F. nor I ever taste one mouthful of food from an early breakfast till about 7 in the evening & there are two shop women besides ourselves. On other days the Shop is nearly empty.

My brother admires, he says, the ease with which I bend to my new employment & accomodate the vulgar caprices of the country people. I do that certainly, for I will leave nothing unassayed to promote my family's welfare, but this tends to nothing, & Penzance I fear is not my abiding city. Say nothing of this however to any one. As yet I am stationary.

Davy, the Chemist, was born in this town. His family live here.—I have often seen his sister, a neat, simple looking girl.

I have on my father's side a host of relations in this Country, some rich & some poor. My aunt & her daughter live in this town, & it is curious enough that Lanno exceedingly resembles this cousin & many others. They are I think the handsomest set of people I have ever seen. My father & eldest Uncle (who I saw some years ago in London) I well remember to be both in person & face uncommonly handsome, & the same characteristicks of fine & bold beauty are to be seen in the whole of them except myself & another Miss Jaco who is however married to a Capn Burgess of the Navy, a man of considerable property.

We have no society here. My brother studiously avoids such intercourse as tends to visiting on account of the expence, though I never saw anyone who enjoys company so much, for at night he compleatly locks up his cares & his shop together & will talk for hours, yet the desire of getting money makes him subdue that propensity except, as in our case, he can indulge it without any extraordinary outlay. I have met with compleat respect & attention from all Mr F.'s family, I must acknowledge, yet my stubborn nature refuses to assimilate with them. One indeed has seized upon my affection, Mrs Duckworth's eldest daughter—a girl of 17 possessing a most uncommon understanding. I was taught to fear her before

I came. She has vehement passions & great pride but I could lead her round the world in a cobweb.

Of the country I could talk with rapture mixed with regret that Eliza's weakness & my necessary confinement with the business allow me not to enjoy it. The Bay affords a prospect almost unequalled for richness & fertility. It forms a sort of half circle with the three towns of Marazion, Penzance & Newlyn, lying at short distances from each other close to the sea, & surrounded with woody grounds—the whole enclosed with a range of fertile hills behind. The celebrated Mount St. Michael's is 3 miles from hence & is an uncommonly fine object from this side of the Bay—it is a bold majestic rock, rising out of the Sea, & Sir John St Aubin's fine old Castle rising out of its craggy summit. We have not yet climbed its steep sides, but shall visit it as soon as Eliza has sufficient strength.

Adieu, dear Mary. Punish not by your silence my unwilling & unwilld offence. Eliza desires you will accept her love & Lanno (the favourite of half the town) does not forget Mama Hays.

Once more adieu. Tell me everything you can & write soon to yours ever & sincerely

E FENWICK

XI.—WINTER IN PENZANCE

(Dec. 17, 1802).

Most grateful & exhilarating to my temper & feelings, my dear, dear friend, was your long expected letter, for when Autumn faded from us & the cornish winter of perpetual rain set in & deprived me of my pleasure in viewing a fine country, I began to feel most forcibly & despondingly that three hundred miles spread between me & every human being whose habits, tastes & sympathies were in union with mine. . .

I long for you to have a house. I wish I could be sheltered under the same roof & had some regular & quiet pursuit which could provide my subsistence & allow us generally to join our hours of recreation. I really contemplate (only to myself remember) Eliza & I colouring prints together for a living in

some cheap lodging. I know the respect that several people hold me in would bring me those attentions that would prevent the solitude & obscurity from gnawing upon my heart. I confess to you, but to you alone, that some such combination presents itself whenever I think of happiness.

Eliza has been at Falmouth since the beginning of Novr. She is well & happy. I sent her your message & she writes that with thanks for your hint, she begs you will send her some instructions how she is to pursue the study. She has often wished to learn botany, but I know nothing of it. If you can purchase any elementary books & will send them I have a little fund from which I will gladly pay you.

Lanno grows fast & is very, very lovely. He makes no use of this house but to sleep in & not always that. He roams from place to place & a young Man in business here has so won him by his fondness that he passes whole days & nights with him. No father could dote more on a child than this very young & very handsome Man does on my boy. Others court him as much apparently but none succeed as well.

I am terribly teized with a flying Rheumatism. I almost case myself in flannell (till I did that I was very bad) yet I cannot wholly withstand the influence of the rainy weather & a cold damp ill-accomodated house, but Cornish air & exercise have given me very good looks & revived my former strength. I walked 16 miles last Sunday & I can bear a gallop of 25 miles to dinner at Falmouth very well.

Adieu. Truly yours

E FENWICK

XII.—THE OPENING OF ELIZA'S CAREER

(P.M. *April 7, 1806*).

My mind misgave me yesterday when I saw through the window Leo's saucer standing empty on the floor but I knocked & rang obstinately for some considerable time . . . No one came & I was compelled to plod my weary way home again.

I came yesterday because I could not come today & most probably not tomorrow. In the first place I have been recommended & introduced to a musician of some eminence who has

agreed to give Eliza singing lessons. Unfortunately she has had a dreadful cold, sore throat & hoarseness ever since we came to town. He call'd to enquire on Saturday evening, & finding her a little better, said he wd come three days following this week, that she might do what she could. Of course it is necessary I shd be present, for he is but a young man.

Another thing is, that I see *The Forty Thieves* comes out tomorrow; as I have done such things before I hope to get two guineas by making a little pantomimic book of it. I was twice on Saturday & once yesterday morning at the bookseller's & cd not find him at home,—that I must get settled tonight or tomorrow morning & be assured dear Mary I never wanted two guineas more than at present, or I would not stay away on that account, nor wd I sit up all night (which I must do) to earn it, for I am exceedingly unwell. This morning after I rose I had a species of fainting fit & was forced to lie down. Now I have a cold chill & the pains in my head & limbs are almost intolerable. It is probable the walk to you & back again without resting was too much for me. My strength is not what it was. I can scarcely walk at all . . .

Eliza plays on Friday the part of Zorayda at the private theatre. Of course this is to be known only to ourselves & the young man who introduces her there. Many preparations are necessary, but in particular the depression of her spirits is so great, arising from her timidity, that my constant attention alone keeps her from sinking under the effort.

I fear I am going to be ill. The faintness has returned & the chilliness with a cold sweat follows.—This is terrible. I will go to Bed & try perspiration. What an unfortunate being I am!

Yours most truly

E F

$\frac{1}{2}$ past II, Monday.

XIII.—ELIZA MAKES PROGRESS

(P.M. Oct. 25, 1806).

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . We are still here, for in spite of my best & constant efforts I cannot yet compass the means of our removal. It

will require some preparations which my friends are unequal to, nor shall I be able to do it at earliest before Christmas. The delay is however no way injurious to Eliza nor my prospects in her, but it makes the present full of toil, of care & perplexity that gives me many a heart ache.

She is meanwhile making a steady progress in her art ; even a more rapid one than with the disadvantage of her excessive fears & want of reliance on herself I had hoped for.

She has made one comic attempt of Volante in the Honey Moon, in which she displayed a considerable portion of that fancy & playfulness which has always led me to suppose Comedy will be best adapted to her powers.

I was very sorry that owing to a mistake in the delivery of the tickets I could not give Mr H. Robinson any the evening she played Volante as I had promised. He has seen her twice, both times under great disadvantages : the first time she was under a sort of distraction of mind & thought & much dissatisfied with those among whom she was playing ; the second time she was more in possession of herself but she disliked her character exceedingly, its situations, the play & all attendant circumstances.

These things too often occur in her present school, but the advantage of practice in treading the stage & in the ability to look an audience in the face, counterbalances the numerous disadvantages.

She now attends Mr Holcroft every day she has leisure. Leisure occurs so seldom that I have been out (on a visit) but once since you left town & that was to Mr Holcroft's & then I did not go to tea but went at 8 o'clock. . . .

Eliza joins in affectionate wishes to you. Our loves to Leo, in whose renewal of beauty we much rejoice. It does us all credit.

Adieu. Yours most affectionately

E FENWICK

XIV.—MORE OF ELIZA

Thursday evening (1806).

This is a species of cross purposes ; daily have I been reproaching you for not coming to see me, or at least writing

to me—you, I said, who had a constant leisure, such a tranquil measurement of time that you could anticipate the occupations & almost the contingencies of every coming day, might do that which I, plunged into an unceasing tumult, found to be impossible. Now, however, I take reproach to myself & feel that I ought to have advertized you of the situation in which I stand.

Though I cannot with Justice say that every day has been completely occupied since I saw you last, yet I can strictly aver no one has been at perfect liberty, for if disengaged from Eliza's affairs or my own work, I have been languid & disordered from the fatigue they induce, or have been expecting some claim from which in propriety I could not withdraw.

Eliza's pursuit, in which I have the satisfaction to say she makes most promising advances, does not allow me to call any day my own.

She has played several Characters & as she dresses them herself (as being less expensive than hiring dresses) I am obliged sometimes to assist her in those preparations.

Attending rehearsals, being subject to calls & consultations from others concerned, all compleatly enslave me, for I make a point, & she does also, never to leave her without my presence in any of those circumstances.

Independent of all this I am obliged to work at anything & everything I can get, however disagreeable, or narrow in the profits, because I am incurring heavy expences in her behalf, & some most unpleasant Jobs I have had. I submit to these circumstances, & many deprivations without murmur because I foresee an advantageous termination.

It is much my desire to keep Eliza in Town, playing at the private theatres till Christmas if I can accomplish it, otherwise (that is if I have not employment before me sufficient to bear the expence) she will go next Month either to Southampton or Guernsey. I am anxious she should practise much before she goes into the Country, because her timidity is so extreme it frequently robs her of her powers.

The fatigue of remaining several hours behind the scenes & the heat of those places are injurious to my health. Last Night she played Lady Anne in Richard III & Marianna in the Miser, & today I have been quite disabled with one of

my worst headaches or your letter wd have been answered some hours earlier.

Tomorrow I have an appointment with Phillips & Saturday I must assist Eliza in preparations for the dress of Miss Blandford which she plays next Wednesday, but as you will not object to my using the needle in your presence, if you will come & spend the day here on Saturday it will afford me a pleasure beyond what I can readily express.

Dear Mary, I trust days will come when we shall enjoy each other's society & have the added happiness of looking back on our days of warfare as a painful dream from which we have awoke to peace & security.

God bless you & believe me, even when long absent & silent, affectionately yours

E FENWICK

XV.—RECONCILIATION WITH THE LAMBS

Thursday morning (Dec. 23, 1806).

MY DEAR KIND FRIEND

. Would Sunday, Monday or Tuesday suit you as well as Saturday, because if we come on Saturday we shall be obliged to leave you before 7 oClock?

It so happens that yesterday evening Mr & Miss Lamb called & left an invitation for Wednesday evening which I wrote an assent to. Were it anywhere else I wd send an apology, for yours is the most powerful claim on my feeling, but with them the case is peculiar. You may remember there has been a disagreement between us. It so happened that they one evening saw Eliza play, & were so much pleased with her that they immediately solicited a renewal of intimacy. I had too strong a sense of former kindnesses, & too much moved by the cause of their return, to withstand the offer, but those circumstances which place ties upon us I cannot attempt to unloose have obliged me to refuse three successive invitations. To do it now when I have acknowledged the chance of an evening's leisure would seem a sort of caprice at least.

I have had such toil, such embarrassment, such perplexities,

dear Mary, that my nerves are quite shattered ; the opening or shutting of a door, will, if unawares, throw me into a bowel complaint. And at this moment I am in the extreme of agitation.

Eliza has had a positive summons from the Portsmouth Manager to be there within a fortnight to meet & play with Young Roscius. He offers a good engagement & yet, so wayward is my fate, I know not whether I shall be able to accomplish the means.

As she is to take the first line of characters she must carry with her materials for dresses. These are expensive. I am straining every nerve to effect our removal, for not to go is throwing away from £80 to £100, which her benefit in March wd bring in, beside her weekly salary.

Our friends & wellwishers are all too much fetter'd for me, I fear, to be able to borrow even with such a prospect of repayment. Had Holcroft's play succeeded he, who entertains sanguine expectations of her success, would gladly have aided me, but now that is impossible.

When I see you I shall be able to tell you (I trust) my destiny, for this suspense is torture. I have refused after tonight & perhaps one more, the characters offer'd her from the private theatres, in the hope of being able to depart. . . .

Yrs

E F

XVI.—SLAVERY IN SKINNER STREET

Thursday morn. (Nov. 5, 1807).

DEAR MARY,

Goaded by the difficulty of making my labour so effectual as to keep me from embarrassment, I have, I may say, sold myself to slavery.

A Person I know (& perhaps you know)¹ has been endeavouring to establish a new Juvenile Library, but for particular reasons wishing to be concealed put in a Manager who was to appear proprietor. The man proved a rogue & laid a plan to possess himself of the whole, which was discovered

¹ Godwin.

just time enough to prevent it. The real proprietor applied to me to recommend someone & I, quite desperate in my fortunes, offer'd myself.

I like the employment well enough but I suffer excessively from cold & long fasting, for as I cant have my meals there, I go every day without dinner. No matter, really harrass'd as I am, the sooner I am *quite* worn out the better.

I have now the boy on my hands to maintain,—Mr F. is gone to prison.

My struggles & efforts only seem to prepare me new suffering. My Salary here does not quite serve me, so that my Sundays are no more my own than other days. I am obliged to write *then* though my jaded spirits will scarce allow it.

I was basely used a short time since. I had proposed a job to Wilkes who professed to be pleased with it, liked my specimen, did not object to my terms, & constantly desired me to proceed while he was agreeing to share it with a Bookseller, who wished it, he said, to be done on a larger scale. Six weeks & odd days he kept me, deferring from time to time to close the bargain, yet still urging me to go on. At the end of that interval he refus'd it unless I wd take less than half the price I had asked, though to secure it I had offered it for almost nothing. He had even desired me to ask Mr F. to assist in it for speed's sake.

This so completely sickened me of that sort of slavery that I wd willingly henceforward take in plain work rather than employ my pen. The matter was actionable certainly, but I can't go to Law. It made me excessively ill.

I cannot send Eliza into the Country at any risk, so I am obliged to wait till M'Cready or some other country Manager comes to London. I have given up all hope of being able to go with her & must leave her, poor girl, to encounter all the disadvantages of an unprotected state.

I am sure you will pity me. God knows my fate is a hard one. Write me a long letter for when I shall see you I know not. I leave home at 10 oClock & return to it sometimes at 5 & sometimes much later. Thus you see I make every sacrifice of comfort, independence & all things pleasant to my feelings or conformable to early habits.—Oh how hard it is that doing



all this I cannot obtain peace & that those who shd aid me, are those who suffer me to want it.

I have sent my boy to a day School. Once more pity me.
Yr almost broken hearted

E FENWICK

XVII.—MARY HAYS TO THE RESCUE

(Jan. 12, 1808).

I did not receive your letter till this morning, for I had quitted Skinner Street early.

I cannot express what I feel. Unwell & depressed during yesterday, the sight of your benefit has almost overpowered me. I have been obliged to take Hartshorn to repel a species of Hysterick that assail'd me, & now my head feels light & my *heart heavy*. You will not misunderstand that phrase, for you know how strongly human nature acts & feels in peculiar cases.

I could not have come last night because I was forced to go up to Bond Street. I have the same Journey to take this evening, for I am endeavouring to arrange a plan with him (Mr Tabart) for future employment.

As I foresaw my occupation here does not last. I told them from the beginning the expence was too heavy for their extent of business & therefore I came reluctantly. They find it to be so & discard me, *entre nous*, without much ceremony. They will need me no longer than till the school Holidays close, —about a fortnight. Then I shall be once more adrift, but with your kind aid I hope to struggle through. Perhaps if we are frugal in our outpays your fund may perhaps afford me a little assistance on the sudden ceasing of my Salary here till I can finish what I am going to work upon. Do not think this a bold or unreasonable proposition. I seem to feel as if I was to be rescued from the misery that has of late and so long oppress'd me & to be at once led into that situation which will enable me to reap the reward of my industry.

I will endeavour to come one evening this week, but cannot stay all night, for the Lady whom I hoped would assist Eliza to get to the Haymarket is arrived in town & has sent word

she will call some morning before 10 oClock to tell me what chance she has of success.

Thank you, my best friend, for your kind enquiries after my wet walk from your house. The greatest injury I sustained was walking the soles off my shoes, which hard times have not yet suffered me to repair. I caught no cold, unless a severe pain in my side was the effect of one for two or three days. I am not well just now but this is fine weather & your kindness when the first emotions are subsided, will brace me.

God bless you.

Yours gratefully

E FENWICK

XVIII.—A FAVOURABLE TURN OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL

(Jan., 1808).

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I set out on Tuesday Evening to come to you but before I had reached the end of St John Street a drizzling rain had so penetrated my Plaid Cloak that I thought it unsafe to proceed. Since that night I have had no opportunity. . . .

Fortune seems to turn her wheel in our favour. Yr kindness seems to have set the fickle goddess an example which she resolves to emulate. Eliza is offered an Irish engagement in which everything is as we wish. The line of acting in which she is most successful is to be exclusively her own. She is to be engag'd for one year certain at two guineas pr week & *three* benefits in the course of the year. At the end of it, it is to be *her option* to renew her engagement for another year with an advance of Salary.

The two Managers are equally pleased with her & are so anxious to have her that they give me no time scarcely for deliberation. This evening, they have sent me word, they will bring the Agreements & hope we shall be ready to sign them.

As to deliberation on the advantage, it needs none, for if I could have selected a place & line of acting it is that I should have preferred to all others. At the end of 2 years' practice she will be able to *command* her future situation.

Mrs Skinner, wife to one Manager, came with them, & they all say it is absolutely necessary I shd go with her. They tell me the Irish are vehement in their hospitality, encouragement & patronage at benefits, if a young Actress is respectable in her character, & that my being on the spot will be her passport among the first families.

Inclination seconds duty. Belfast is a *very, very* cheap place. We can live on less than her Salary & I shall have time to write & not be compell'd to eat up my money before I have earn'd it.

The expence of going is a sad weight I confess, but they talk of her three benefits being worth at least, they say, £250.

The money therefore your kindness has gathered for me I shall apply *advantageously* to fitting her out & going with her. If it were only a trial it wd be different, but a positive engagement is all that was wanted to ensure her & our prosperity.

I shall come to you for an hour on Sunday Morning. We are to dine with Lambs, but I must see you. Let it rejoice you, my friend, that you have established the prosperity of a good & deserving girl, for but for your late efforts I must have refused their Offers & I really believe it would have killed her, she has of late fretted so much at keeping on my hands. They are pleasant people & Mr Leyton is a clever sensible man.

God bless you.

XIX.—PREPARATIONS

Tuesday (Jan. 27, 1808).

. Going by sea seems utterly out of the question. A Belfast Vessel sails tomorrow & no more go for a month or six weeks to come, so that independant of the risque the time renders it impossible to make that attempt.

The managers hurry us excessively, & came last night to beg we would set off either Friday or Sunday at the latest, but I must perforce leave it till Wednesday for I have nothing ready.

I assure you my heart aches very severely for the expenses are so enormous & after all you & Henry Robinson have done

for me it seems dreadful to hope for more. But you know it is no wanton waste & the establishment it secures is your reward.

No sort of thing for the line of parts she is to play can be got there but at enormous prices & perhaps not at all, therefore she must take as it were a two years supply.

I am promised letters of recommendation to a family who have a large estate in the neighbourhood of Belfast & who will be likely to gain her great patronage.

Her course is a very smooth & easy one when we are once there. The Managers shew many marks of friendly intention towards us & one of them when he called yesterday gave Lanno 2 shillings. I mention this to show you we may fairly indulge hopes of kind & generous treatment. . . .

Poor Mr F. is ill with the gout. Lanno must go & be his nurse. I shall leave many sources of anxiety behind me. . . .

Peace be with you . . .

Yours most truly

E FENWICK

You talk so kindly of trying to aid me further that I will observe if it is within your compass the sooner the more advantageous. I can only show my gratitude by my affection, but if you could fully know how perfectly you have turned the current of my destiny it w'd soothe your mind.

XX.—AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY

BELFAST, *Feb. 23* (1808).

MY DEAR DEAR FRIEND,

Though I have been here ten or twelve days, I have been unable to write to you till now, unless indeed I had merely written a scrap of safe arrival which I was reluctant to do as I trusted Mr F. would give you the information.

Owing to the intense severity of the cold & getting my feet very wet in the snow the day after we got here I have had the severest fit of Rheumatism I ever experienced, chiefly in my legs, but often visiting my head & accompanied by slow fever. I am now considerably better & the bright & warm sunshine that surrounds me promises me speedy recovery.

On account of the letters we hoped to procure there, (besides the importance of time) we determined to go by Dublin, & on all accounts it was fortunate we did, for two of the company who are coming by the way of Scotland are not yet arrived, & the letters which Mr Hamilton Ruven, in a most friendly manner, favor'd us with, were introductions to three of the first people here, from which we are likely to receive every attention we could wish. This latter circumstance is not only pleasing in behalf of the respectable footing it places us upon, but it will materially assist Eliza's benefit. Nor did we find the Journey quite as expensive as Mr Hills Calculation had made me fear. We were as frugal as possible & fortune in some instances favor'd us, for Mr and Mrs Skinner, who left London a day before us, by going in a coach which book'd only to Shrewsbury were detain'd there three days for places & at last obliged to post it to Holyhead. They were also stop'd between Dublin & Belfast by a fall of Snow which we escaped.

Our passage from Holyhead was long & stormy. I always suffer at Sea greatly from Spasms in my stomach produc'd by the sickness, but Eliza soon got rid of her sickness & bore the whole journey with less inconvenience than I could have suppos'd, considering that we only reached Belfast on the evening of the eighth day.

The severity of the cold was a bar to our enjoyment, or the Mountains of Wales & the beautiful Valley of Llangollen would have afforded me great pleasure.

In crossing Plinlimmon we had as narrow an escape from destruction as can be imagined; the night had been very stormy & blown down a part of the road. We pass'd between four & five oClock in the morning, & but for that perception of danger which Horses often have shewn, we had been dashed down the horrible precipice. The Coachman was so agitated by the narrowness of the escape, that I apprehended the poor man would have gone into a fit. It was an awful sight, —the yawning chasm, the loaded coach at its brink, & the dark black mountain towering over our heads; all but just horribly perceptible from the gleams of the coach lamps.

We had pleasant companions all the way, which helped to beguile us of some of our fatigues.

Belfast is a clean, large & handsome town. At first we felt that we were in a land of strangers & Eliza's spirits, affected by a sore throat & severe cold, sunk exceedingly, but rous'd by viewing the motive which brought her here, & still more so by my indisposition, she has revived her hopes, & banish'd unpleasant reflections by constant occupation & a resolution to look on the fairest side of everything.

It was well, considering that I was too ill to be left alone, that the Theatre could not open till last night. It is a very beautiful house indeed ; & the company, all that are arrived, are respectable people.

Mrs Skinner, the manager's wife, has played Eliza a theatrical trick, & taken some of the parts that were promised to her. It was done however in a way that prevented our disputing the matter, & as she in other ways tries to make amends & as they shew Eliza respect & kindness, we cheerfully submit to these little rubs as things of course. Whose road is without thorns ?

Our introductions to the families who notice us is a subject of envy, I believe, but still I see much more to approve than condemn among the company, & consider Eliza most fortunately placed. It is your work, dear Mary, & the good that I trust will result from it must give you some moments of satisfaction. . . .

I have not heard from Mr F. yet. He was far from well when we left him & I fear he & the poor boy are but uncomfortably situated. I endeavour to keep from thinking of this as much as possible but it does visit me now & then with a sharp pang.

The little leisure that I have had from pain I have been aiding Eliza in making her dresses, but if my disorder leaves me I shall get heartily to work that I may be of some use to those I have left behind.

I should tell you that Eliza was very well received by the Audience last night & seemed to make a favourable impression.

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Yours most most truly

E FENWICK

XXI.—LANNO AT WANDSWORTH

(1811 ?)

Do not feel the least degree of uneasiness on account of part of your sanguine hopes for me having fallen to the ground. You really have done so much for me, so very, *very much*, that I really do not suffer from this explanation. I certainly did not expect all that I have already, through your means, obtained for this darling boy ; I did not dare to hope that he would be anything beyond an exiled school-boy, far removed from the solace of his mother's smile, and when I find him taken to your heart, Mary, improved by your affection, and elevated through your patronage, how can I grieve for a contingency whose results are very distant, and may perhaps be provided for, by this timely knowledge ?

I think the singular good fortune Lanno now enjoys will not forsake him. He has, of all children I ever beheld, the most complete power of prepossessing persons in his behalf ; & that so perfectly without art or design that it must arise from inherent worth aided by a sort of Gentlemanly temper that from an infant was visible in him, except at those intervals when the gloom of disgust & resentment obscured his good qualities.

I remember a Gentleman in Cornwall, when Lanno was but four years old, often saying he was born to be a plenipotentiary, he so well understood the art of conciliating.

I did hope that the soil to which you have transplanted him, so congenial to his nature, would restore him *to himself*, & my hopes have been gratified to the very utmost. Your little girls must be fond of him for their playfellow, for he was always considerate & attentive towards females. Yes, I do & will trust that the work so happily begun will go on, & may his virtues & prosperity reward your solicitude & exertions on his behalf.

Do you remember the lines on Lanno that Mrs Robinson published in the Morning Post ? Or did you ever see them ? if not I will send them to you for they are very beautiful.—Through your means I trust her prophecy will be averted, for though a feeling heart is certain to find a portion of misery

in this wayward planet of ours, yet I rely on you to form & fortify him to that undeviating integrity which will shield him at least from the reproaches & stings of conscience. Do not say that you regret that he is not your Son, for he is yours. You are performing all the most useful, the highest, the *moral* duties of a mother, a privilege from which, toward him, I have through my misfortunes been generally debarred. Mine were physical cares in his early nurture, & his form & health seem to announce that I was a good nurse. Your station is more elevated, more dignified. He will owe more to you than he does to me, though perhaps the sweet instinct of nature may secure to me the priority in his affections. If I was dying, I should bequeath *you all my title* to his love & respect, & quit this mortal coil in full confidence that he had *still a Mother*.

It is your blame if I prattle too much of this boy. Your encomiums set me at liberty. Rarely, except with Eliza, have I dared to express my thoughts of him, lest I should incur the reproach of a selfish vanity, or wound the feelings of other mothers whose boys were less engaging than mine. You now love him so well & have such opportunities of understanding his character that when we next meet I will tell you two or three incidents that befell him in his wretched abode with his father at Nottingham, which I hope the dear boy has quite forgotten, but which I shall never forget. I generally avoid any sort of allusion thereto, because I wish to root out, by an entire forgetting, the seeds of those violent emotions to which such injuries gave birth. It has happened that when alone with you the circumstances I allude to never entered my recollection, else, having no reserves with *you*, I should have told the whole story, but never to any one else, lest the father's errors should create a prejudice or bring unmerited reproach upon the son.

I must now tell you a little pleasing incident that happened to Eliza the other night. She was playing her little part of Ursula, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, when a gentleman from one of the private boxes came behind the scenes to the Prompter & said: "Who is that Girl that plays one of the attendants to-night?" The Prompter replied: "Miss Humphries."—"No, no," said he, "I mean the young girl dressed in blue

who has so fine a voice & delivery ".—" It is a Miss Fenwick, Sir ". After asking where she came from & how long she had been on the stage, he said: " She ought to be brought forward. She would do your Theatre good. She speaks admirably. She is very easy & graceful. She ought to play better characters."—This was repeated to Eliza by a bystander, who added that the Prompter addressed him with a great appearance of respect. I was angry that Eliza did not enquire who he was, but as Glassington (the Prompter) did not name it to her, she felt reluctant to seem to snatch at the little triumph.

As this, or something of the same kind, has repeatedly occurred, I do hope that if she cannot be advanced she will at least be retained, & her humble station is to us an enviable one, compared with the Alternative of a removal into the Country.

She practises her drawing & singing as closely as possible that she may have the resource of teaching should her other means of livelihood be suspended.

XXII.—LIFE AT THE MOCATTAS'

. I cannot boast of *good* spirits, but I am endeavouring to look at the worst of my prospects without despondency, & to estimate with courage my power of providing against casualties. Secure now, I think, of remaining separate from Mr Fenwick, who invariably (even when most steady) palsied every exertion I was disposed to make, I think I shall be able to provide for my own limited wants & the expenses of my boy at any rate. I maintained myself & Eliza while at Chiswick & till she went on the stage, because Mr F. was at a distance & embarrassed, & I hope I could do as much even were I deprived of my present situation, particularly with the stimulus I have in Lanno's fair prospects.

I am far from pleased at the exorbitant claims Mr & Mrs M. make on my exertions. Mrs M. cannot endure to see the Children have any relaxation. I have received many hints about appearing at 6 o'Clock in the morning in the school-room. I

cannot do it. *I will not do it.* I always rise at seven & am down at eight.

The Civility & attention I receive I have discovered to have their source in Pride. They like to make a sort of show of me, & boast of *keeping a first-rate* Governess only for one little girl, whereas in fact I am governess to five.

The eldest boy is Dullness & frivolity personified; he wearies me in the extreme; the second boy is quick but idle, has a kind heart & not an ungenerous temper, but requires unceasing vigilance to keep him in his proper place & prevent his extending the *mastery* he aims at. On the whole I like *him* very much. He is capable of receiving benefit. The little girl is a dull drudge who learns from want of vivacity & forgets again from want of intellect to comprehend. Tractable yet totally devoid of energy & fancy, she sticks as close to me as a burr, without engaging my affection or stimulating in any way my temper, unless indeed when I grow petulant at the nine hundred & ninety-ninth repetition of the history of her last year's fit of sickness, or the dance her Mama gave last winter. The third boy is a complete dunce & the fourth a lively, promising, spoiled but good-humoured *little pickle*, with an inordinate propensity to mischief & telling lies.

These are my cases! each of whom requires a different treatment. The spirit & enterprise I would encourage in the second & fourth boys are opposite to the timid system of the father. Then the morality I enforce to all is in contradiction with the daily practice of the Mother's granting indulgences which are to be hidden from the Father's knowledge.

It seems a easy thing & of course to both parents that I should transfuse my mind & intellect into every one of these clods, & what they do not know of my knowledge is considered, I have no doubt, as owing to a scantiness of instruction on my part, rather than their want of comprehension.

The Table groans under the weight of Themes, exercises & translations, & I am at times so bewildered by the nonsense & blunders I have to wade through, explain & correct, that I hardly know what I am doing, or what I expect from them.

One thing, beyond these, has displeased me.—Mrs M. appears to expect as a *right* that which I offered (in the ignorance & humility of my inexperience) as a gratuity, that I might more

frequently enjoy her company, namely the tuition of Eliza in drawing & singing. She (Mrs M.) enumerated the other day, in a tone of complaint, the lessons her Children had lost by Miss Fenwick's not coming on the Sunday she was at Wands-worth with me & one Wednesday when she was kept at rehearsal.

I have more than once mentioned that Eliza paid *seven shillings* for every *half-hour's* lesson she took in singing from Mr Bellamy, but as they have the art of getting instructors on incredibly low terms, they either disbelieve me or are insensible of the injustice of profitting in this way by her talent, or of putting her to an inconvenience for which she is to expect no remuneration.

It is clear that their selfishness has blinded them in this instance & has rendered my motive quite misunderstood, for even yesterday Mrs M. after dinner told Eliza that the young folks could not take a lesson on Sunday, as company was expected,—a notice that she was not to come on that day.

She cannot always (either when indisposed or in bad weather) walk it both ways, and when to save her shilling, she has gone home *alone* & on foot in dark, drizzling, dirty evenings it has made me pass a restless, uneasy night for fear of her meeting with insult or injury. Her dinner is no recompense for these hazards & the loss of her day; but so satisfactory is it to us to see each other, that we would submit to the inconveniences if it were not considered that her instructions were a necessary appendage to my duties.

I feel a conviction that they have trick'd me into the sole instruction of the whole family, while ostentatiously displaying me as devoted only to Esther.

As I have in the fullness of my heart expressed my delight at Lanno being so near me & my anxieties to provide for him, & as they lay even more stress than I do on the disadvantages of having a husband who might legally lay claim to me any moment he chose, they conclude perhaps I am without resource & in their power.

Remember that with all this I have neither determined *on change* nor complain of personal inattention; but I have gradually developed their characters & find that the effects of a selfish ambition for their children has by me been at first

mistaken for kindness of heart towards me & generosity of feeling for a person circumstanced as I am.

Another constraint that I disapprove is that Mr M. will not suffer Esther to go out without I attend her. Since, he says, he keeps such a Governess for her, it is not right Esther should ever be out of her sight.

When they have company they expect me always to be there, & you have no conception how I dread those hours. I have been represented as something *extraordinarily clever*, I am shunned & stared at; while no doubt the ladies expect me to utter something they dont comprehend. But unknown to them, unacquainted with their connections & their sources of small-talk, I cannot utter a single word & feel myself wretchedly isolated & humbled in their circle.

Heigh ho! Have I not wearied you with this volume of murmurs? My heart is full & it is a relief to unburthen it to you. I did so in part to Eliza yesterday, who gave me advice that even a mother should be gratified to receive from a daughter. It did me good. I will follow it. I will pursue the course my Judgment points out as the line of my duty, without suffering myself to seem to see the unreasonableness of their expectations.

Eliza reminded me that I ought to treat these things with patient disregard while I was subjected thereto, as at the worst I could quit at my choice & had the shelter of her pretty little garret to fly to & her pittance to share while I tried other experiments.

Her counsel & consolations fortified me & without any question I shall remain where I am as yet. Perhaps when the boys go to business (the when I know not) my situation may improve. I will try that experiment undoubtedly.

Would you believe that Mrs M. is jealous of our boy? She is indeed. He at 13 is much taller & more manly than her darling Abraham of 15. An old rich Bachelor whom she courts for legacies dined here on Saturday & was struck with Lanno. He paid me a handsome Compt about him & Mrs M. was wounded. How weak & silly this is! She bows to my superiority over herself & is continually wishing herself like me, yet cannot endure a competition between my child & hers unless the eminence was on the latter side. She has given him no

invitation to come here during the hollidays, tho' Elias, the second boy, is half crazy to get him to teach him to climb, to leap, etc.

Dont mention to Lanno that I have any dissatisfaction *here*. He always questions me about my being happy with an anxious air, & what I formerly said of Abraham he caught quickly hold of, & on Sunday week asked me if Abraham used me ill, with an air that seemed to threaten what he did not express.

.....

I have written this in my room at night. The bustle & noise of the fireworks exactly opposite my window prevents my settling till after twelve on Vauxhall nights.—It will tire you to read methinks. You perceive I grow old by my propensity to chatter.

This complaint on my stomach returns at Intervals & is very distressing.

Adieu.

Yours truly

E F

XXIII.—ELIZA AT COVENT GARDEN

Thursday afternoon, May 23rd. (1811).

If your participation in my feelings were not a solace to me, I should regret that I had given you the pain of knowing the circumstances I mentioned in my last.

Every line of your letter excites strong emotion in my mind, & will do no less with Eliza. Would she deserve all this kind solicitude from you, if she were capable of calling your excellent advice *officious*? No, no, that is not possible. She will, on the contrary, to the very utmost of her power, follow it.

She has already announced to her father & Uncle her positive determination never again to yeild to such a measure, & has expressed, in rather strong terms, her opinion of the total want of principle & feeling that could dictate such a request to her, & take advantage of the surprise & confusion naturally attending so unlooked for a demand to urge her to instant compliance.

Her Uncle has promised to provide for the payment. I

confess I do not rely upon him, since he could, to spare himself, throw such a burden on her shoulders. He has no more confidence than I have in any exertions or frugality on the part of Mr F. & therefore, with right feelings, as such a sum is nothing to him, he wd have paid it at once, rather than have advised Eliza to such a measure.

She has already changed her Lodging. Her father has not the address, & has never asked for it, &, violently irritated at the resolution she has declared, seems inclined to drop all further intercourse.

His misrepresentations are so shocking, & he talks with such fervour of his *worth & sacrifices* as a parent, that people who know nothing or very little of us may easily believe that we are monsters, & on that account an avowed concealment of her abode from him might be injurious. If he drops her, it will be the best mode of freeing herself; if he does not, I will add my influence to yours, & she shall at all hazards totally remove herself from his knowledge. Letters she cannot shut out because they are sent to the Theatre & there put into her hand.

Mr Kemble is the most cold hearted man existing,—all Kembles, except Stephen & poor Mrs Mason, are the same. He would not listen to me beyond what immediately belonged to Eliza's situation in the Theatre, & Mr F.'s drunkenness is as well known to him already as it is to me.

Henry Harris is over Kemble's head. He has the larger share of the Theatre. Kemble has points to maintain which make him zealous to yeild in little matters to Harris entirely. Mrs H. Johnson lives with Harris, & Kemble, though he hates her in his heart, fawns upon her with the grossest adulation.

Whoever is likely to rival Mrs H. J. with the public is kept down, or put out of their course. Miss Booth would never have got forward there but that her diminutive person forbids her attempting that line Mrs H. J. wishes to keep to herself. That Lady rules supremely.

I am convinced I could do no service in this case by seeking an interview with Kemble, because I know the importunity would be a pretext for his taking offence, because he would not be able to excuse with any sort of decency the total violation he has been guilty of, of the promise he gave on

engaging Eliza, namely : “ *putting her forward on every possible opportunity and patronizing her as if she were his own daughter.*” At the same time I owe such deference to yr judgment that I will re-canvass the matter with Eliza, & if she shd receive a discharge at the end of the Season, I will certainly then go to him, & try the persuasiveness you think I possess.

Believe me dear Mary *I will not let my present situation go if I can help it*, till Orlando is secure in his destination ; & I will do all that is possible towards maintaining it for that express purpose. The dismissal of the French Master was the only cause I had or have of fear & Mrs M. having several times said that she hopes I shall stay to educate the baby (15 years at least), augurs well as to their opinion of my exertions. But then people are mutable, Children perverse & Parents partial, & if I do dwell on the supposition I assure you it neither takes from my intention to remain nor impedes my efforts. On the same principle that I would make exertions & sacrifices to maintain *inviolably* my engagements for Orlando, will I take as much care as I can of my health. From your care of & counsel to my boy a new hope may spring in his excellence & fair prospects that may gild with a bright beam my latter days.

How is it possible for me to describe the feelings your active kindness creates. You offer precious boons & I can easily accept but not easily thank you. Eliza will I am sure gladly follow the line you point out. I have wished it before but knew not where she could make a beginning. Eliza teaches singing & drawing here with a success that, considering *her pupils* & inexperience, often surprises me. It is gratuitous here, *entre nous*, in order to augment my value to the family & to render her frequent visits considered rather a favor to them than an indulgence to me, but it has the advantage of putting her in the way of adapting what she knows to the purposes of instruction. It is most probable that Mrs M. will by & by make her some present, as she is delighted at the progress her girl has made in singing.

Eliza does not consume all her time, she always devotes some portion to Study & lately has been preparing to resume her drawing, which will materially forward the plan you recommend. Latterly her father's affairs have deprived her

of much of her leisure, but that interruption being at an end she will I know adopt the systematic observances you point out.

She looks very ill & has had a violent sore throat. . . .

Yesterday morning as Eliza was setting out to come here, a note was given her from Miss Benjeo enquiring whether she would sing on Saturday at a musical party & what remuneration she would expect. This may lead to some advantage.

Yours affectionately

E F

XXIV.—FIRST TALK OF BARBADOES

Monday, 1 o'clock (August, 1811).

. . . . What a state of mind I have been in since Wednesday ! After Lanno was gone Eliza told me she intended seeing a Manager from Barbadoes who was in town, & would go with him if they cd agree.

I, helpless, wretched, could not say aught against it, so I begged Mrs M. to spare me for three hours that I might go with Eliza to this dreaded interview on Thursday.

I did, & the Man seemed prepossessed in her favor, but wished to see her play & the means of that was to be considered of. He said she must enter into a bond for three years & threw out some remarks of surprise at her venturing alone & unprotected on such an enterprise.

When Eliza & I parted that morning I seemed to have consigned her to something worse than her grave, but I said not a syllable in dissuasion.

Last night I received from her a note of which I will make an extract for you :

“ My dearest Mother, Compared with what I was yesterday & the day before, I am happy. I have determined not to go to Barbadoes, & my mind is easy. As soon as you left me & I began to think of going without you to such a distance, I felt very nearly out of my senses. It was a mad scheme. *We* have but one happiness in our possession, in this world, & to throw that away wd be to deserve the punishment it would inflict. You cannot leave Lanno without sacrificing his

hopes & forcing him to be as unfortunate as ourselves. I shd not like to separate from him the only two years we are likely to be together, but for the sake of money to help him I would submit, but I wd not, could not part with you, perhaps never to meet again, for Millions. We will do the best we can, if I can get a country engagement, & if not I will try teaching & Authorship.—We will work & starve together—together we will remain. Be happy, very happy, for we have no hopes! Fortune will never smile on us & we must be happy without her. It is only people who have no real troubles that are followed to fret, to make the world even. Do you know I think I am not always in my steady senses. I now feel a joy in repeating *I will not go to Barbadoes*, yet I sought the opportunity as if it were to constitute the felicity of my life & when the prospect was before me I feared it as some people do death.—My dearest Mother, what shd I be without you? "

Whether to call this a relief I know not. I am so bewildered, so hopeless, that dreadful as the separation would be, I almost fancy I ought to counsel my poor girl to fly far from me & the contagion of my Miseries.

Sometimes I imagine that the dreadful & unnatural curse Mr F. laid on Eliza in the wantonness of his spleen against me, cleaves to & overwhelms her. It is certainly a moral truth that the sins of the parents must in some shape or other be visited upon the heads of the children.

I have requested this afternoon to go to town to meet Eliza at Godwin's, after a long Morning's work in which every sentence I uttered seemed to exhaust me & leave me without the possibility of speaking again.

My depression of spirits is so great that I cannot write to Lanno as I meant to do.

Adieu dear Mary. Forgive me for being thus always troublesome to you.

Yrs ever

E F

Mr Harris has confirmed Eliza's dismissal. So no more hopes in that quarter. Mr Colman would have engaged her had she applied in time for the Haymarket season. So they kept her in indecision just long enough to effect the utmost possible mischief.

XXV.—THE BARBADOES OFFER ACCEPTED

Sunday evening (August, 1811).

MY DEAR FRIEND

. Everything for Eliza is suddenly decided. She came here on Friday evening to inform me that Mr Dyke had required an immediate answer from her & that she had promised to give it by Sunday.

I went with her to him. He shewed us his last letters from Barbadoes which forwarded him large remittances & the wishes of the Committee for his hastening his arrangements that the Theatre might be opened in November. This had induced him to press for Eliza's answer, that in case of her refusal he might attend to other applications.

—She goes, my dear Mary!—I assisted at the negotiation & she signed her acceptance of the offered conditions. How it will end who can tell ; but at least it promises some remuneration in money for the sacrifice we make to that omnipotent power. She is to receive a Salary of six guineas per week, paid weekly. Mr & Mrs Dyke, who have a good house, offer to accomodate her with board & lodging for two guineas per week. This I advise her acceptance of, on her first arrival at any rate, and if we allow one guinea per week for incidental expenses & wardrobe she will be able to save three.

Should she receive the hoped for introductions, her benefits cannot fail of being productive & if she can procure a few pupils she may even put by the whole of her salary.

They play eight months at Barbadoes & then go to Antigua for the rest of the year. They pay the expence of the Voyage to Antigua, but give no salaries while the Company are on the passage there, which together with Passion Week makes about three weeks or perhaps four out of the year when she will not be in actual receipt of six guineas per week. In any country Company she would have as long a recess & be obliged to pay the expences of her journeys.

She is right to go. I feel that it is her duty, & I feel too my privation.—Ah how little can my pen express what my acquiescence costs me ! Oh the dreary blank of this coming

winter ! Believe me I will exert, for her sake, all the fortitude I am mistress of. In truth it is now very little. That boyant spirit that once bore me up is gone. I am sunk indeed to a very weak & repining Creature.

One thing however I have decided upon,—not to go to Ireland. Do not think me fickle or altogether blame my irresolution, but indeed disease & misfortune have so shattered my frame & my spirits that I am convinced if I were at once to separate from both my Children & from the little circle of sympathising friends who feel for me & mine, with whom an occasional interview brings a gleam of satisfaction, to go where no one knew me or could feel for me, I should either die or fall into that state which would end the possibility of exertion.

This is in respect to my feelings. Besides which Eliza thinks the tone of the letter too decided on the subjects of music & drawing to leave a chance of my suiting them.

Then, my dear friend, I find that in this frivolous age little shewy nick-nacks are more prized than solid attainments, & that I should be a more valuable governess if I could impart the art of making those elegant trifles than if I had all the wisdom of all Sages. It is true I might thus accomplish myself at no vast expence, but what I endured yesterday when I thought of Eliza's going now, of Lanno going in two years, & the likelihood of my never seeing him more & removing myself voluntarily from him in the interval, also from you, from everybody, was what I can never consent to make a fixed sensation.

Mrs Mocatta has behaved well. She talked to Eliza very properly on the subject & reminded her of the aggravation it would be of my suffering if I was seized among total strangers with such a paroxysm of my complaint as I had had, & the little likelihood of my being able to procure such advice there as I have here. That is true, nor is it perhaps quite fair to go into a new family with such a disease actually on me. Here it was accidental, & I certainly have met with great attention in my worst bouts. Strangers might be alarmed & fly or neglect me. I might be thought to have acted dishonestly in taking at a high salary a station I could only at intervals maintain. Compell'd perhaps to quit the station

suddenly, I shd have no friend at hand to consult nor any friendly door open to give me an asylum.

These are serious points, and to add to them I cannot help fearing that having said farewell to both my children at once, I shd arrive at the end of my journey fit only for the ward of an Hospital or the straw bed of a Cell.

By the time Lanno goes, Eliza will be in prospect of coming back, & in having him I seem not wholly to resign her.

To her the idea of my going among strangers in my state of health & spirits was agonizing, & wd she thinks have preyed upon her most destructively. She feels assured that she can supply more than I shd have gained for Lanno & deems the compensation therefore quite inadequate to the sacrifice.

I have enter'd into this long explanation because I cannot endure that you shd labour to serve me & I appear reluctant to be served.

Nor do I meanly shrink from my duties & wish to purchase ease to myself at the expence of Eliza's hard earnings. Solicitous to keep racking thoughts at a distance, I will devote every leisure hour I can steal to my pen, & lay by that, be it less or more, for Lanno's benefit.

I will endeavour to continue in my situation because the very interruption to thought, however painful, is serviceable, and Mrs M. has cancelled many unpleasant things by overcoming the anger she at first felt, & the considerate & respectful manner in which she has spoken of me to Eliza. Say that you do not think me quite inexcusable & it will relieve my mind.

I need not beg of you exertions in Eliza's behalf, for your kind heart suggests more than I can think of. Mr Dyke pays all the expences of the voyage & our only difficulty is to procure a few articles necessary to be taken with her, because not to be procured there.

She is apprehensive of not sailing before November, but if possible will get away in October.

I enclose a list of the Gentlemen in Barbadoes who form the chosen Committee of the subscribers to the Theatre, & who make themselves personally responsible for the payment of the salaries. Mr Daniel is referred to for the proof of their responsibility.

I believe I have told you all.—Dr Reid's prescription seems to agree with me ; I have not had a spasm since Wednesday, but my legs swell much & sleep has almost departed from me. Last year at this very time my heart was bounding at the hope of Eliza's coming to town & the vain fancy that her presence would restrain her father's excesses & restore him to a sense of his duties. Oh Mary ! how we have suffered in this world ! Who escapes from the general portion of sorrow, but surely your & my burthen has been of the heaviest.

I say nothing to Orlando about Eliza's leaving us. You will do it much better. I should only vent my own sad feelings & make him a participator. You will paint the brightest side of the prospect & prevent that mischief. It is time enough for him to feel what the loss of his sister is in the moment of their separation.

Pray write to me.

Yrs truly
E FENWICK

Will you be so good as to send me the amount of Lanno's information from West Hill ? Our intended new footman came to take possession of his place in such a state of intoxication that I would not admit him, & Mr M. approved, when he came from Brighton, of what I had done. This lad is coming as a substitute for a week or two

Do not delay writing for I cling to you closer than ever. The Lambs express great regret at parting with Eliza, but think it a right step. They are of opinion that her father by one sort of imprudence will always frustrate her hopes here, or that by another he will involve her in debts. Of her own, I assure you, she has none. Punctual payments & an expenditure within her income is her creed.

Adieu.

XXVI.—MORE OF LANNO

Wednesday, 3 o'clock (Sept. 1811).

Your letter arrived just as Eliza was leaving me last night & gave her much disappointment. She cannot come on Friday, for her Uncle has made it a particular request that she will

keep house for him & *overlook his people* while he goes to Manchester, for which place he means to depart on Saturday. It is great nonsense, for he is continually compelled to leave home on business & his workmen will have a hundred opportunities of idling away their time beside this, when Eliza is in another world; nor is it to be supposed she can either watch them or estimate what ought to be done; however he has set his mind on this partial *small security*, & it was wiser to make some sacrifice rather than offend him. . . .

I hope Eliza will have one tête-à-tête day with you to indemnify her for her loss on Friday. I fear she will not go with a good grace to Limehouse on that day, for nothing can exceed the general discomfort of her Uncle's house. Yet she feels that he intends kindly toward her, & acts accordingly.

I was pleased with a promise that he voluntarily gave Eliza when she was last with him—namely that *he would always* provide for Mr F. He said he was *now* convinced that his brother never would or could assist himself, & that it was his determination to allow him a subsistence, though he would never pay his debts, & that he meant shortly to propose his going down to Cornwall to live on an income sufficient for his wants. I sincerely hope this will be accomplished, because it will preclude the likelihood of claims on Eliza, equally painful to reject or comply with.

What advantage might Orlando gain by removal to the Military College? And what sort of interest does it require? Mr Fenwick could I know get the interest of Lord Holland & Whitbread. Besides, having materially obliged, when he had the Statesman, Col Glennie, Col Bromfield, the Prince's Aide-de-Camp, & one or two others of that station, I have no doubt he could & would get some recommendations—at least he would try, provided you are of opinion that the point is material to establish.

I have no idea of the nature of the College, its terms etc, therefore can form no judgement. Where sobriety, industry, & economy were not the necessary ingredients, Mr F. would exert himself to serve Orlando or any other boy so circumstanced. . . .

Lanno's letter, though not quite like Copper-plate, pleased both me & Eliza very much. There were some sweet expres-

sions in it. Every since he has been near you, I have traced the development of his mind & feelings in a way that animates my hope of him.

His mercurial spirit must keep poor Mrs Wilkinson on thorns. How seldom Tutors think that it is necessary to be respected as well as feared, or value the love of their pupils, which may I believe be gained without any relaxation of discipline. Unmerited reproof & mortifying sarcasms may wound, but will never amend the temper or habits. I hope the dear Boy will learn to endure without resenting these petty evils. Your kindness makes him ample amends.

God bless you & thank you

Yours most truly

E FENWICK

XXVII.—MRS M. IS SURPRISINGLY CONSIDERATE

Sunday evening (Sept. 16th, 1811).

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I would have answered your letter yesterday, but an intense headache rendered me quite unable to write.

Your generous loan, depend upon it, will be thankfully & gratefully repaid by Eliza, whom, indeed, everything now appears to favour. You may rely securely on her integrity. The sense of your zeal for our service never can depart from either of us.

Mrs Mocatta presses Eliza's visits here. She has certainly effected wonders in her tuition of the little girl, who at first appeared not to have a tunable note in her voice, & now sings very prettily, so that Mrs M, who sets her heart on shewy accomplishments, is anxious to secure as much of Eliza's instruction as possible, & thus I gain the solace of her company.

Mrs M. on Friday gave her a very handsome white sattin dress—a thing she very much wanted, & which her funds could not have reached.

Mrs M. also proposed that I should invite Mr & Mrs Dyke to dine with me, as that attention might render them more attentive to Eliza, & on tuesday they come. I wish Orlando to be here to spend the whole day with me & his sister. Mrs

M. goes to Newington on Monday & will not return till tuesday evening, & takes Hetty with her. Eliza will be here on Monday evening, so that if Orlando will come early on tuesday, we three can pass some pleasant & unexpected hours together. I enclose a note desiring him to request Mr W's permission. He can walk here immediately after his breakfast & I will send him back on the Outside of the last stage in the evening, as perhaps it would not be advisable for him to walk alone in the evening as it is now so soon dark.

Eliza will hear with great pleasure of your & Mrs Hays invitation to Wandsworth & will leave you to fix the time. She will go on Wednesday to Limehouse for 2 or three days & afterwards will be at liberty to come when most convenient to you.

She has, we hear, still about six weeks to stay in England. They expect to go with the Fleet. Mr Dyke has collected all his company together and, as I believe, they wait only for the sailing of the Fleet, which is the latter end of October.

The bustle of her little preparations keeps my mind occupied in a very useful degree & my moments of depression occur but seldom. Eliza sinks oftener than I do; but when I anticipate the dead calm of her absence, & the long, dreary, joyless winters I shall have to linger thro', it requires my utmost resolution to turn from the chilling prospect.

I think it is probable I shall not be able to come to you before we leave Vauxhall, as today Mrs M. has settled the move for tomorrow week, & as my assistance may be very useful, it would not be strictly just to leave home till the confusion is over & she is settled enough to look after the children in my absence.

Since Thursday I have had slight symptoms of a return of my complaint & last night I had recourse to the calomel pills again, & as they have taken good effect, I trust I shall not be worse.

Everything, therefore, favour Eliza's enterprise. The great amendment in my health removes the most distressing of her anxieties.

I dont wish her to marry a Planter. I wd rather keep her all to myself. She cd not be happy with a debauchee & I believe they are shocking sensualists. She has lately gained

a lover who does not seem willing to take a refusal. He is a Printer & has tolerable prospects. He is far from unpleasing either in mind or person, but she will not marry except from the motives you recommend.

Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours very very truly

E F

I suppose Mr W. will not object to Lanno's coming, shd he you must use your influence, for I have promised Eliza, & would on no account disappoint her.

XXVIII.—BROTHER AND SISTER

Thursday evening (Sept. 28, 1811).

It seems a long time since I wrote to you and somehow I cannot help wishing you may have thought it so too. I do not grow independent of affection.

I never saw Orlando look so well as on the morning of his last visit to me. The walk had given him a fine glow & every feature was animated with the joy of seeing us.

He behaved exceedingly well in the presence of his Sister, & kept his firmness though I could perceive with a struggle, for I had found an opportunity of hinting to him that she was exceedingly low spirited & that any emotion on his part would quite overpower her. When she left us alone for a time, he threw his arms round me & sobbed vehemently, & we indulged together in our foolishness, which you must allow was natural enough. We had the prudence to recover composure as quickly as possible & the day afforded us real gratification.

Mr Dyke, Eliza's Manager, was quite charmed with Orlando, & when he bade us good-night & darted out of the room to mount the Coach, Mr D. exclaimed: *I wish that boy was mine.*

A number of circumstances that Mr & Mrs Dyke spoke of that day as matters of course, I mean relative to the conduct & arrangements of the Theatre, seemed to imply so strongly the importance they attached to Eliza & their high opinion of her respectability & talent, that my confidence in our having done right encreased. She also felt some apprehensions removed, & she is materially better in spirits than she was.

She dined here today from Limehouse, & is gone this evening to Miss Lamb's. Her Uncle has become kinder to her. He has been telling her the means by which she may learn the nature & profit of certain merchandises at Barbadoes & says if she can send him an estimate of such commodities as bear the best profit, he will send her over goods to dispose of at a considerable pr centage.

The Mocattas advised that she should attempt something of that kind, as most Merchants' wives in the West Indies keep stores, but I did not suppose it possible for her to get goods. However now if she sees a likelihood of making money in that way she will have the power. Mrs Da Costa's husband is realizing a fortune by a store at St Thomas's.

Orlando says we appear *to thrive now we are away from his father*, and I think we do succeed better since I burst the fetters that with him bound us down to almost every species of wretchedness. Some sorrows & disappointments must attend us, but often in my most depressed & languid moments, I am cheered by remembering that I am providing for my boy, who otherwise would be an outcast or a Slave.

Speaking of Orlando reminds me that he mentioned something of a Military Academy which he had heard of from you. Explain this in your next. Whatever is supposed to be most for *his good* depend on it I will submit to, though it should remove him to a greater distance from me. I am now so well school'd in self subjection, that on my own account I will not make any demurr.

I am still free from the spasms but have frequent severe headaches. The change of weather has materially affected me. No wonder for it must be trying to every constitution, & you no doubt have participated in the feeling.

Adieu, yours truly

E F

XXIX.—MR F. SHOWS SIGNS OF GRACE

Tuesday evening (Oct., 1811).

The same post that brought me your & Orlando's gratifying letters brought me the enclosed from Mr F. What a strange

inconsistent thing is human Nature! Would anyone uninformed of its waywardness & the dominion of the passions believe that the man who can occasionally feel & reason so properly could act so cruelly.

I think you had better shew Orlando this letter. I know he has felt many heart burnings against his father, & I would, for his own sake, rather lessen than encrease them. It will also perhaps render him less reluctant to go to him during the holidays, at the same time it will afford you an opportunity of pointing out to Orlando the danger of yielding to intemperate habits of any kind, & the debasement of character they occasion. You can return the letter hereafter.

My boy's letters improve I think in succession. I *am* proud of him. My children are my life. They seem to pay me back the existence I gave to them. I sometimes wish Orlando had less or a more tempered sensibility, but then again I remember that the habits of society soon harden the hearts of men, so let him feel as long as the cold, the selfish, *masculine* world will let him.

Eliza was with me yesterday & left me today. I treated her unhandsomely, for I made her a nurse. I had a dreadful attack of my complaint which lasted me greater part of the night. I am but poorly in consequence now, but have no pain.

We move to Tavistock Square next Monday. Write before that & enclose me Mr Wilkinson's bill. I believe Lanno has had shoes this quarter.

Coleridge *I think* writes only for the Courier. If for the Times it is a new thing, but I will enquire.

Remember me to your family,

& believe me ever yours

E F

I did once think of asking you respecting the propriety of asking Mr Hays to change his intended service of the Cadetship for the admission into this College, as he meant to ask the former appointment of Sir W. Curtis, but I considered that just now his head is fully occupied & that it might be as well to see whether any of Mr F.'s connections could or would assist in this business.

I scarcely know what I write, for the furniture is already

packing up, & we have but one room in common for all. The Pianoforte & flute are going on one side of me & Mr & Mrs M. in earnest conversation on the other.

XXX.—WRITTEN FROM THE LAMBS'

Saturday evening, 9 o Clock (Oct. 1811).

Eliza has suddenly received notice of sailing on *Thursday*. Some armed ships are going towards Madeira & the Capn has resolved on taking their protection & not waiting for the fleet. This has overset us almost. Only yesterday she heard she had no need of being ready till the 18th.

Fortunately I was under the necessity of coming to town for medicines this afternoon, & having done some business for Mrs Mocatta cd not get an evening stage & was forced to stay all night. I had not been in at Mr Lamb's above $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour when Mr Dyke came with this intelligence.

Eliza is sunk into the deepest dejection. I support myself wonderfully & will, you may depend on me.

I send this by the Coach that you may have the earliest notice of enquiring for the letters you kindly name. Shd it not be possible to get them in time, we must send them after her by the next Packet, but to take them wd be pleasanter.

Be so good as to request Mr W. will send Lanno to Town on the first stage on *Wednesday* morn, when he will be expected at Mr Lamb's.

Shd Lanno's funds be inadequate to the Stage hire, pray lend him what is necessary & when he returns he shall repay you.

I go home at 8 oClock tomorrow morning & the confusion of the family in removing militates terribly against my aiding or being with Eliza in this trying hour. I must get my liberty on *Wednesday* if possible.

If you send the letters, direct them to Eliza at Mr Lamb's, 4. Inner Temple Lane, Fleet Street.

She has everything to pack here & at Limehouse & many things to get.

God bless you. Think of us & pray for us.

yrs ever

E F

XXXI.—ELIZA GONE

NO. 5 TAVISTOCK SQUARE
Wednesday 13th (Oct. 1811).

I have many kindnesses to acknowledge from you, dear Mary, but never was in a frame of mind so little adapted to writing. I went about so much in the wet collecting Eliza's things together that I caught a violent cold, which added to the exhaustion after strong emotion renders me at present a sort of breathing Automaton.

If Mr & Mrs Dyke are sincere, & I have not the smallest ground for doubt, they consider Eliza their strong hope & value her for the high character they heard from Mr Blanchard both of her talents & irreproachable manners.

Their black servant, a fine old Negroe, came up to me, & with a tone of Nature's own feeling, said: '*You no grieve Maam. We take care of Missee.—I take care of Missee always, on board ship & on shore. Pray no grieve Maam. Missee shall be happy.*'

It is rather a singular chance that the day she embarked was the very day two years of her last parting from Henry Kemble, when we set off for Edinburgh. I think her quitting him was the first dawn of her prosperity, deep & bitter as was the suffering it involved. Had they not been separated they had married. She must necessarily have been miserable for life with such a Man, & might have been a forsaken Wife with children to rear in sorrow & regret for the misplaced affection that caused their birth.

I will not speak of the desolation I feel.—I wonder what her father felt. He must have perceived that she was cold to him. She has not the power of hiding that her esteem is forfeited.

I want rest. Our House is in terrible confusion still. Not one room finished. New beds are making for my Chamber & I am forced to sleep in another with my pupil. She is intolerably restless, I was too full of aching thought, the wind blew a storm & I scarcely closed my eyes all night.

I enclose to Lanno a scrap letter I have just recd from Eliza. The sight of her hand has rendered me insensible to

the discomforts she speaks of. I trust when the ship is put to rights things will be better. Return me the letter in your next. It is of value to me, little as it contains.

Adieu, my dear friend. Do not be uneasy for me, I shall do well, very well; occupation shall be my consolation. I will allow myself no idle time. We are born to suffer. Life has been no boon to you & I.

I ought to tell you that Orlando behaved admirably the whole week. His regrets spoke most in the tenderness & constancy of his attentions to his Sister. He tried hard to suppress every emotion that might agitate her. It will gratify him to hear that I have commended him to you.

Write speedily
to yrs truly
E F

XXXII.—NEEDLESS ALARM

Nov. 27th, 1811
Wednesday night.

DEAR FRIEND

Would you suppose that your letter gave me half an hour of violent heart beating & alarm? A note so short made me conclude it came with hasty news, & Lanno ill of a fever, or Lanno in disgrace & penance was all I could think of.

Twice I read your lines & concluded that the haste with which your invitation was made confirmed my fears. He was not mentioned—you enclosed no letter from him, and I had to reason with myself some time before I had composure enough to begin this reply.

I really now believe my alarm was foolish & groundless, yet it is not so wholly over but that I must beg you will answer me by *return* of Post to say whether anything is or is not the matter.

Pity my weakness, but allow for it. I have ventured one of my hopes on a hazardous speculation, & I cling to the other with a watchful & apprehensive fondness. If anything is amiss with him, tell me candidly. If all is right forgive me the trouble I put you to. You know not how I shall watch

for your letter. Taking it for granted my apprehension is groundless, I enclose a Note to my boy.

I am very well & take constant exercise. Not a breath of wind shakes my window at night but I am haunted with evil dreams. I awake with opprest & agitated spirits & though I forbode nothing from these chimeras of fancy, they affect the Nervous system exceedingly. And to this state probably is owing what passed in my mind on the receipt of your letter. Two days I have been looking for a letter from you. You have been a long time silent.

We are still surrounded by Work People. I hope I shall never go into a new house again, for I am weary of the bustle.

Surely you will let me hear by return of Post that all actually is as it should be.

No more news from Eliza. She is gone & report talks of great numbers of Privateers abroad.

Do not write me such scraps of letters. You always give me patience & fortitude when you recommend them. . . .

I am yrs most truly

E FENWICK

XXXIII.—MR WHITAKER

Tuesday evening (Dec. 1st, 1811).

Your letter, my dear friend, was a reward for the previous alarm you had unconsciously caused me. When you allow your mind this sort of expansion, you always seem to create something of new life in me. I awake as it were from a dream of dullness, & am restored to emotions, tastes & feelings that were precious in their enjoyment & are even prized in their decay.

Mr Whitaker is sanguine in his expectations for our boy. He lost no time in procuring influence with Smith the banker, and the Gentleman whose recommendation he deemed more important than his own assured him he had no doubt of success. His plain, unostentatious, warm hearted zeal would delight you if you could witness it.

They press'd me on Sunday to come to them as often as I could & one expression of his pleased me: "You must

know," said he, "that I now consider you as a sort of orphan and that I am bound to take care of & protect you, so I desire you will adopt me as a father." This father of mine is not more than three or four & thirty years of age.

He was always very partial to Eliza, & cannot reconcile himself to the Barbadoes project at all in any other way than while he persuades himself that she will marry advantageously.

He pictures to himself Orlando as a Lieut Colonel, & he is so bent on the plan that if he fails with Smith he will try in another quarter. . . .

Whether it is that his zeal in my service agitated me more than my nerves have strength to bear I know not, but I have been relaxed & uncomfortable ever since Sunday. Still I have no symptom of my former complaint.

Mr Fenwick had the fore-cast & consideration to examine the shipping list at Lloyds, where no West India capture was found from the time of Eliza's departure. His information was very gratifying indeed.

Mr Robinson will hereafter get me franks both ways he hopes. I expect one for this packet from Mr Brandon & have also written by the *Alexander*, on board of which a Piano-forté is shipped for Eliza. She took it of Mrs Mocatta, but as the bargain was only made a few days previous to her departure, it was no time to find room in the *Olive Branch*, by which chance I have been obliged to pay £1. 10 for its freightage.

Six months hence I hope I shall be indemnified for these little inconveniences by her growing prosperity. Past difficulties & the earnest desire of keeping clear of debt, makes me timid & apprehensive when even on this necessary & laudable occasion I overstep the limits of my means.

Adieu, my best friend,

Let me hear from you & let me see you

E FENWICK

XXXIV.—PLANS FOR LANNO

(Dec. 1811).

(I have thrown down my ink. Excuse the blot)

It does appear that the nomination of a Cadet *must* take place before his admission to the College near Croydon, but it is for Cadets of the *Engineer & Artillery service*, & it is possible your brother might not mean *that*, though I do not imagine it makes any difference which he asks of Sir William Curtis.

Did I not tell you that Mrs Hall, where I lived at Chiswick, got this very appointment for her son, only by going to a Director in person, & stating (vulgarly enough, I will answer for it) their difficulties in providing for 9 Children. When I saw her last summer, the youth had just been sent out on the Artillery service, after having been three years at the College. He was when Lanno's age both an effeminate & timid spirited boy, good but not bright. Afterwards being sent to Merchant Taylors school he grew no doubt more manly.

Do not heed me if I am too importunate on this subject. It is very natural for a fond mother to be anxious to place her boy in a situation so good in its prospects & so congenial to his mental & bodily temperament.

I am better again, but Dr Reid now thinks I shall be liable to frequent returns of the spasms & that the perpetual use of tonic medicines is my only resource.

It is an uncomfortable thing to be always taking physic, nor is it possible for me to live precisely as I am ordered where I cannot command or select. 'As to the warm bath, it is utterly out of my reach.' The expence is beyond my means. Nor could I in this house get a slipper bath filled, for there is no wash-house, nor wd, as you may suppose, the servants take the trouble of such a preparation even if there were.

I am very much out of humour with my situation just now. The Children are very troublesome & irritate my system. Then making now but one family, I feel the almost insupportable weight from the dull superciliousness of Mr Mocatta, and her petty, inarticulate, though good natured loquaciousness.

Shut out from the resource at those times of a book or my pen, & unable from the season to retire to my chamber, I really find my mind jaded & my temper soured. This I meant by my *unadorned path of duty*. I confess I expressed myself ill, because my duty is to my children, & their affection & good qualities are a reward.

I am glad that you think as I do respecting Lanno's religion. I used to be so disgusted & shocked at the blind, coarse, ignorant infidelity of Holcroft's children that I should almost have preferred making sectaries of mine. Unable however to teach what I did not believe, and thrown as Eliza was occasionally into the society of sceptics, she was left to herself or to chance, and she has formed for herself a religion of moral precepts & an undefined (perhaps) feeling of devotion to a sublime & supreme First Cause.

Orlando has fallen more into the ordinary course, and as you say, since youth wants every restraint of principle against the impulses of the passions, I am always glad when he is in the way of having religious feelings & impressions cultivated. That he has got over his bashfulness in not reading his Chapter in turn also pleases me.

Supposing he shd not *now* get his Cadetship & an admission to the College, I shall still have the solace of his being under your eye, & guided by your affectionate & enlightened counsels. He finds friends, or those who treat him in a friendly manner, in the owners of your house, which gratifies both him and me.

Eliza, or rather the *Olive Branch*, must, so sailors say, have got out into the Atlantic before the late gales, which they heed not where they have sea room enough. I hope & trust her voyage is nearly ended.

Mrs Collier sent me a kind invitation for Wedy evening & I risked some hazard in going rather than be bored at home with these boys. So as not to impinge on established rules, I took my little girl with me, by which I gratified Mama abundantly, reconciled her to our being out together, & gained myself a Coach. You see I am learning to man-œuvre.

Let me know what you do respecting Mr H, & explain that for the College the Cadetship must be for the Artillery & Engin-

eer service. I have a thousand qualms about not succeeding for my bonny boy.

With best Compts to Mr & Mrs Hays

I remain yours truly

E F

I have no room to speak of the Piano, so must defer it till I write again.

XXXV.—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

(*Jan. 6th, 1812*).

. We have undergone great changes here. Mrs M. begins to taste the sweets of going out & my privileges one after another die away.

I was a little piqued on New Year's Day that I could not dine at Lambs, which I had some time promised to do, but I gave it up because I was obliged.

I dont know how it happened, but I felt more bitter discontent about Eliza's absence that day than I had felt before. I seemed more particularly to comprehend the length of three revolving years.—It is a terrible period. I am infinitely indebted to your brother for the trouble he has taken to ascertain her safety, & now I have done with thinking of her capture, & believe she must be safe at Barbadoes. As this day makes the 8th week of her departure from London, I hope the career of her prosperity has begun, & that early in next month I shall hear of her having escaped the perils of the sea. Her success with the public & her reception from her introductions I suppose we shall wait another month for, because if opportunity served she would write the instant she got to shore.

Orlando smiled proudly at the receipt of your letter, but he is really so much a Man of constant occupation that you must I fear wait for an answer.

These young folks have got up Miss Edgeworth's Old Poz, & Lanno has been chosen for Justice Headstrong, to which I can assure you he does surprising credit. His variety, action & conception of the nature of the old gent amazed me.

They perform it this evening before drawing for King & Queen, & it has brought him here oftener than otherwise I

shd have enjoyed his company, though it takes up rather more time than I approve of. I am very anxious he should usefully spend every moment. His father gives an excellent account of him.

When does the Vacation end? & will you ask Mr W. what Drawing is charged for pr Quarter?

Yrs truly

E F

Pray write to me.

XXXVI.—MRS F. IS MISUNDERSTOOD

Saturday, Jan. 18th. (1812).

. The most chilling sensation I know arising from commonplace causes is not to be understood. That has been one source of my discomfort in my dependent state, I am not understood. . . . It does sometimes give me fits of absolute spleen to feel myself confounded with ordinary A B C teachers, & to know that the best exertions I can make are only considered as the repetition of the *by-rote* lessons I myself learnt in the days of my youth at school.—Ah well, it will be all the same a hundred years hence, & if you & I could contrive in the interim some plan to spend our old age together, I think we could shut out some casualties that now too often intrude on our repose.

I know not how it is, but the likelihood of Eliza's marrying never comes across my thoughts except when named by you or the many others who persevere in saying the same thing. The Planters & West India people live beyond their incomes & are obliged to look out for fortunes. Her profession is against her, particularly with her temper. She will not play on the senses till she secure a lover on her own terms. She has but one straight path in every aim, & she will not associate with men capable perhaps of understanding or appreciating her single heartedness.

I believe I told of her having had an Offer a short time before she went away from a young Man just going to be established as a Printer by his friends. Notwithstanding her refusal he retains a strong interest in her welfare & called on me the other day to ask if I had heard of her safety. . . .

I begin now to feel the tardiness of days. It is ten weeks on Monday since she left us, & nine today since she sailed from the Downs. Surely her letters are now on their passage to England, & I am not unreasonable in calculating that early in next month we shall hear from her.

I have not been at Lambs since I had your letter, for indeed, except to walk in the Square, which I rarely omit, I seldom go out, & I know they have neither *Kehama* nor *the Vision*. The Cid they have I believe, & I will endeavour to call there soon to procure it.

Orlando sends his best & kindest love to you & all the family. He still works hard, but all his comforts are over *at home*. I believe Mr F. does not persevere in sobriety. Poor fellow, his eyes often fill with tears when he bids me good-night & thinks of the forlorn place he is going home to. He writes me a letter every evening & expresses himself with great freedom & sweetness.

When does the school open? You did not mention in your last. He has made much progress in his drawing, but I shall not be sorry when the time comes of his return to school, so uncomfortable does the idea of his father's irregularities make me.

No letter yet from your brother. *I still hope.*

God bless you. Pray write to me.

Yrs

E F

PART II

ELIZA'S VENTURE

XXXVII.—ELIZA TO HER MOTHER ¹

Dec. 1st. At Sea, L. 27-50. W.N-E. (1811).

My promises of keeping a Journal on board this abominable ship have turned out as most of my promises do—good for nothing. But you have had no loss,—it would have contained only a history of sickness & sorrow if I had had the power of writing, which till this day I have never had.

Ship Journals, particularly when the wind blows, must be nasty things, and one written on this ship would be particularly so.

I have one day been washed out of my bed by the rain & the next by a Tureen of soup. The dishes are now lashed to the table, and the meat running about the cabin.

There is only proper accomodation for four people in this Cabin, & I leave you to judge how comfortable eighteen people must be.

Do you remember detestable Capn Rowe? I suspect this Captain is his brother, or some near relation, for there is a striking likeness between them.

He grudges every mouthful we eat ; & as out of the eighteen there are twelve monstrous eaters, he gets many heartaches. I am a favorite with him because I eat no butter, drink no rum, & seldom if ever taste the porter, but he groans bitterly every day at dinner when the passengers call for beer & grog.

Are you cold, dear Mother? We have discarded all our blankets, sleep with windows open, & yet are almost melted.

We are at present within half a day's sail of the Trades, as the Capn tells us, but are stuck fast in a dead calm. We

¹ This letter went astray and was not received till April, but is inserted here to preserve the chronological sequence.—ED.

have so far had a wonderful passage, have had a fair wind all the way from the Downs till yesterday ; have sometimes sailed twelve knots an hour and never less than six. Now we stand still.

The Capn would not wait for Convoy or go into Portsmouth, & we have outsailed the few ships that left England with us.

We ran some risk of being taken, that is we *must* have been taken if we had met anybody inclined to take us, for the ship I understand is not in fighting condition, and we have no other vessel near to help us. It is not much better calculated to bear wind & weather than Cannon-balls, for it is terribly leaky. The Capn has been so eager to arrive at his journey's end, that he has carried as much sail as he could possibly hoist all the way, not even slackening at night, and as the wind has been (though always fair) very boisterous, we have been tossed and jolted and jumbled till we are all but dead.

We have generally been merry, notwithstanding our miseries. They have had several dances, but I have always been too ill to join them. The whole party are now playing at forfeits on deck, but forfeits end in kissing, so I do not join in that either, but am sitting in the Cabin by myself, holding my head with one hand & trying to hold my pen in the other. Oh dear ! I have been very ill. Just as bad as you always are at sea.

This Morning poor Mrs Adamson, after a tumble from one end of the Cabin to the other, by which she almost broke her leg, came up to the corner where I was sitting wishing myself at the bottom instead of on the top of the sea, and asked me in the most dismal tone I ever heard, how much I thought I could save a year out of my salary.

The oddity of the question at such a time, her serious anxious look, with her eyes full of tears from the fall, diverted me so much that I have laughed ever since.

She says I must save a great deal of money. I wish I were sure of that. This misery & discomfort would seem light with such a certainty as that to look forward to, but my expectations are sunk very low. Perhaps it is from the melancholy face the beginning of our adventure wears, that we do not expect a happy ending. Mrs Adamson & I shake our heads and sigh at the prospect before us.

I feel some alarm about my head-aches. They are incessant & acute beyond anything I ever felt in my life. Mr Dyke I perceive is extremely frightened about them. My head is not steady now, nor can I write any more.—Ah my dear Mother, Farewell!

Saturday night.

Players are certainly the condemned of Heaven. Some of them deserve, and ALL of them suffer every misery that grows upon this Earth!

The Capn has behaved as ill as he possibly could do all the way, & this evening being tipsy and having an altercation with one of the Gentlemen, he opened his whole mind to us, kindly assuring us that Mr Dyke had trepanned us from England, & that he well knew where he (Mr D.) was going to take us, tho' we did not. Mr D. on this, losing his patience, was near striking him, on which he told us we were the sweepings of Newgate, with other equally tender & delicate assertions.

Our company are not worse used than he treats his Mate, who is a most decent & respectable man, & now lying ill of a rheumatic fever.

The Ship was stocked by the owners with provisions for the passengers, according to the agreement made by Mr Dyke, but the Capn secretes one part & withholds the other for mere malice.

There were 4 dozen fowls & as many ducks sent on board at Gravesend. They are dying daily from being so crowded in the coops, yet he will not allow any to be killed for the table.

There was wine & a barrel of oatmeal sent for the females, but the wine is safe in his locker, & the oatmeal we got at by an accident. Till we found that I always fasted four & twenty hours, from dinner to dinner.

I cannot even get a drop of water I can drink. I have now an odd mess something like Scotch porridge, or a roasted potatoe for breakfast. I think my never drinking anything and eating such dry heating food must be the cause of my illness.

You will not see this letter till I am well and safe in Barbadoes, so I may tell you that I am now in a high

fever. My legs are swelled to a frightful size and I can scarcely stand. I am supported between two persons to get on the deck, & I think my sufferings will kill me. If I am not very much mistaken Mr & Mrs Dyke think the same. They look at me with alarmed faces & seem to consult together about me. Alas, alas, my dearest Mother, where are you !

Wed. Decr. 18th, 1811.

Farewell, my kind, my beloved Mother ! Tomorrow we land in another world. I did not feel so entirely separated from you even when I lost sight of the Lands End as I do now !

I have seen you, as I fancied, every night in the Cornet, in Orion's Belt or in the Great Bear. I have sat on the stern of the ship and imagined I beheld you in your various occupations, till I thought I even heard your voice. At night I saw *you* sitting down to tea & Orlando going to Bed. *Both* then thinking of *me*.

Now I shall never see you again ! The moment I set foot on land I shall feel that I have lost you all—perhaps for ever—My head turns round & my heart is bursting. Farewell, Oh Farewell !

XXXVIII.—THE FIRST NEWS OF ELIZA

Tuesday night (Feb. 20. 1812).

To sleep under the present excitation of my spirits is impossible.—I have got a letter from Eliza, & it seems like herself come back to me ! I cannot bear to part with it & will therefore transcribe it for you & my dear Boy.

BARBADOES, *Dec. 21st, 1811.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

After a short passage through purgatory, we arrived yesterday in Heaven. This is indeed the Land of Promise,—I hope it is not too good to last. I have been in continual transports ever since I was swung off the side of the ship into the boat at 12 yesterday morning.

The first thing that greeted me after we dropped anchor was the kindest invitation you can imagine from Capn Soaper

(a friend who came on board for Mrs Dyke) to Miss Simms & myself to accompany Mrs D. to his house.

We had a delightful view of the Islanders & the Island on going from the ship to the shore.

When we landed on the Quay, Capn S.'s chaise was waiting for us. We jumped in & were whisked off, to the great disappointment, I am sure, of all the beaux who had collected to gaze.

Mrs Soaper, her sister & Miss Brailsford (Mrs Dyke's sister) received us like very dear friends, & we were all as intimate in half an hour as if we had been acquainted for years.

Capn S. is a good-humoured, merry man—his wife, they say, is the very best hearted woman in the world. She has delicate health, is nervous, & reminds me of Miss Lamb. Her Sister, Miss Liddy Lewellyn, is an old maid, but so good-tempered, lively, & kind hearted, that I am more than ever determined to belong to that fraternity. A Mr Olten & his wife (another sister of Mrs S) and Mr Venings make up our party.

At 3 we sat down to a grand dinner: sucking-pig, fowls, soup, mutton, game, yams, plantain, sweet potatoes, sour cabbages, & a hundred other *nasty* things. Quantities of fruit, beautiful to look at, but not one that I could eat. Madeira, Sangaree Beverage, Rum & *Water*,—this last I am always obliged to steal, for they will not let me have it.

Afterwards they compelled me & Miss Simms to lie down. We slept still tea time, when Miss Lewellyn & her Negroes brought us tea, Coffee & cakes, made us take them in bed, & then rubbed our legs, which really were almost as big as our bodies.

At 8 oClock we had Chocolate, & at 9 Supper. Miss L. gave us up her room & when we were in bed brought us up hot Madeira, bathed our feet with camphorated wine, & then all the ladies came & kissed us most affectionately.

About 4 this morning I was wakened by the oddest music, & heard someone singing in the street *to us*. All I could make out was: "*Welcome Ladies. Welcome all.—Welcome to Barbadoes Shore.*"

This serenade roused the whole house, & Miss L. soon

appeared, gave us green Cocoa nut, conducted us to the cold bath, after which we returned to Bed & slept till 8.

At Breakfast we had *hot rolls*, toast, eggs, yams, plantains, Capava bread, etc, etc.

After that we drank Lemonade till 12 when luncheon was brought us, & now I am going to dress for dinner.

Saturday Night. We have been at the Theatre. It is not half finished.

I have been introduced to Judge Beccles (who said he had heard a great deal about me from people to whom I have letters), & also to Mr Brandon, a Jew, who tells me I have letters to several of his friends & offers to go with me to deliver them.

Good night, dearest Mother.

Monday, 23rd. Yesterday morning a note came from Mrs Beccles, wife to the Attorney General, inviting me to tea, along with Mr & Mrs Dyke.

At 6 their carriage came for us, & away we went in style. Judge Beccles introduced me to his father, the Attorney Gen, to Mrs Beccles, his mother, & to his wife, Mrs J. B. The old lady told me the names of all the rest of her children, of her grandchildren, cousins, etc. It was quite a family party, with the exception of a Major & Mrs ORourke.

Do you remember the first visit we paid at Mr Cunningham Gregg's at Belfast? This put me very much in mind of it. Mrs J. B. is like Mrs Gregg; her youngest boy is just such a spoiled Cub as Mrs G.'s, & all her girls are like too. Then the Major & his wife reminded me of the Honble Major & Mrs Hobart. Mr Beccles is somewhat less than Stephen Kemble, but larger than any body else. He is a charming old Gentleman. Mrs B. was chatty & sociable. As for the Judge I must I think wish he was single. Mrs J. B. did nothing but nurse her boy. I did not hear her speak.

The old lady requested me to sing, & her youngest daughter, a beautiful young woman, joined me in the Duet, "See the ocean rising". Afterwards we made the Polacca a duet, & with the help of Miss Simms, who went with us, sang the Glee of "O Lady Fair".

The Atty Genl told me he has lived here 40 years without ever being sick, & that I must do the same.

Mrs D. & I went yesterday to look for a house, & we soon got one, but Mrs Soaper will not allow us to remove till this evening.

I could not go to Church yesterday. No one would go with me & I had not courage to appear alone. We are to go on Wedy.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. I am called down to eat niceties again.

Tuesday 24th. I have been with Mr Brandon to give my letters to Mrs Barrow, Mr Keys, Mr Levi & Mr Da Costa. Mrs Keys & Mrs Da Costa are pleasing young women, Mrs Barrow a friendly old one. Mr Levi, to my great surprise, a young unmarried man, so handsome I nearly lost my heart.—I thought I was not to have any letters to single men.—He told me he cd not at present pay me the attention he wished, as his sister was from home, but he expected her back soon. They were all very kind. Pray thank Mrs Mocatta from me, & her friend who wrote these letters. She must have given me a very good character by my reception.

Christmas Day. I have been to Church. The Governor & all the great people were there. The Church is very plain & very handsome. We sat in Capn Soaper's pew. . . .

I have had three invitations from friends of Mrs Soaper's already, but have declined going anywhere till the Theatre opens. As it is I shall not be able to do all I have to do.

Saty. 28th. We open next Wedy. with the West Indian & the Spoiled Child. The Monday after we play the Honeymoon; the next Thursday the Soldier's Daughter, & the Monday the Jew. I play Juliana, Widow Cheerly & Eliza. Mrs Dyke, Zamorra, Mrs Malfort, and Mrs Goodwin.

The Theatre is a handsome building on the outside, but is painted within in every color that ever was invented or thought of. In the middle of the Ceiling, over the Pit, is a great daub—King George riding in a Chariot thro' the sea. What he does there I cannot imagine, unless indeed he is coming to see us. There are what they call *Trophies* on the front of each box. I would not have such trophies painted on the bottom of my boxes. The prevailing colours are crimson, scarlet, dark blue & dark green,—very well chosen for a cold Country!

There is one row of boxes, a pit & Gallery. It will hold £350 sterling. I thought Mr D. said in London £500. The Green Room & dressing-rooms are not yet begun, & I fear they will be small.

I shall not make a fortune here the first year at any rate, if I do afterwards. I have half a hundred expenses I never dreamed of. I have been obliged to buy my bedstead. It cost 20 Dollars. There is not a bit of furniture in my room but that, a table & one chair, & I fancy if I have any more I must buy it myself. Drawers are £40 the set, so they are put out of the question. You may suppose how much I am distress'd, being obliged to keep everything in my trunks.

Our house is small. On the ground floor are a large passage, a parlour, the kitchen, a yard, & bathing-room; on the first floor a dining-room, with an immense Balcony, a breakfast-room, & Mrs Dyke's bedroom, & above two bedrooms, one of which is mine, & the other Miss Simms & Miss Brailsford have between them. I chose my own room first, at Mrs D's desire. Mr Hemmings, the Prompter, lives with us & he has the parlour to sleep in. Do you know him? I think you saw him in that horrid room at Billingsgate, which was a most perfect picture of the infernal regions.—The time from my arriving there till I was put on board the Ship at Gravesend was the most wretched of my whole life. I cannot endure to think of it.

I may now I suppose judge pretty well how this Climate agrees with me & I never was better. One thing seems to me a perfect miracle—I have not had the least head-ache since I came on shore. I never was without a severe one on board, indeed they were so intense that I felt heartily alarmed, & you know I am not easily frightened on such subjects. The headache is a symptom of fever, & I felt certain I should die. I am now as certain I shall not. I had a dose of Magnesia the first night & one of Magnesia Rhubarb & Red Lavender since, which is the only medicine they have given me.

I have had two or three rides in Capn Soaper's chaise with Miss Lewellyn. We went one morning before any one else was up to the Castle, to Cheapside, & to *Kennington*. I never before observed the Cocoa tree at *Kennington*. Did you?

But now for my torments.—You are to be informed that

there is only a slight partition between this place & H—. Some say a sheet of paper, but I cannot answer for the truth of that. Now the little devils who can get through the cracks fly about here & give us a tolerable foretaste of what we are to expect should we ever go to their home. Miss Simms & I look exactly as if we had got the small-pox. Our faces, necks, arms & legs are covered, & like the small-pox, wherever we scratch, which it is impossible to help doing, we are to have a scar. It will be impossible to return to England, so you must come & be bit too. I have had the resolution to avoid scratching my face, but have made amends on every other part. Miss S's face bleeds all over from her nails.

I have become already a perfect drunkard. I drink Madeira & Lemonade all day. Mrs D. tries to make me drink Porter, & Mr to make me drink Rum,—I try to get water, but none of us succeed.

You must come, dear Mother. You would be as well in a week as if you had never been ill in your life.—My father could not live here a month.

Nora & a puppy she produced on board are well, but I fear she will soon be poisoned. She flies at every stranger with anger & a dog's bite is dangerous in this climate. The Blacks go with bare legs & she has actually bit three already.

Miss S. & I have our own waiting maid whom we pay ourselves. Oh my money ! . . .

Monday, 30th. Yesterday I received a visit from Judge Barrow. Who recommended me to him Heaven knows . . . I expect before you receive this to be acquainted with half the Island.

Mr & Mrs Dyke behave in the kindest manner. I told you I *would* be *first* in the house & so I am. But upon my word I give myself no airs. I have been in a remarkably condescending humour ever since I came to the West Indies. Mrs D. studies my appetite & my wishes in every respect, but I have not a moment's time to myself. We have a constant succession of visitors, & as they all wish to visit *me* as well as Mr & Mrs D. I am obliged to make my appearance. I ought now to be trimming my dress, on which I shall put bugles & not silver.

I have not seen any coloured people whom I think so dark

as myself. The Blacks, most of them, go literally half naked, wearing *nothing* but a petticoat or trowsers.—Mr Dawe should come here—fine models for him.

My Mattress is too small for my bedstead. They ask 18 dollars here for a common one, so I shall wait till I can have one from England.

Can you send me a pair or two of short white cambric gloves in your letter?

Write immediately. I find I must wait for the Packet. This will be the first that goes out since our arrival. I wrote several scraps on board but they are almost unintelligible.

It is certainly very warm here, but the Sun itself is not hotter than in England.—I don mean yr Christmas Day's sun. There is an incessant Air blowing.

I have written quite by snatches. I shall write again on Thursday, but the letter may not leave the Island these three weeks.—That is dreadful. I expected a letter from you before this. What a time must pass before I can know how you all are. I never feel the distance but when I think of letters. I figure you to myself at all times. I see you sitting at dinner, eating your excellent dry soup & still more excellent plum-puddings,—or at tea, all talking of *me*. Then you are alone in your own bedroom thinking of *me*. One evening I saw you at whist & in finessing a trump you had quite forgotten there was such a person as *me* in existence. Dont you remember the evening?

I have had many dreams & many frights about you. I am sure this climate would suit you delightfully. Never be anxious about me. Depend upon it I am always well.

I have had beautiful roses sent me. I love them, for they are like English roses.

I kissed everything as I took them out of my trunk. I had not seen them since you placed them there.

Look for Orion's Belt. It is just in front of our balcony & I see it every evening. If you look steadily at it you will perhaps see me!

My poor address! What will you & Charles Lamb say! Mr D. speaks one written by Mr Marshall, which he & Mrs D. call beautiful, but I think the greatest nonsense I ever heard. The Atty Genl has written one, but Mr D. will have his own.

It is all about himself. Perhaps I have a lucky escape, for as I can never read Mr Lamb's without crying, how could I have spoken it on the stage?

God bless you, my dear dear Mother. Give my best love to the Lambs, to Miss Hays, to Orlando, to my father & everybody. Do not forget to tell Mrs M. how kindly her friends received me. I shd like to have a letter from Orlando. I have taken a new brother under my protection, but Lanno need not be jealous. It is Mr Hemmings, or as we call him *Tommy*. He is not twenty & the best tempered, most simple & intelligent lad I ever saw.—It will be *new* to have a good-tempered prompter.

None of my things are injured by the voyage, but my desk & all outside brass has turned black.

We affect great style here, do nothing for ourselves, use water-glasses after every meal, & eat our pies on the table after the Cloth is removed. I dress & undress a dozen times a day.

It is extraordinary that I feel the heat more now than I did the first three days, & I feel it most when sitting still. When I am running up & down stairs or walking out I do not find it in the least *too* warm.

I have Geraldine in the Foundling of the Forest & Herman, a boy's part in Adelman, to study. Is it not very strange that I cannot escape boys' parts, go where I will.

The Governor has just sent up Mr D. word he shall generally attend the Theatre at least once a week. He is the only person on the Island who has a white servant.

New Year's Day. Many, many happy New Years, my dearest Mother!

This is Play Day. I am quite busy. I have changed my mind & trimmed your favourite dress for Miss Ruspert tonight with silver concaves. It is really beautiful.

Farewell, dear, dear Mother.

God bless you prays yr affectionate daughter

ELIZA FENWICK.

(*Written on the back of this letter*) My dear Boy, I will answer yours another time, I have forgotten the price of the rule, but will enquire it. Your Sister's safety, her spirits & recep-

tion are so gratifying that my head is giddy with joy. Keep yours more steady for the sake of your studies. I shall only allow you to be delirious for five seconds & a half. Farewell.

XXXIX.—ELIZA'S SUCCESS

BARBADOES, *Jan. 10th, 1812.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

By this time you must be, as I am, anxiously expecting a letter, & fretting because it does not come. I have been very patient till within these last three or four days, & now I cannot tell you how miserable I feel at not hearing from you. One line, nay the direction of a letter would satisfy me, yet I cannot have it. No Packet has arrived from England since we have been here.

I sent you a letter by the only one that has sailed from hence, & I find that instead of England it is gone to the Leeward Islands, therefore you may not receive my letter these three months. And when will you have this? Indeed it is dreadful to think of the utter impossibility of my ever knowing how you are, for to hear you were well three months ago is no more satisfactory than knowing you were so when I left you.

None of the Fleet are yet come in. We hear three or four ships were lost in the Bay of Biscay. How very fortunate we were in *that* respect in our Captain. He would not wait for the Fleet. If he had, we might now have been at the bottom, for the ship was totally unfit for bad weather, the Mate laid up the whole of the voyage, and not a good sailor on board.

Twenty times a day I repeat to myself—"it will be six weeks before I can have an answer to my letters, even after they get there." How could I ever bear to come to such a distance from you! Yet sometimes I forget that there is more space between us than from Kennington to the Temple. I figure you to myself at your desk if I am writing, or at work if I am working, or doing whatever I am myself about. I feel certain that you are thinking of me & know how I am employed at such moments; distance vanishes, & I am happy. How delightful those day-dreams are!

You know the effect of a fine summer's day on my mind, & here it is perpetual summer. Not cloudless skies tho', as they told me, for I never had an idea of clouds so beautiful as those I see here. All the morning the sky is of the brightest blue covered with clear white clouds, & in the afternoon it glows with the most brilliant radiance. Look through the deepest tinted Claude glass you can find & it will give you some idea of what is not easy to describe.

To talk of the Country when I have scarcely been outside the Town is almost as bad as the account Mrs Dyke gives here of England, which she describes as being *all full* of smoke, but I fancy the sky is the only thing worth seeing here. Scenery there can be none, for all the trees look like tall weeds, birch-brooms or Mops. The Cocoa trees grow in the centre of the Town but I have ceased to wonder at them, & they are the ugliest & most unpicturesque things in Nature.

But now for the Theatre, which doubtless you are impatient to hear of.—Last night I played the Widow Cheerly. I wish you had been there, you would have enjoyed the applause much more than I did, & I was more delighted with it than I used to be. It was a new play here, & they applauded me in almost every speech. Dont you wonder how I dressed the character? In the clear Leno train that you vandyked with meeting points, trimmed round the bottom with deep lace, over the grey Sattin slip. Fanciful Leno drapery, trimmed round with vandyke lace, & black ornaments. It was admired by everybody, & one Gentleman said that, except myself, he never saw anything so beautiful in his life. —You know exactly how handsome *I am*, so may form some idea of the beauty of my dress.

Do not be angry if I say this is the happiest period of my life. Mine hitherto has not been remarkably happy, but now, if you were here, I should call it happy, for except for thinking of what I have left in England, I have never felt a moment's uneasiness since I landed.

Everything turns out better than I had any hope of. I was determined not to give credit to all Mr Dyke said in praise of this place & my situation, but in no one instance has he varied from the truth. I am sure if ever there was an honest Man in the world he is one. In his house I feel perfectly at

home & am in fact as much Mistress of it as if it were my own. Mr & Mrs Dyke study to make me comfortable & if I seem to prefer anything it is always got for me.

I like every inhabitant of the house & we are as happy together & as independent of each other as if we were brothers & sisters,—I mean by independent that there are no irksome claims made on each other's time.

At the Theatre I am the first personage & of course comfortable there. I am flattered, carressed & admired, so ought I not to be happy? Nay I am assured I write a very good hand, which you perhaps will be so uncivil as to deny.

There are two or three Gentlemen (as I hear at the Atty Genl's) very anxious to see me off the stage. One of them asked Judge Beccles to introduce him to me, & enquired if I was as handsome off the stage as I am on ;—so I shall keep out of *his* way as long as ever I can. Never mind how frightful they think me *off* the Stage, if they will but admire me *on*.

I forgot till this moment that you know nothing about the opening of the Theatre. The house was full,—all the great people there. The ladies were all liked, except Mrs Tuffnell,—she was indeed dreadful in old Lady Rusport. She neither plays, dresses nor looks her characters.

I am settled to be the Heroine & Fine Lady of the Company, Mrs Adamson the Romp, & Mrs Dyke the serious Lady.

I was convinced that I had pleased in Miss Rusport by the thunder of applause with which I was received in the Duchess on the second night, & my entrance was equally warmly greeted last night. The Soldier's Daughter is to be repeated on Monday by desire. Mr Dyke says that he finds that he must take care of me, & as I have so much to do in the plays, he will keep me out of the farces as long as he possibly can.

Mrs Beccles has just called to pay me a morning visit. She tells me she hears that I gave the Military word of command admirably last night, with a hundred other fine things. She was not there.

We play twice a week & rehearse every day. We live about as far from the Theatre as from Temple Bar to Fleet Market. We have very good dressing-rooms etc.

On the nights the Governor comes to the Theatre, the moment he enters the Orchestra play God save the King, & everyone rises. All his Guards attend in full uniform & you cannot think what life it gives to the appearance of the house. He is much pleased with the Company & with me, and told the Atty Genl he wondered how Mr Dyke could persuade a person of so much talent to leave England.

There is some fault in the building of the interior of the Theatre which everyone complains of. It makes the house hold £105 less than the calculation. The seats are all too wide apart, but it is to be altered next season.

Mrs Dyke observes me very closely. She told me last night that she had seen many Widow Cheerly's but liked mine the best. Mr D. said she did not play so well the first two nights as she used to do & she replied that I threw her into the background. That she was admired before because she had bad actresses to play with. Hitherto this is all in good humour, for we are the best of friends. We do not at all interfere with one another, which will I hope perpetuate our harmony.

I never have a moment's spare time since the Theatre opened, always studying, rehearsing or preparing my dresses. How did I manage to play four or five nights a week?—Ah but then I had somebody to contrive everything for me!

I have never yet seen any black or colored People in the Theatre. Out of it they look queerly enough, for some of the men & women go about the streets entirely naked.

Do you remember when I played Eliza in the Jew? I have been writing out the character & I thought all the while of that time,—a memorable one to me! I remember it as plainly as if it were but yesterday. I thought myself then in Heaven compared with the Theatre I had left.—I hope this Heaven will not turn out the same.

It is a curious thing to talk of being in Heaven while one is suffering extreme torture, which I do at this moment, & indeed at every other except when on the Stage. I tremble so violently with the pain that I have been scarcely able to hold my pen, & have been starting up & walking about the room twenty times since I began this letter. If you could see me you would be frightened out of your wits. One of my hands is swelled quite as big again as the other, & my

ankles & arms are covered with just such swellings as I should suppose the bites of any venomous serpent would occasion. They lay it all to the Muskitoes, but I am incredulous. . . .

Mr Courtop has not called on me, but everyone else has, & continue to pay me great attention. Mrs Barrow sent me the other day a present of Cakes, fruit & preserves.

Mr Levi called this morning & introduced his twin brother, "but no more like to him than I to Hercules." He gave a long description of a namesake of mine that he saw three years ago make her first appearance in Ophelia at Portsmouth. I heard all he had to say about this same young Lady, & then announced myself. The Levis are natives of Portsmouth.

I must again apologise for bad writing. I have only heard today of the opportunity & therefore write in a great hurry & all the time in the utmost torture you can conceive. I wish there were no evenings, no nights. I do not suffer half so much during the day. At night I cannot sleep any more than if I was in a bed of Nettles or lying on a hot Gridiron. The only remedy I have is to scratch the bites till they bleed & then rub them with Lime-juice ; the smarting that occasions is inferior only in pain to the itching.

It is impossible to guard against them, I believe they would sting through Iron. Were I to return to England now you would not own me. I am covered from head to foot with blotches, each as big as a crown piece without exaggeration, rising half an inch above the surface of my skin. The only thing I can boast of is that mine does not fester as poor Miss Simms's flesh does, & I am less bitten in the face than anywhere else. What would Orlando do here? They wd drive him mad.

I had a visit last night in my Chamber from a Spider about as big as a moderate sized English Crab. I have seen one Lizard, which I threw out of the window on a piece of Carpet. Indeed I did not hurt him. And I have fought with one thousand & ninety nine Cockroaches, as big as sucking-pigs, all of which I would have killed if I could. I have had one Jigger in my foot, which I had taken out as soon as I perceived him. Mrs Dyke is quite lame with them.

Mr Dyke has had an attack of fever. He suddenly felt himself chilled at the Theatre in the morning ; at dinner he

could not eat, & in the evening was quite ill. The Doctor was sent for, who ordered him the warm bath & some medicine to be taken every two hours during the night, & to my great surprise next morning he was as well as I am.

We expected him to have been ill before, for he had been running about in the hottest part of the days. That however did not hurt him. The Sun is not so much dreaded here as English people suppose. He got his illness by sleeping on the Balcony in the evening after being much heated.

I am very careful of myself. I eat & drink whatever they tell me is most healthy, never walk very fast in the Sun, or very slow in the moon-shine, or sit in the air when warm, so it is impossible I shd be ill. I wish you could know exactly what the Climate is & how well it agrees with me. I wish too I could know how England now agrees with you. When shall I have a letter? Without once recollecting that we had sailed before all the other ships, & had a remarkably short passage, I expected to find letters waiting for me. I deserved the disappointment for my stupidity!

Do you expect a description of the Island, the people & the horrors of Slavery? Of the latter I have yet seen little. I think the slaves, I mean the domestic slaves, the laziest & most impertinent set of people under the Sun. They positively will do nothing but what they please. I have not seen a Negro struck since I have been here, but I have seen a great many deserve it. There are always three or four to do the work of one, & they laugh in their Owner's face when reproved for not doing their duty.

The Negroes form a principal part of their Owner's property, & it is their interest to take care of them. If they are ill, they are nursed with as much care as their Masters, & if they are affronted it is said they have the art to make themselves ill.

I speak principally of Capn Soaper's slaves. They take liberties that no English servant would be allowed to do; he has two who are drunk half the day, & one female Negroe who waits on Mrs S. throws herself into fits the moment she is found fault with. They will not scour the floors,—that is too hard work for them, & the field Negroes are sent for to do it. By the bye, I am told the condition of the field Negroes

is deplorable enough, & the only way to make the domestic slaves do as they are bid is by threatening to send them to the Plantations. We have in our little establishment two men & two women servants. The women are free, the others are hired of their Owners.

I have got to the end of my time tho' not of my paper. Remember me kindly to all friends—mind I say *all* who enquire for me. Love to darling Lanno. I will write soon to him. God bless you, my dearest Mother! Think of me very often but never be low spirited. Take care of your health, that you may be able to bear all the tossings & jumbings you will have in the Bay of Biscay & the salutations of the Musquitos.

If I do not grow very fond of the Stage now, when independence & every comfort is united with it, it will be miraculous indeed.

Farewell, dearest Mother

Yr affec Daughter,

E A F

XL.—ORLANDO AND THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

(*March 10th, 1812*).

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your long explanation respecting your Brother was unnecessary though very kindly meant. . . . Except when the shock first reached me & in the hope that Mr Whitaker could remedy the evil, I hurried to shew him your brother's letter, I have not spoken at all of the circumstance. To Mr F. & his brother I have stated that some obstacles had arisen between Mr Hays & the quarter where he meant to use his interest for Orlando that rendered the boy's appointment uncertain.

As it happens the precarious tenure upon which the East India Company now hold their Charter & the probability that the Government will take much of their power into its own hands, renders this perfectly probable & obvious & completely exculpates your brother from any shadow of blame.

To this family I have not hinted the change, for when I read, with a proud triumph, your letter on the subject of Mr

Hays & Orlando to Mrs M. & her sister last year, I was perhaps actuated by the very vanity which now impels me to derive any change I may think proper to announce in my boy's prospects from my own opinions rather than from any change in my boasted friends.

In some cases this would be a petty pride, but my dear friend believe me much of the respect I have had *here* I owe to my appearing to possess friends situated far above my circumstances.—Your carriage & consequence has perhaps said more for me than the best sentence I ever wrote or uttered.—I think it would be worth while to *bribe* you to come a little oftener, if I were not too poor to give & you too proud to accept a bribe!

Would you believe that this very appointment to which I have been looking forward for a whole year, & in behalf of which I consented to expose my beloved girl to a thousand uncertainties & hazards, I now dread to see obtained. . . . It is rumoured that Government intend to take the East India Company's troops into their own direction & place them on the same footing as the King's troops. If so all the vices of this service will extend to that. Farewell to the progress of subalterns of talent & enterprise. Promotion will be bought or given through ministerial influence, & that school of emulation which the India service has proved will exist no longer.

Should these events take place it would be decidedly wrong to place Lanno, who can neither command money nor interest, in a situation which he could probably never amend for himself whatever might be his talent. I believe that the charter of the East India Company expires during the present session of Parliament, but I am not very well informed of public events. I only see a newspaper now & then. . . .

A young Man is come from Barbadoes to attend surgical lectures & is a resident at Mr Fernanden, an apothecary in Great Ormond Street. Mrs F. is Mrs Mocatta's sister. Mrs Da Costa in her way here yesterday called there, & heard from the young man that he had seen Eliza play several times before he embarked & that she was the universal favourite.

When Mr F. sends me back the copy of her letter I will return it to you, in case you wish to make any use of it. Her

success & happiness almost comes too late for me. Its novelty destroys me.

I am very unwell, without having any decided complaint. . . . The journey up three high flights of stairs to my apartment in the Attic seems to send all my blood upward to my head. And when I see Mr Mocatta running from Physician to Physician because his sleep is rendered unrefreshing by perpetual harrassing dreams, I cannot help comparing the condition of the rich & the poor. I seem only to go to Bed to dream in this way, & frequently when my hour of rising comes I drag my limbs out as if they had been subject to the most violent exercise. . . .

I conveyed *all* your advice to Eliza by the last Packet. Backed by such influences & recommendations, she may perhaps be successful in teaching, otherwise from what I hear of the Colonists I shd give up that part of the prospect in my calculations entirely.

These families are all amazement at Mrs Barrow's sending Eliza preserves etc. They say that Eliza must have pleased her in a most extraordinary degree, as she is proverbial for a penuriousness of the extremest kind.

Adieu, my dear friend. Did I tell you that poor Miss Lamb is again removed to Hoxton? . . .

Write soon to yours truly

E F

XLI.—TO ORLANDO

Sunday evening (March, 1812).

I acquit you, my dearest boy, of intending to neglect me. Miss Hays has very satisfactorily accounted for the delay of your precious little scraps, and even more satisfactory than that is the tale she tells of your improvement & good conduct, through which you become a greater favourite than ever with all their family. What think you, my beloved boy, could give me so great pleasure as this information? Proving as it does that you think of my admonitions & lay to your heart the counsels my affection continually offers to you.

She says too that your patience & forbearance has at length

softened the malicious ill will of the enemy of whom you complain to me & ask me what I would advise you to do. I can give no better advice than to bear with patience & without being moved to anger what is out of your power to redress, and most carefully suppress *all inclination to provoke* this adversary. In him such an abuse of power is mean & unmanly in the highest degree, & by it he injures & degrades his own mind far beyond any degree of hurt that he can do to you ; & though you may be certain I shd feel great pain at seeing you thumped & pinched in this way, I should feel much more agony to see you become the person capable of acting so by any one.

In all such contentions, dear boy, we must be watchful over ourselves. By losing patience & self-command we give zeal to the malice of our persecutor, while we partake a little of the vile spirit by which he is governed, wanting perhaps only equal power to be equally cruel.

I give you, my dear dear boy, no other advice than that I take myself. I am frequently smarting under grievances almost intolerable to bear. Indeed the whole course of my life is quite intolerable to my feelings, so much so that I am compell'd to exert the most continual self-government to endure it. I fortify myself with thinking that it is for you & Eliza ; I thus submit, & then the exercise of patience & forbearance brings its reward.

Pray continue to tell me of Mr Wilkinson's "very well, Sir". You see how much you have improved in this little article of penmanship since you determined to make the effort. You know you despaired, but as soon as you determined *to try*, despair was at an end, for you found you could succeed, so go on with continual zeal and attention.

I like the drawings *very very* much, but have not yet had an opportunity of shewing them at Hopwood's, for I have been very poorly ever since Wednesday & have not been out of doors. I am now mending rapidly and shall take my accustomed walk tomorrow.

How my heart ached when you spoke of coming *home*. Ah ! how I envied those happy parents who have a home wherein to receive their children. I know not, my love, what to do with you. Your father has, I believe, returned to live

at your uncle's, & there I cannot wish you to go, for things are more unpleasant there than ever. Your father & uncle are setting up a newspaper, & this at present so engrosses Papa that I cannot get a line from him to say whether he has removed yet to your uncle's. I think it very probable that he (yr father) will be obliged by his Editorship to have a lodging in the City, & if that should happen by the Easter hollidays you shall come, if not you must wait *with patience* a little longer.

How much I wish to see you I cannot express, & yet the joy of your coming stands so close to the pain of parting with you, that I believe I ought not to wish it so very *very* earnestly.

I am looking forward with a delighted sort of hope, dear Lanno, that you will perhaps stay in England to cherish your mother's declining years. Great changes are likely to take place in Indian affairs, which may render it extremely imprudent for you to be sent there. Should it prove so, why we will send for Eliza home, & we will all be comfortable together.

If you are not to be a soldier, at least I can give you the consolation of knowing that your *sabre* is safe & sound at Mrs Luess'.

Be assured, my love, if I can manage to have you in town for a day or two at Easter, I WILL, & I have written to your father to know whether he can find accomodation for you.

I began this letter yesterday. It is now Monday. I walked out today & called at Hopwood's & shewed the drawings you sent me which gained very great commendations, I assure you. The old man said you were a lad of *taste & talent*. Don't be vain, but be industrious & emulous to excel in all that you undertake & somehow or somehow among us we will make a Man of you, if you do but provide us with the materials of good sense, good manners & good conduct.

God bless you dearest boy!

E F

XLII.—LANNO'S PERSUASIVENESS

This is a villainous coaxing boy! He writes to me & directs to you, to get us both on his side of the question.

Well, his Arts have succeeded, & he may come to Town on Friday Morning, & meanwhile I shall fix on some place for him to sleep, for I have not yet heard from his father tho' I have twice written. I can only account for this by supposing that a plan his brother & he have undertaken together may have carried him out of town somewhere.

I am much better today. I feel more like what I wish, though the symptom which I complained of still continues. . . .

Thank you once more for the indefatigable guardianship you exercise over my boy. I hope the complaint coming through you will not renew Mrs W.'s Jealousy on the score of Lanno's communications to you? . . .

As the roads will be now dirty & he may have to walk about in Town a good deal, Lanno may as well take the outside of the Stage. I shall make him walk back, because his eagerness then wont induce him to *run* half the way.

Yrs most truly

E F

(Enclosure)

DEAR LANNO,

I shall be glad to see you on Friday. Come on the Outside of the 9 oClock stage, which brings you to Fleet Street, by which you will escape all the dirt, or at least the worst of it. Bring a clean Shirt & a Waistcoat with you which will last you till the Wednesday or Thursday of next week, & those days I suppose you will think hollidays enough. I long to see you I assure you, & am as ever

Your affectionate Mother

E. FENWICK

Pray give my Compliments to Mr & Mrs Wilkinson & family

Wednesday morning, March 28th (1812)

5. TAVISTOCK SQUARE

XLIII.—CONCERNING LANNO AGAIN

Sunday (April, 1812).

We paid our visit to Mr & Mrs Brown last Sunday & were as kindly received as you could wish. . . . Mr Brown recommended, rather strongly, the Indian Sea Service,—I mean

the trading service. Has not Mr Wilkinson a son so employed ? I have a confused idea that for a few years it is very expensive to the parent. I must write & enquire particulars . .

On our coming away Mrs Brown desired that I should use whatever power & interest they had at all times & without hesitation. I assure you I was so much gratified by the kindness of their manner, that when I had left the house, I had difficulty to restrain my tears.

A very pungent thought assailed me. It frequently does, when I reproach myself as being the carver of my own destiny. I believe I have said before that if I had had the prudence & common sense some years ago to exert myself independent of Mr F. I should have found friends to back me, & might now have been tolerably at ease.

That is far from my present case. I have been balancing my yearly account, & I find that when I have paid this quarter, due the last week of April, & the two bills for Clothes, shoes etc. which Mr Wilkinson has sent me, Lanno has cost me £49, without reckoning what he cost Eliza for board & lodging & washing at Midsummer. The holliday expences now fall on me, & I perceive, with a great deal of anguish, that my means, with all the sacrifice of comfort that I make to obtain them, are inadequate to my wants.

I would very fain avoid entrenching on Eliza's savings after she has remitted money for her debt to you & Mrs Mocatta, unless it should be to establish Lanno in some way of doing for himself. Beyond this laudable object I wish to keep clear of the use of a shilling, for should she be successful, her savings may enable us to establish a school or to try some other plan together, which may in my latter days put me in possession of a home. I am revolving a thousand projects both for the present, as I may call it, and the future, but determine on nothing.

To turn to a pleasanter theme,—my boy's appearance & temper give me the greatest satisfaction. His constant theme is you & your family, & he delineates with all the lively warmth of an affectionate gratitude the kindness Mrs Hays constantly shews him. Nor does he at the same time forget to point out to my attention that if he did not behave well this would not be the case. . . .

My brother has offered to pay me if I will write, by the sheet, as I advance. He has bought printing premises, types etc for a News Paper he has started, & as he must keep a certain number of Men he wishes to purchase Manuscripts to print.

Law, the Bookseller, also is willing to employ me. He is enamoured of the extraordinary success of that Class Book I did for Phillips under the name of the Revd David Blair.

I think I cd from the two plans produce more than I get now, & have besides the solace of a Garret that I could call and feel to be a home. I shd not then be compelled to shift my boy from house to house, begging a meal here & there for him, & when I want to converse with him traversing the streets for that purpose. Such is my present case, & the torture it inflicts is not to be described.

To him the week has been pleasant, for it did not belong to me to point out my privations but to gloss over these hard necessities under the appearance of sending him to visit my friends.

Mrs M. might have offered him a bed for a night or two. I heard her make that offer to a housemaid who lived some years with her & is now out of place! She owes me in my opinion great obligations. She now with infinite vexation pays Mr Atwood 10/6 a lesson for less instruction than she took of Eliza for nothing, & sees how infinitely less the child improves than she did under Eliza.

But why should I expect justice or generosity from these people, denied as they are from my natural & near connections. Not a shilling can I get from Mr F. or his brother, except that the latter has offered to accomodate me in the way I have mentioned because he hopes to get a profit by it. As to Clothes for Lanno, I might as well ask for the moon. His uncle has, with *extraordinary generosity*, bestowed on him an old Coat, which is now making into a Jacket, & which I hoped he would have returned in, but it is not finished. It shall soon be sent. This with his washing Trowsers will serve till the Hollidays, when he shall have a new suit. Kindly tell Mr & Mrs Wilkinson this, & if Mrs W. objects, or is likely to think much of the Washing, say I will make some allowance for it.

I enclose the two bills Mr W. sent me, & I should be very glad if you will pay them for me. I will repay you when I come to Wandsworth, which I mean to do, unless you forbid me or Mrs H. has company, this day month. That is I will come on the Saturday evening & stay till Monday morning. I can then pay you & Lanno's quarter also.

I mentioned these bills before Mrs M, & as she did not offer me the money I don't like to ask for it. Paying Lanno's washing etc. I have only a 3d piece left.

I shd like to send you a drawing he has made this week at Hopwood's. It surprises them & me too. I shall send it to Barbadoes to Eliza.

A Surinam Packet came in on Thursday but no letters for me. There must be some mistatement about every Packet & Vessel touching at Barbadoes, for I received her last on the 20th of February. These delays are very harrassing, but I am not alarmed. I allow for casualties, though I cannot resist some portion of their influence. . . .

Adieu.

Yours truly
E F

Monday morn. Mrs M. asked Lanno to stay here last night to his great Joy. I write a Note to Mrs W. myself about his clothes. He says it will be the best.

This vile Surinam Packet did bring letters from Barbadoes, but not to me. If I did not know how incapable Eliza is of wilfully or carelessly neglecting my feelings, I shd be broken hearted. As it is I am provoked that she has not sifted the whole Island for the most perfect intelligence respecting the Packets. Mrs Da Costa says another is expected daily. She had no letters but heard of people that had.

Write to me soon.

XLIV.—FRESH PROPOSALS FROM IRELAND

Thursday evening (April 24, 1812).

You & Orlando both took my reproach more seriously than it was meant. I was far from supposing you either idle

or inconsiderate. But this proves how vile all sorts of affectation are, for I was affecting spirits when I had them not.

What can have become of your letter? I cannot find that there is any negligence on the part of our Postman or Servants. I have had indeed from one quarter or another a succession of letters lately & why that one shd have been mislaid among so many delivered it is not possible to imagine. The usual way, if I am out or upstairs, is for Berkley (our Man) to pay postage & put the letter on the parlour Chimney piece, ready for my return. I found yours so placed on tuesday. I hate to lose a letter of yours, because they contain so much of the gratifying & useful.

I begin to suspect that this Ireland is to be my fate. Would you believe that the family have opened another negotiation with me? I am just come from visiting, at her own request, Mrs Hewitt of Tavistock Place, an elegant, pretty little woman, the sister of Mrs Honnor.

The latter it seems fell so much in love with my letters that she cannot endure the thought of any other Governess and has left her Children still at school at Hammersmith in the remote hope of still inducing me to go.

Mr Honnor is a native of Ireland, but has been in India, where these Children were all born. The eldest girl is near 14, the second 10, the third 8. These are my *intended* pupils. Little has been done for them yet in the way of education, for they have only been 18 months from India, & the Lady with whom they are tells their Aunt that they are *beginning* to be HUMANIZED. I don't dislike the idea of civilizing these little savages, because less will be expected than where education is to be so laboured & diffuse.

Mrs Honnor (says her sister) is beloved by everyone who knows her,—gentle, amiable, & affectionate, but extremely indolent (that I like) & disliking Irish accents, blunders, & manners, sees very little Company. This last clause was among the things apprized me which might not be to my taste,—& it was followed by describing the retired situation of LEE MOUNT & the agricultural pursuits which so engrossed Mr Honnor as to disincline him to general gay society, though of a hospitable temper.

I was shewn a fine view of LEE MOUNT. It stands on the

side of a Hill, sheltered to the North by a wood. The grounds slope down to a river, on the other side of which rises an abrupt precipice, crowned with the ruins of a fine old Castle. The background, of a range of Mountains, shuts in the whole. In a painting it is romantic & picturesque in the extreme.

We came to no conclusion ; indeed Mrs Hewitt only wanted to be informed whether any objections to my going had ceased, that she might enquire no further till after Mr Honnor & I had met, who is expected in London in a fortnight. I engaged once more to take the matter into consideration, & so we parted.

What ought I to do ? Can I leave Orlando ? Independent of him perhaps I shd not hesitate. A retired Country Seat & Mrs Honnor's character pleases me. Mrs Hewitt has perfect ease & polish in her manners. Mrs Honnor's letters had the same characteristics. An indolent, easy temper would not be likely to teize me as to my manner of instruction, or expect the Children to drudge in the wearying degree they do here. I am puzzled. You may leave Wandsworth, & then who would be a second Mother to my Boy ? Eliza is gone, & you & he are in fact all that *I have to leave*. The feeling that binds me here seems also to dictate my removal. I almost wish this had not occurred,—my spirits become agitated & prey upon my frame.

Well, I shall see you on Saturday week & I hope on Sunday morning we shall have the enjoyment of a tête-à-tête to talk over our incompatible wishes & projects.

I am glad your birth-day riots are to be restrained. Children should never meet purposely to participate the pleasures of men & women. These dances & suppers are terrible evils in odious modern education. Blind-man's Buff, Puss in the Corner, or suchlike pastimes, may produce a torn frock or coat, but cloyed stomachs & premature passions are worse.

I long, believe me, for Saturday week. My mind has been set upon it for this month past.

No letters from Eliza ! No Packets ! But running ships have come in from Jamaica. How dreary is this interval.

Yours very very truly

E F

XLV.—ELIZA'S TRIUMPHS

BARBADOES, *Saty. Feby. 1st, 1812.*

MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER,

I have copied what I wrote at sea that you may see the nature of our voyage.¹ It was seldom I could even hold a pen. I do not know that you will thank me, for these scraps contain little information.

Is it not strange that being so very ill on the voyage I should become well immediately on shore, & continue so? I certainly had pains enough in my head at sea to serve for the rest of my life. I have no thoughts of dying now. I have not lost sight of Orion's Belt or the Great Bear & can find you in them as plain as ever, but I do not take my leave of you as I used to do, for my life is considered of so much importance here as not to allow of such gloomy fancies as then possessed me.

I am now re-studying *Millwood*, which I have nearly forgot since I played it in *Edinburgh*. You know how I detest the character. Last Monday I played *Lady Caroline* & *Norah*. I had countless LOTS of applause in *Lady C.* & in the songs of *Norah*. On Thursday *Herman* & *Donna Clara*,—had a most beautiful dress for *Clara*, which *Mr Dyke* presented me with. I chose the color, & he had it made according to my orders. It is a lead color (something like my pelisse), richly trimmed with silver. The Tunic is lined with rose color, the sleeves are slashed with the same, & the seams & pantaloons neatly bound with it. I even like it better than my *Rosalind* dress & I thought the present a handsome proof of the value *Mr D.* attaches to my exertions.

Next thursday is the *Heir at Law*, & I have consented to take *Miss Dormer*. *Mr D.* told me he was unwilling to give me so intimate a character, but he found if my name did not appear in the Bills, they were likely to play to empty benches, but that he would in return spare me as much as possible in the *Farces*.

In consequence of this (which is really the case), I shall play the *Ghost in the Castle Spectre*, which should have been

¹ See note on page 59.

Miss Simms's business. Mrs Dyke, you may remember, by our agreement in London, plays Angela. I detest Angela & all such ranting Misses. How glad I am Mrs Dyke loves tragedy! The Curfew is going to be performed for some Gentleman to make an appearance in Fitz Harding. Mr D. offered me the choice of characters, & I took Matilda, leaving Florence, & her boy's garb, to Mrs Dyke.

I fear the plan of teaching will not come to any good. I do not see at present how I am to find the time. I am always employed & shall not be less so all the season as I am never to be spared from the plays. To tell the truth, my once hated profession now takes up all my thoughts & I almost fear if I get scholars they will prove so great an interruption to my business as to do more harm than good. I have not & shall not play any characters that do not require deep study & attention, & as I feel inclined to that study & attention it wd be an error to engage in another concern & neglect this. What however I have said is all spoken at random, for if any one will give me a scholar I certainly will try the teaching. Two of our band, the Leader & a Violincello player, excellent musicians, profess to teach music & singing. . . .

I will describe the course of my day's occupations:—I generally rise about $\frac{1}{2}$ past six, bathe, eat a great piece of Sugar Cane, & sit down to Needle-work or write out my characters till nine, when we breakfast, for none of the family rise so early as I do. At ten we go to Rehearsal. If only one play is rehearsed I return home by one, if two of course much later. Then I dress & study till four, which is our dinner hour. Afterwards, if not play day, I walk. It is quite dark at 7 (for we have no soft twilight interval between light & dark), & if I am not engaged out, I generally remain downstairs & of course cannot do much. We *all* remain in our separate rooms, if at home, till 7 oClock, which is our tea hour. We sup at nine & go to bed at ten.

Every play is rehearsed three or four days,—new ones oftener. Mr Dyke will not take forfeits, which renders some of the Company negligent of their proper hours of attendance, & that puts us who are punctual to an inconvenience.

Mr Adamson is much approved of by the public (much beyond Mr Franklin), they think him quite a wonder. Mrs A.

is also much admired, & deservedly, for she plays uncommonly well.

As for myself I am a little Idol, & if I had created the situation, I could not in any respect have pleased myself better. Mr Dyke appears perfectly satisfied with everything I do, so do the audiences, & I am quite certain that owing to the range of suitable characters I have & the constant approbation I receive, I play ten times better than ever I did in my life. I am often conscious of giving such spirit & flow to my acting that I long for you to be among the spectators.

Mrs Tuffnel is altogether dissatisfied & miserable, & everybody is much dissatisfied with her. She does not speak loud enough to be heard in the front of the Pit. She brought no stage dresses of her own & those she finds in the Wardrobe she puts on in the strangest manner you can conceive. I suspect she is at least half insane. She behaved during the passage exactly as if she was mad. At one time, & for no visible reason, she would not condescend to speak to any of us, but would sit in a corner of the Cabin & say to her daughter: "*Oh my dear, if Lady Charlotte could see us now, what would she say.*" Then on a sudden she would fly up on the deck & begin to dance with Mr Turner, one of the musicians to whom no one else of the Company ever spoke because his manners were so coarse & offensive. She gave me one day on board such a trimming as I never had in my life before, yet I know not what I had done to deserve it, & when tired of scolding unanswered, she ran to Mr Dyke & threatened to fall overboard because his wife, I & Mrs Adamson used her so cruelly. Five minutes afterward she was as civil & humble as possible. In her dressing-room at the Theatre she amuses herself with rolling the Candlesticks about. I have no doubt she is crazy but she is now quiet & inoffensive. Poor Mr Dyke is quite hampered about her, neither being able to get rid of her nor to retain her.

It is said the Alexander has missed the Island & is gone to St Vincent's. I wish she would come. I want my Piano-forté & Mr Dyke is pining for the Gig he bought in London & left to come by her.

It has rained every day for the last week,—not incessant rain, but violent showers or rather torrents such as you never

beheld in England, the Sun shining in its full radiance all the time. It is very fine at present & the air is delightful.

Can you, while you are shivering with cold, imagine me sleeping with no covering but a sheet & the window open, or sitting in my night-gown by the open window at six o'clock in the morning gnawing a great piece of Sugar Cane? The heat of the sun is not so great as I have felt it in England & the breeze is always cool. To be sure this is winter. I have not tried their summer yet.

We had the expected riot that I mentioned in my last on Monday. Mr Maxwell brought his party. They paid me the compliment of silence when I appeared, but the rest of the play were quite troublesome.

The Governor, Attorney Genl & Judge Beccles were very vehement against them, & seven officers were put under arrest. One sent Judge Beccles a challenge next morning, but the Atty Genl bound them over to keep the peace, & the officer has lost an appointment in another Island because he is obliged to stay here till the next Sessions. The Governor reproved the officers very severely for joining Mr Maxwell on such an occasion & as everything passed quietly last play night I hope it is at an end. I shall copy you a part of what was said in the newspaper:—

“But setting aside every other consideration, surely the Claims of the Performers call loudly for the suppression of every difference. They have come a far distant journey & have left their home & friends. They are strangers who have thrown themselves on our mercy, who rely on our public faith, & who imperiously call for our protection & hospitality. Let both be afforded, nor let us by fomenting differences which can afford neither honour pleasure nor profit, ultimately ruin their hopes of success and tarnish our own fair fame.” Very sentimental. The Atty Genl wrote a short address which Mr Dyke spoke & it appeared to conciliate.

We found a Surinam Scorpion in Miss Simms's bedroom yesterday. It is about the size of a small shrimp but shaped like a crab. They say its bite is dangerous. The Moskittoes have almost left off biting me, but I am scarred all over.

Feb. 4th. 1812.

Mr Wall sails today & must have my letter directly. I

have not seen him or I should ask him to deliver this in person. I intended to have written by this opportunity to my father & Orlando, but was prevented from doing any one thing yesterday by the first headache I have had in this Island.

It was occasioned by the alarm I felt the day before about Miss Simms, who was in a high fever, which she got by sitting a whole evening in wet shoes & stockings. She is very careless & has now suffered for numberless imprudences. I thought she would have the yellow-fever & die, but the Doctor said it was merely a fever resulting from cold & had no dangerous symptoms. I never felt anything so hot as she was. It was painful to touch her. She is much better today & I am quite well. I slept till nine o'clock this morning, & shd have slept still had not the breakfast bell awoke me.

I have been to rehearsal & hear that the Audience were much pleased with my performance of Millwood last night. Mr D. has been told that I did not look the odious character but played in a Ladylike & impressive manner.

Tell me when your birthday is,—strange I have forgotten the day. I shall keep Orlando's when it comes. I think I will get tipsy.

Oh my dear Mother, how I long to see you! I have had a fit of low spirits these last three days without any cause.—The result perhaps of my joyous delirium when your letters arrived. The Alexander, if it ever does arrive, will bring me a stock of happiness that will last at least a week.

We were kept awake half the night by the groans of a Negroe. I never heard such horrible cries. Mr Dyke got up & would have gone out, but Mrs D. prevented him. Poor creatures! they get terribly beaten sometimes, & dare not strike a white Man in their own defence even.

Do not forget me to any of my friends. I think of every one in turn. Tell me particularly about your health, & be sure I am always well. I take the greatest precaution in all respects & have escaped colds altogether. Give my darling Lanno a score of kisses in my name.

Farewell dearest, best of Mothers

Your affectionate daughter

ELIZA ANNE FENWICK

XLVI.—FIRST MENTION OF MR RUTHERFORD

BARBADOES, *March 3rd*, 1812.

MY DEAR DEAR MOTHER,

I was delightfully rewarded for playing Lady Teazle last night, by the appearance of one of the Governor's Aid-de-Camps as soon as the Curtain dropped, with your last letter in his hand. I never saw a red Coat look handsome till then.

I have named but one half of my last night's performance, for I had also played Rosina & sung ALL the songs, which after Lady Teazle was a good night's work in this Climate!

The Governor had brought your letter to the Theatre with him, & as soon as the Farce was over, this Gentleman brought it behind the scenes. He would deliver it himself, & the Negroe of whom he enquired for me, misunderstood him, & so went & called Mrs Tuffnal to him. He told Judge Beccles this morning that he was never more disappointed in his life, for he expected to introduce himself to a handsome young girl & they brought him an ugly old Hag.

What is the reason that your last two letters by the Packet have gone first to the Governor? The first cost me a bitter heart-ache. As soon as the Packet came in, Mr Hemmings went to get my letters, as if I had seen them put on board. When he came back & said there were none, there seemed to be an end to the world & everything in it. If he had said that England had been swallowed up by an Earth-quake I should have believed it, when the Packet could come from England to Barbadoes without letters for me.

I shut myself up in my own room that I might not see any body & that nobody might see me. I walked up & down, then looked at the sky to see if there I could find any explanation of so extraordinary an event, but the Sky looked as happy & serene as ever, so I shut the shutters & my eyes, laid down on my bed & wept.

I wish you could have seen me about two hours afterwards, get up in a violent passion and sit down to write you the most abusive letter you can imagine. I had got half through it when Margaret came up to tell me an Officer wished to see me.

I went down, & he presented me with a packet with Sir

George Beckwith's Compts written on the outside. He told me it contained letters from England for me, & the Governor had begged him to deliver them himself for fear of any accident. I wonder I did not scream in his face or throw my arms round his neck, however I waited till he was gone & then I shouted rarely.

I have loved Sir George Beckwith ever since. I have many reasons for loving him. He told a Gentleman who repeated it to Mr Dyke, that I was *a fine Girl, a worthy young Woman, & an elegant Lady*. I dont know whether he said it in that form, but these terms he certainly did use, with many more equally gratifying.

A Dr Stuart, who came from Antigua the other day, told Mr D that he was very anxious to see Miss Fenwick, he heard so much of her elegance. If this lasts you cannot expect that I should return to England, where nobody I believe found out that I was worth looking at.

The School for Scandal & Rosina are repeated next Thursday.

Since I wrote the above, my dearest Mother, I have played Matilda in the Curfew, Roxalana, Mrs Sullen & Juliet, and am now studying Alicia.

There was a critique on the Curfew which I have not got to send you. It spoke principally of the Gentleman who played Fitz Harding (a Barbadian who played for his own amusement). It merely said of us that Mrs Dyke was correct as Florence & Miss Fenwick a most engaging Matilda. I felt rather affronted at that phrase, as Matilda is an old woman, & ought not to be engaging. In Roxalana my laurels bloomed with new vigor. I hear I played it charmingly—was at home—that it was made for me.

A Critique also appeared on the Beaux Stratagem, that is *on the Play but not on the performers*. It said: "That as the Theatre had been erected principally for the amusement of the young & female part of this little community, the manager ought to be careful in his selections, & not choose such pieces as the Beaux Stratagem." The Audience seemed determined not to give Mr Dyke any reason to suppose they could be pleased with the play, for I never saw a more inflexible

gravity preserved during the performance of Douglas or Romeo & Juliet than the major part of them observed that night. How comes it that where the Morals are so depraved, the Manners should be so nice?

The cautions I received about the Gentlemen here were needless & mistaken. I am placed here far above any danger of that kind. I am considered under the guardianship and protection of all the first people of the Island, & from the highest to the lowest of the performers they have the same privilege & security.

By the bye, Mr Dyke yesterday offered to pay me down at that time 600 Dollars clear of all chances for the profits of my first Benefit. If it were as easy to save money here as to get it, this would be a wonderful Country.

Easter Monday

A Packet is just come in which stays here but four and twenty hours, the same at another Island, & then goes as fast as winds & waves will carry her to England. How delightfully that sounds! *It will go directly to England*,—yet it must be a month, may be two, before you receive this.

I feel the dread immensity of space between us more than I did at first. Every day seems to add to the distance, yet since Mr Rutherford has been here I spend more than half the day at home,—I mean in England.

He has been wherever I have been & knows (by name) all our friends. His first engagement was at Belfast too. His father was a Northumberland farmer,—so was my grandfather, was he not? I have two or three times suspected he must be a brother of my father's, he is so like him. Do ask papa if he has not a runaway brother about forty. He takes soda powder, just as my father used to do & cuts his meat into little bits & then sits & looks at it, as if he didn't know what ought to be done with it next,—just in my father's manner.

Have I not written to you oftener than you have to me? I have heard four times from you, by the Alexander & three Packets,—the last two through the Governor.

Passion Week is past. It has been a quiet, comfortable week. Mr D. went to Trinidad. Mr R. went into the Country the same day. Mr H. fell out with Mrs D. & left the house.

Miss Simms is always out. So Mrs Dyke, Miss Kate, & myself had the house to ourselves. I worked hard all the morning & went out every evening in Mr Dyke's new Gig.—Went once to the Attorney Genl's by myself & again with Mrs D. as her visit. The black servant drives us. When Mr D. is at home he drives us out by turns every afternoon. I see I have written the *black* servant as if we had any white ones.

Had I an opportunity of sending my letter before this I should not have told you how *finely* & with what *amazing effect* I played Juliet, but now I will.

I had taken infinite pains. I rehearsed incessantly to myself. I was assured that I read it beautifully & I had a beautiful dress. I had not thought of anything but Juliet for several days before.

I played the banished scene so well that I cried myself,—the poison scene still better, & in the last I said "*Come happy dagger, this is thy sheath*" as if I really meant it,—stabbed myself,—said "*there rest & let me die,*"—drew out the dagger,—& the blood followed,—I literally had stabbed myself. I saw the blood flowing, but I fell & lay there till the Curtain dropped.

When I tried to rise, you may imagine what confusion there was behind the scenes.—Mr Dyke's first idea was to run before the Curtain & ask if there was a Surgeon in the House, but the uproar had informed the audience, & Doctors Lynch & Eversley were round in a moment.

I would not suffer the wound to be opened & looked at, for I was afraid of the cold air, as I was very warm, but had a handkerchief tied tight round me, was taken home, had a dressing & linnen bandage applied, & went to bed.

Dr Eversley sent me a strong opiate. The moment one has anything the matter with one here, they send one to sleep,—to be out of the way I imagine.

It was about an Inch above my heart, therefore merely a flesh wound. Dr Eversley said that had it been an inch lower it might have been attended with serious consequences,—perhaps death. It was a short steel Dirk one of the Actors had lent me, very sharp at the point, & he had capped it with a small piece of Cork, which of course drew off as I pulled the dagger from my belt.

Luckily it was the last night of playing before Passion Week, so I have had plenty of time to nurse myself,—I assure you it was quite healed in three days. I must not play *quite so well* for the future. I have no opportunity of killing myself in Alicia next Thursday.—I hope I shall not *actually* go mad.

I have said overleaf that this last week passed comfortably & quietly, now I will tell you how the latter part passed, & you shall judge if the truth is in me.

On Thursday Mr Hemmings quarrelled with Mrs Dyke & left the house, & Boston, Mrs D.'s dog—disappeared.

On Friday morning Mr Adamson was taken ill at the Theatre, went home & desired Mrs A. to send for the Doctor. She flew over here (they live just opposite), & went into violent Hystericks the moment she entered the House. The Doctor declared Mr A. had got a fever (but not *the dreaded fever*). He is still very ill, & she is almost always in fits. We are going backwards & forwards all day, sometimes supposing him dying & at others believing the fright will kill her.

Upon my word I think one half of the Company have lost their senses. It was so intensely hot two or three days, that none of the inhabitants stirred out of their doors, & on one of those days Mr A. went with his host to see a Cave, ten miles off. They set off on horseback at ten in the morning, rode about all day, & returned in the evening dews. Mr A. was taken ill the next morning. He was Sun struck.

Knowing how careless I was in England, you will scarcely believe how careful I am of myself here. Summer is coming & there has been a wonderful change this last week.—The days so dreadfully hot, & the nights so much colder than before. I never felt an inclination to lie down in the day till last week, but still it did not prevent my working, studying or reading. I have no headaches nor do I seem to feel the heat as much as some of the Natives do.

Tuesday, March 31st.

Last night two Packets from England came in. Letters no doubt for me in both.—Ah the Officer has come, & I am called downstairs to receive them, How my heart beats!—

—Oh my dear, dear Mother, I have my letters! Two large Packets! I have opened them both, spread them on the bed

but I cannot read them.—I have seen a line of each. You are well. You have heard from me. Thank God!—My hands shake.—Yes, indeed, you *must* come here. I am *sure* there is a *fortune* waiting for you *here*, & *easily earned*. I have no time to teach. You would do wonders. Orlando too,—bring him. We can keep him for three years. But he must never be a Manager of Slaves,—nor can he get forward any other way here. How shall I contrive to send you Money? I cannot send Dollars.

I have at times fits of low spirits,—dreadful ones,—even Vanity gratified to the highest will not always make me happy. I cried myself to sleep last night, & wake sometimes with that painful feeling which seems to say “Why do I wake at all, for what purpose? The day will pass & I shall not see any one I love?” But now, with these letters before me, I see you, I hear you, I am happy! My heart aches with the weight of Joy. It feels as if it would burst.—Oh the nasty Rehearsal, I am sent for.—Farewell, my beloved Mother, think often of your now happy, happy daughter

E A F

Speak of me to my father & Uncle. I write to all when I write to you. My love to my Wandsworth friends, etc. etc.

MY DEAREST ORLANDO,

Many thanks for your drawings. They are beautiful. I can find no faults. Perhaps I might if I were with you, but now they seem to be perfect. Write to me, my dear Love. I will write you a long long letter soon, but you must imagine all my letters to Mama are to you. They are to all I love. Mama sends me accounts of you that fill my heart with pride & delight. You are my eldest hope,—my Son & Heir! God bless you, my Love, prays your affectionate sister

E F

XLVII.—ELIZA PLANS FOR ORLANDO

BARBADOES, *Sunday, April 12th, 1812.*

DEAREST MOTHER,

I have secured the paper for five minutes & will copy the critique for you.

“Miss Fenwick both in the play of the Dramatist & in Lady Racket in the after-piece performed with her usual ease, elegance & correctness,—in fact she always delights us. There has not been a greater treat to those who love the Tragic Muse than what the Gamester afforded last Thursday. Mr Smith as Beverley was particularly successful in the prison scene, which was rendered peculiarly interesting & affecting by that great display of feeling with which Miss Fenwick acted the character of his unfortunate & most affectionate spouse.”—So much for Barbadian criticism.——

One part of your last letter, my dear Mother, has amazed me. I can scarcely credit it. My first sensation was Joy.—Thank Heaven, thought I, Orlando will now come to me! But I have had many heart-aches since about it. Poor Boy! I was in hopes that in proportion as I have met with disappointments, he wd have escaped them. I am sorry too you mentioned his father & Uncle in the same page, for while I read it I hated them.

What will you do with him? I mean what will be his profession? He must not grow up without one. I see an instance of the misery of that here, in one whom I think must have been like Orlando at his age, & whom I fear Orlando may be like twenty years hence, if he lead the same unsettled life,—I mean Mr Rutherford. I will enquire here if there are any situations in which he could get forward,—for here I wish him to come. England has discarded us,—*me* at least she has, but Orlando must finish his education in England,—he could learn nothing here. Would you like to go to America? and would you like him to go? I prophesied last winter. Shall I do so now? I think I shall go from hence to America,—I *rather feel it*,—it seems to me a certainty.

I do not know what to say to you about the teaching. I declared hap hazard in my other letters I could not do it, &

it does not yet appear more feasible. One objection is the utter impossibility they make here of a *Lady* walking a quarter of a mile in the day. I fear they have made me so great a person, I do not like to do anything but what the great people do.—I hope that is not really the case. Situated as we are, I ought & would do anything to mend our fortunes, but ought not my profession, the occupation by which I live, to be first attended to?

I am now convinced that I shall never give it up. I am certain (*I think I am*) that I *shall reach the top*. I have here every advantage (but one), and by devoting every hour I can call my own to the serious study of the Stage, of what belongs to it, of what I have yet to learn & to unlearn, I shall be advancing our interests better than by any present money I might gain by teaching. What think you to this?

My cloathes have yet & will still take me up a good many hours. I must have two elegant dresses every week, & sometimes more, for all my characters require them. You would scarcely believe how well I manage in that respect.

I visit little except at the Atty Genl's & Capn Soaper's, & morning visits to my Jewish friends who are exceedingly kind to me. . . .

I spend my leisure time in my own room. I study a great deal. I gain confidence in my own powers & do not feel so reluctant & as it were ashamed to exert them as I used to do. I am delighted with the part of Mrs Beverley & with Lady Ellinor Irwin tho' in a less degree. I am afraid that sort of tragedy will be my line at last. It will unite very well with high Comedy, & one will improve the other.

How often, how anxiously do I wish to see my native Country, to take a peep at the Lizard Point or the shores of Cumberland, & yet how impossible would be the distance were I settled there. Playing at Whitehaven, I should be further from you than I am now, for here I am daily adding to the means that will unite us again. Shall we ever separate again? Shall we stay here, go to America, or return to England? How often do I close my eyes to shut out the present & try to look into the future. The time will come, will pass, & perhaps I shall still be looking forward, unsettled as at present.

What will Orlando be four years hence? What will he be doing? His occupation in life will then be fixed. What will that be? If he cannot be sent to India, let him choose for himself. He is old enough. Wd he like to be an Artist? He has talent, if he has perseverance, to rise to eminence. Wd he like a Counting House or any trade? There are but two things to which he can never have my consent,—he must never go on the Stage (there he will agree with me, I fancy), and he must never go to his Uncle. If it shd be settled with respect to India as I fear it will, & his Uncle shd propose to take him, do not consent.—How does Orlando bear the disappointment? He is too old not to feel it, & too young to feel it properly. But I hope I suffer more than he does for himself,—it is ever before my eyes.

Monday, April 13th.

'Tis play day. I have just returned from rehearsal, with a terrible headache & a heartache too. If nothing better occurs, let Orlando finish his education where he is, & then go with us to try his fortune in America. I can pay his schooling now with ease. How dreadful it is to be at such a distance. Everything may be settled now & I cannot know it.

I have said overleaf that I have every advantage here but one. I mean some one to watch over me, to tell me of my improvements & my faults. I pay the utmost attention to every trifle that is said respecting me, whether in malice or good-humour, & endeavour to profit by it.

By the bye, I am sorry to say, Mrs D. is not so friendly as she was. She is jealous of me. She is naturally so—she cannot bear, I observe, to hear any woman praised. She has hated Miss Simms with all her heart, because Mr D. said she was handsome.

We clash in acting.—My fame is torture to her. At first I did not perceive it, & wondered at her eagerness in praising me. That is all over now. I only hope she may not at last influence Mr D. for I know from Miss Simms & Mr Hemmings what measures she will take where she dislikes.

Her aversion did not show itself till after Mr Rutherford came. She thinks highly of him, & unfortunately he praises my acting. He is very fond of reading aloud, & reads peculiarly

well, she does not like that, & is therefore angry that I do. He talks to me of books she never read, of England, which she hates, & of friends she does not know. In short she is jealous not only of me, but also of her sister Catherine, to whom he pays great attention, because he thinks her unkindly treated by Mrs D.

She must be the first object of attention, or she is miserable. Catherine's attention to me affronts her as much as Mr Rutherford's. He goes to England next Octr. That will remove one trouble. The next, I suppose, will be Mr Smith, for he talks a great deal about my acting. Remember all these troubles are trifles that I never recollect but when some spiteful speech of hers reminds me of them. They do not seriously trouble me for a moment.

Tuesday.

I am quite delighted with Mr Smith. He gave me so much good advice last night. I was ill with the head ache & uneasy thoughts & did not exert myself much in Lady Ellinor Irwin. He thought it was inattention or contempt of the part. He told me I should consider this place as my probation, that I must think what I shd like to be when I returned to my own Country, & bend every power of my mind to gain that point,—that I had but to determine to succeed in the very highest degree. He bid me think *of you*, when I felt inclined to be indolent or inattentive, & that he was certain, would rouse me.

You see I do not want for advisers ; Mr Smith at the Theatre & Mr Rutherford at home are continually exciting my attention by alternate praise & blame, both very just. Mr Smith tells me that my reputation stands very high here with all classes, & I must constantly bear that in mind & endeavour to encrease it.

Mrs D. paid yesterday 15 shillings for a pair of black slippers. Ribbon is 18d per yard, which they call cheap because they set so little value on Money. Would you believe I have caught a degree of this wasteful mode of reckoning Money ? In England five shillings was to me a great Sum, but a dollar here, which is the same, I look on as a trifle.

By this I send you a bill,—all my savings. Do not let my

father know I have sent it. Pay Mrs Mocatta & Miss Hays & buy Lanno with 10s. a birthday keepsake for me. He can choose what. I wish I could give him a kiss. I send him a thousand, & my fondest love. He is my heir & my fortune shall be better *worth having* than his Uncle's. Do not you want for anything, my dearest Mother. I think you may safely reckon on my saving three guineas a week to send you.

I spoke of this Climate as I do of everything. I decided before I knew anything about it. We arrived in the cool Season. The warm one is now coming & I expect to melt away, or be baked to the hardness of earthenware before the Winter comes again. Such burning sunshine! Blazing on white & yellow houses & chalky roads. It is impossible to be thoroughly industrious in a West Indian summer.

Do you know, I suspect Mrs D. has seen what I have written here about her. Kate called me to shew me something at the bottom of the stairs, & when I returned, I met Mrs D. coming out of my room. By her looks I suspected it. I have been to rehearsal since with her & I still think it is so. Whatever pain it may give her, she deserves it for doing so disgraceful a thing, but I am sorry on my own account.—If she has seen it, we shall never be friends again.

Give my love to all at Wandsworth. The kindness Lanno meets with there fills my eyes with grateful tears. I shall never forget it. Remember me to all my friends.

Adieu, my dear Mother. I have felt these three days past as if I expected you in the next Packet. That is not the case, but the time will come. Farewell, dearest, most beloved Mother!

Your affectionate Child

ELIZA FENWICK

XLVIII.—MR HONNOR INTRODUCED

Saturday evening (May 5th, 1812).

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. Nobody in the same situation could well please me more than Mr Honnor. The downright, honest affection he expressed for his wife & children, the little parade about

him, his *Irish* description of the delight they felt in quitting a life of constant bustle & change for a quiet home, & the hope of spending the rest of their lives at one fire-side & finding all their recreations in the society of their children,—all these were recommendations at once to my feelings & principles.

He seemed to try much more to make me understand *them* than to learn my qualifications, & had none of the disgusting, questioning, *hinny* kind of manner that I remember offended my pride when I first saw Mr Mocatta.

Miss Honnor seems an unassuming, pleasing girl, at once delighted with the thought of going home, & *awestruck* at me.

Mr Honnor & I, I am persuaded, had the same reluctant feeling about the bartering part of the business, for we left everything in a sort of indefinite way, but he had the good sense to write me a letter (which I enclose) & which I answered much at length.

His answer, agreeing to all I ask, I received today & will enclose it next time I write, for as I dine today with Mr Whitaker I shd like to shew it to him.

I am to have one hundred guineas, my expences, a Chamber to myself, & to be allowed to make what selection of books etc. I think fit.

The die is cast, I believe. I hope I am doing right. The leaving England will cost me a pang. Do not tell Orlando yet that it is fixed. The love of change is natural to young minds & it will quite unsettle him. Besides I have to see Mr Honnor one day this week, & some casualty may arise. I have got strongly the habit of feeling nothing certain till it arrives.

Eliza's remittance is £37 10. It is due the 3rd of June. I have forgot what she owes you. It is either three or four pound, I know,—she does not mention which. It will pay for the *Piano*,—carriage, packing etc., & the £10 I borrowed from Mrs M., & leave a little over-plus. She has done well to pay her debts in three months after her arrival there. . . .

Lanno's letters are very sweet ones still. You & he have had some point at issue, I suppose, for he says: "for the first time I think Miss Hays is wrong." But it is a detached sentence & no explanation of your error either precedes or

follows after. He will have a great loss in you, Mary! A great one indeed.

One thing Mr Honnor said struck me: "You will find one advantage, Mrs Fenwick, in placing yr son at an Irish school. Your English boys in schools are too knowing. We have the luck to keep our boys *out of that* while they are boys. I suppose I must not say we manage better, but I know my Robert returned home at Christmas as pure & simple-hearted as when he was but four years old. I assure you, whatever we are as men, as boys we are more moral."

He recommended Cork for Lanno as soon as he heard how far his education had gone. Mr Stewart's, where his boy goes, (30 miles from Lee Mount) would not supply a French or Mathematical teacher. I like better to have him three miles than 30 from me. . . .

Mrs M. has fixed on sending the Children to school, nor wd she, did she not, take any Lady *younger* than 40. She had great plague with one before I came. Age is *necessary* where there are great boys to look after, for with mine, & a commanding tone which I always keep up, they are barely managed. They look up to me, & on their behalf I shd pity a successor were one coming, for they wld instantly assume the reins. If Mrs M. take another, she will need a new one a month I suspect, Mr M. objects to making any governess but me his companion, & as they cannot spare another room, they send Hetty to Madame Du Pont's as day-boarder. . . .

PART III

IRELAND

XLIX.—AN EARTHLY PARADISE

LEE MOUNT, *July 21st, 1812.*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

When I opened a small trunk at Bristol, I found a note to you, which I thought I had put some days before in the 2d Post in London, written to tell you that Mr Robinson could not promise me franks to & from Ireland. His friend belongs to the foreign department, & Ireland does not come under that description.—It would be a stretch of his power, that might subject him to animadversion. I wd not write from Bristol merely to tell you that, as I must have added that I was very ill.

The day I left London, Monday, July 6th, I was taken with my old Complaint. Had I not paid for the places, I shd have delayed a day or two longer. On the journey I suffered much pain, & the four days I waited at Bristol for the Vessel, which delayed sailing so much beyond her appointed time, I was scarcely a moment free from pain.

Our weather on the voyage was too fine, for we were becalmed, & did not reach the entrance to Cork harbour till the Morning of the fourth day, Monday, July 13th. There was not enough motion to make me sick, but I had all the uneasiness without any of the relief.

As the Vessel was forced to wait another tide to carry her to Cork, I engaged a boat & rowed across the most beautiful harbour I ever saw, to Passage, 6 miles above Cork, where we breakfasted, & engaged a chaise to carry us to *Lee Mount*.

I felt quite well then, & enjoyed with Lanno the *Paddyism* of our postillion, who lost his way & after driving us through intricate and rough roads for near three hours, brought us to

the identical spot from whence we had set out. His jests & his curses were equally diverting, but at length we reached *Lee Mount* safely, which is indeed a Paradise.

The situation is exquisite in picturesque beauty; the house spacious & comfortable & most tastefully elegant in its accommodations & decorations; & the mistress of the Mansion is the gentlest, most unaffected, Ladylike woman I remember to have met with.

I had just time the afternoon of my arrival to view the Apartments & some part of the grounds before I was again taken ill, & from that time till today I have scarce had an interval of perfect ease. I have indeed suffered dreadfully in body & been pained in mind to no small degree by introducing myself with all this bustle & trouble into a new family.

Mrs Honnor's attendance on me has been just the kind, soothing, patient attention I should have received from Eliza had she been near me, & the *manner* of my nursing *here* almost makes me ready to think there was neglect in my former treatment, though that is an ungrateful term & does not describe either the fact or my meaning.

The hours that Mrs H. has passed at my bedside, have brought us more acquainted perhaps than six months might have done in the ordinary course. She is a thinking woman. Her observations on life & manners are just & forcible, & her moral feeling & taste of a high order, combined with a graceful simplicity of manner & expression.

She is little, delicate, fair & youthful looking, with handsome eyes, teeth & hair. Not quite so handsome as Mrs Hewitt her sister is, nor with quite so much the air & style of *high Ton*, but completely & perfectly at all times & in all actions the well-bred lady.

With delicate health & a yielding temper, her children govern by annoying her, but she gives me a *Carte Blanche*, & when they find that I *will govern*, they must of necessity yield. They are fine Creatures, but all except the eldest boy & girl, wild, headstrong & unruly. I shall have some struggle I dare say to bring the two younger girls into subjection,—one appears very shrewd & the other rather dull.

Miss Honnor is a very sweet girl, who will I think afford me both pleasure & credit. Robert, the eldest son, 11 months

younger than Lanno, is just such another boy as Lanno, & you may imagine, what with the fine horses, the dogs, the trees, bathing, fishing, riding & ranging the woods, how perfectly, except when uneasy about me, he has enjoyed himself. He is quite in favor with the whole house & Mr Honnor, had I been well enough to look after a school, would not allow of his removal while Robt's holidays last.

Mr Honnor is frank, hospitable, pleasant & good-humoured. All the ease & polish of a Military Gentleman about him, with a lively kind of blunt humour, which diverts & is always unmixed with anything that could give offence. He is a kind husband & father, & seems to prefer to all pleasure the evening circle of his family.

He is all day in his grounds,—planting, draining, fencing, building, & clearing the noble wood which covers the high ground above the house & shelters it most completely on the north.

Finding myself better one afternoon, we walked through one part of this wood, where he has made openings to admit peeps of the romantic scenery it affords.

Yesterday Mrs Honnor took me out in the Chariot to view prospects, but the sickness came on so violently, we were forced to return home.

To satisfy Mrs Honnor's fears, I have had the advice of a Dr McGuire of Cork, who thinks with me that the obstruction passed on Monday night, & that I shall now speedily mend.

This is owing, I doubt not, to the pain of parting from those I dearly love, & the uneasy mind I bore about a full month before I left London. I had it is true much hope, but I had also many fears.

If I am restored to health, I have chosen wisely. Here my time will pass regularly & quietly. If my occupation may be troublesome from the untamed spirits of the Children, I have but to turn to the window & a prospect rich & varied with all the combined beauties of hill, dale, wood & water gives me that serene pleasure which nature's chosen scenes always afford.

Then our evenings, when I have been able to go to the dinner & tea table, afford me a lively & rational conversation.

My Chamber is elegantly fitted up & I am requested to order any additions I may wish. God knows my humbler tastes wd never have chosen what I find.—To give you one trifling instance of the readiness & delicacy of Mrs Honnor's attention,—speaking of flowers & scents I happened to say I was fond of the smell of Mignonette. The next day when I had left my room, on returning to it I found a box full of mignonette in blow placed outside my chamber window.—These trifles shew the mind as much as larger acts.

The view from my window is charming, & after a night of pain, it has been very refreshing at day-break to have my curtain undrawn to look at it. The sashes are low & my bed high, so I command the view as I lie.

I must defer attempting to describe the house & grounds till my next, for it is time to talk of Eliza, from whom a packet which cost me seven shillings reached me last Friday. [Enclosed] is her account of the phenomena . . .

In the two preceding pages she speaks with some alarm about the Theatre. The Man whom Mr Dyke offended about the admission of his mistress into the Stage Box, has raised a party against Mr D. & he has been very ill used & compelled to receive the Mrs Shaw she mentions in her last into his Company in order to quell a riot like the O.P. business in London, though all the high people took his part. She speaks with great indignation against these people, though she says it does not interfere with her, they go on applauding & listening to her just the same, but she admires Mr D.'s conduct & feels for his injuries.

The great people too being so borne down, she seemed to fear might ruin the concern, but in a subsequent date she speaks of playing Volante in the Wonder, & the Governor attending, who it had been supposed wd go no more, & that tranquility seems restored. Mrs Shaw only takes characters from Mrs Dyke, not from Eliza, who maintains all her rights unquestioned.

She holds herself in readiness, shd anything happen to the scheme, to adopt what she calls *yr plan*, & is confident of great success, & earnestly presses me to come out next spring. She did not then know how I had disposed of myself. Her heroism must be exercised in her patience. She names America, but

seems to prefer staying in Barbadoes.—She ends the whole by writing gaily & saying all is peace again.

I come abruptly to a conclusion on Wednesday morning, because the butler is just going to Cork & will take this to the Post.

Lanno sends a thousand kind remembrances. He had told Mrs Honnor about you *all*, & boasts proudly of the kindness of all.

E FENWICK

This is scarcely to be read, but my hand shakes as tho' I had been paralytic. Adieu, Adieu. Pray write.

L.—ELIZA DESCRIBES STRANGE PHENOMENA

BARBADOES, *May 2nd, Morning, 10 o'clock.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER . . .

At this time yesterday morning we thought ourselves on the verge of eternity, & waited in total darkness & almost uninterrupted silence the expected shock which was to destroy us.

It was a dreadful day,—more horrible in the recollection than I felt it to be at the time. I was then surprised at so wonderful an appearance & diverted by the absurd fears of the people around me for their precious selves.

It began, I believe, about two o Clock on Friday morning, by the report of distant guns, several being fired in succession. I thought they proceeded from ships in distress, & yet the night was perfectly calm. I have heard today that the Governor was called up at that time & went up to the Castle supposing there was an engagement at sea, & the Soldiers were under arms all night. Mr Dyke & Mr Rutherford went down to the sea side, but could not distinguish anything. The night was extremely dark.

I thought it the longest night I had ever known, & was watching for some appearance of daylight that I might get up, when Margaret came into my room, & told me, in a voice of terror, that it was past 7 o Clock. It was totally dark. I could not distinguish Margaret's figure as she stood between me & the open window.

I dressed myself & went downstairs. All the family were now assembled & we saw lights in all the surrounding houses.

I went into the balcony & felt that it *rained*, as I thought, but returning into the room I found I was covered with wet sand or ashes. It fell on ones hand like thick snow.

Everyone thought an Earth-quake was coming. Mr Rutherford proposed our leaving the house,—Mrs D. wd not stir, her sister wd not go without her, so Miss Simms & I went out with him, but soon returned for it was impossible to proceed,—we could not see each other in the least & were almost blinded by the dust which fell, not as if driven by the wind but in heavy, thick showers. There was not a breath of wind & the darkness seemed to encrease.

The Church was now lighted & the bell rang for prayers. Mr R. borrowed from Mr Ford, our next neighbour, the younger Pliny's account of an irruption of Mount Vesuvius, & read it. Pliny describes a fall of dust or ashes previous to the great shock. We all, I believe, thought the shock was coming.—Mr D. laid down on the sopha & went to sleep,—Mrs D. walked about & groaned,—Kate cried,—Miss Simms was silent,—and I?—asked for *my breakfast!*—If I had prayed for the Earth-quake to come & swallow us all up, I do not think I should have excited so much indignation.—Mrs D. lifted up her hands & eyes in amazement, & the blacks were petrified with horror.

Luckily for me, Miss Simms & Mr R. confessed themselves guilty of the dreadful sin of hunger, & at last we got our breakfast & most profanely eat it at the expence of our reputations, for I perceive we shall never be considered as Christians again.

After breakfast I proposed going to Church, but none but my two companions in wickedness were willing to join me,—the rest thinking, I suppose, that if they went with us the Church wd certainly fall.

My next plan of reading prayers was not better approved of. Mrs D. preferred the more pious amusement of abusing us to her black Confidant Margaret, so we separated; Mr R. read the bible in his own room,—I the Morning service to Miss Brailsford in mine; Mr D. went to Capn Soper's, & Miss Simms & Mr Thompson made Love,—for my part, I think

they were the best off. We passed an hour in this manner, & met again to wonder at the still encreasing darkness.

When the Clock struck twelve, I could not see my hand as I held it up before my eyes, tho' standing at an open window. Such pitchy darkness I never saw before. The Negroes ran about the streets with torches. You have seen the red glare of the firemen's torches blazing along the streets of London on a very dark Night. Imagine the horror of such a sight at twelve o' Clock in the day.

At one o' Clock I could just distinguish the Cocoa Nut tree in the next yard, which is much higher than any of the surrounding houses. Half an hour later we had a most beautiful picture of a dark winter's night when everything is covered with snow.

At two it was light, but such a light as I never saw before. The place where the Sun was was just perceptible. It looked like the Moon through a thick fog. I believe you will find a very good description of it in the poem of the Ancient Mariner. We cd now plainly see the dust which fell without intermission the whole day.

At six this awful day closed, & at 11 we were all in bed.

And now I must say that the horrible calmness, the impenetrable darkness which seemed to veil from our eyes the destruction that awaited us, was to me sublime & delightful. I wd not for worlds have been absent from the scene. If any power could have offered at that moment to have transported me to England & to you, I really believe I shd have refused. I dare not,—do not indeed, say that I regret this Island escaped the Earthquake which threatened it, but as there must have been one somewhere, I am sorry I was not a nearer witness of it.

Our appearance to-day is more wretched than you can conceive. We are absolutely buried in dust or ashes,—I do not yet know which it is. It has metamorphosed everything; made the blacks white & the whites black. We eat it, we drink it, & we sleep on it. I have saved a small bottle full to shew my friends in England West-Indian rain.

May 7th. This Phenomenon has been accounted for in a melancholy manner by the destruction of part of the Island of St Vincent. Of course you will hear a more circumstantial

account of this dreadful Earth-quake than I cd give. I still wish I could have been a witness of it. What stupid lives people live in England compared with that of the inhabitants of such climates as these. They say there have been 200 shocks of Earth-quakes (slight ones) in St Vincent within the last twelve months. We are still buried in dust. . . .

LI.—ELIZA AND MR RUTHERFORD

LEE MOUNT, *Sept*r 24th, 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I cannot describe the extreme pain which your letter, dated *Sept*r 11th but arriving only yesterday, has given me. Alas, am I so unconsciously base & sordid as only to value your friendship & seek communication with you when you are making active exertions to serve & benefit me? If this be the case I know it not. I think I would not have deserved, according to my own ideas of deserving, such a reproach from you for worlds, but I will enter upon a self examination I never thought of before, & if I am this abject, selfish being, you should blot me from your remembrance, & the sooner I am blotted from existence the better for all people connected with me.

When I received your former letter I was ill, but I have been recovering ever since, with the intermission of one 24 hours, . . . and during this recovery I have availed myself of the fine weather to use every moment of leisure for exercise. My long rambles, & I suppose exhaustion from much suffering, occasion me such a sleepiness in the evening, that after ten o Clock I cannot keep out of bed.

In the day my time is fully occupied, for I have received such indulgent kindness & consideration *here* that I cannot in conscience appropriate that time which should be the Children's to the indulgence of my own wishes.

For ten days I could not hold a pen. I lost myself one day in the upper wood, & after trying in vain to find the right track, I attempted to descend by the help of the trees to the lower wood. Doing this I lost my shoe, tore my petticoat to tatters & violently sprained my right thumb. . . .

Again I ask myself about my own deservings.—I confess you have wounded & humiliated me most severely. But to turn from this to another painful theme.—I am at once gratified & grieved by all you say of Eliza,—gratified for the affection which warms into such energetic praise, and grieved that you should have such alarm & anxiety created.

Eliza has written to me for my consent to marry Mr Rutherford.—Mr Rutherford has also written for that consent, in a style of most manly feeling & candour. He did not write at first for my absolute consent,—he wrote to state his wishes, his hopes of Eliza's approbation & to press me to adopt the plan of coming immediately to Barbadoes to judge personally of his character, temper & prospects, with many assurances of my certain success either by private tuition or by opening a school.

Eliza was so sanguine on my prospects that she had fixed on the very house she wished to take for me. She urged me to come immediately, or return with Mr Levi, one of her friends, now in England, who came fraught with tidings & directions relative to my voyage, expecting to find me at Mocattas'.

The same Packet brought me a solicitation from the Attorney General's wife, to come to Barbadoes and reside with her to educate her grandchildren, offering me very liberal terms & every attention, and saying *invitingly* that the Attorney General & herself could not help being very desirous that these beloved Grand-Children should be educated by the Lady who had brought up Miss Fenwick. Eliza candidly told the Honble Mrs Beccles that she should prefer one of the other plans for me, as being more independent and uniting us more closely together.

Had I been still in Tavistock Square, I think it is most likely I shd have placed Lanno with yr Mr Evans at Islington & gone to Barbadoes, such surprise & anxiety did the tidings about Mr R. give me. However I had otherwise disposed of myself, & I must leave her decision to the guidance of her own Judgement & feelings.

May she be happy ! She has, she does deserve it. If she have really found the Man whom of all the persons she ever knew (I repeat her words) is most calculated, most constituted,

to make her happy, yet whom she would yeild up if I desire it,—whom she professes to esteem & to love, yet without being what is called *in Love*, how shall I play the cold & selfish part of saying “live single for my sake ;—live to be old, neglected, solitary, Joyless, without natural ties to bind you to the flagging remnant of life ”,—while I unhappy in marriage yet feel hourly & momentarily mingled blessings & cares through my children & am stealing towards the grave without any of those blank, lonely, desolate feelings that you, dear Mary, gifted with extraordinary resources, & connected with a numerous & in a great degree kind & amiable family, too often participate.

That I feel the prospect as a new separation, that my heart sinks with a thousand undefined fears, I do not deny, but these I will never unveil to her.—I will go to her when Orlando is settled, if she does not by that time return to me.

Mr Rutherford is not a mere adventurer. The Week before I left Town, I had a communication from his mother. Little did I then imagine, when I was glad to revive old associations respecting my parents, that a new connection was forming. I well remember his Mother at the time of her marriage. She was a most elegant interesting woman. She is still the same superior kind of being & dotes on this runaway Son.

Stage-struck about 17, he wandered to America, because he would not wound his parents by taking that profession in England. Their rigid piety was more averse to the stage than even Mr Dunkin's. He has led an unsettled life, sometimes shutting himself up for close & serious study for a long interval, & then returning for resources to the stage.

His Mother says she has heard from respectable persons as well as himself the course of his life, & she thanks God fervently that tho' guilty of many follies he has escaped vice & that he has always been esteemed by the worthiest people wherever he had intercourse.

She said his last letters had promised her to quit the stage & settle in the profession of the Law, & a letter I enclosed in my frank the very day I left London for Mrs Rutherford, was written to urge him to return to England & follow it there.

His first letter to me details his views respecting the Law, his connections in the West Indies & his hopes of success.

Yesterday the post that brought yours brought me one acknowledging the receipt of his Mother's letter from my hands, & portrays in a manner that would please you, I am certain, his surprise & joy on discovering our old family connection.

If he be playing a part, he is the most consummate Actor that ever existed. The manner in which he deprecates Orlando's going to India, where a brother of his & an Uncle also perished, affected me to tears; the manner in which he describes the high estimation in which Eliza is held by those who can in any degree appreciate her talents, & the love & affection her temper & virtues win from all ranks & classes who know & approach her, made my heart beat. His urgent entreaties not to separate myself long from a child so deserving & so devoted, & the captivating picture he drew of future social comforts if his views were successful & I granted him his dearest hope, quite dazzled & bewildered me. . . .

He is now 31. Eliza represented him as older, but she always under or over guesses ages. She explains that what she meant by fearing Orlando might be like him, was the dread of an unsettled life at manhood. She describes him as aiding her pursuits, improving her mind, correcting her faults, stimulating her exertions, & encouraging the growth & expansion of her affection towards me & Orlando, for which, *he says*, he first loved her.

Had he her father's habits & vices I cannot believe she would ever have listened to him for an instant. It is impossible. She describes him as constantly reminding her of me in all that he advises her, & particularly in the pains he takes to cure her of a fault I have often censured, that of wasting time. Whatever I recommend in my letters he constantly brings to her remembrance & exhorts her to follow.

Her wealthy friends, she says, think it an imprudent Match, because they rely on her marrying richly, but they receive his visits, court his society & seem to think they cannot shew her too much favour & attention. Would they continue to do so if they thought ill of Mr Rutherford?

In short I cannot but think he is not such as he has been represented to you. If it be so, & she has at last become the dupe of an artful, wicked man & a blind, misjudging prepossession, I shall pray for a lengthened life, that I may

endure as I ought to do the just punishment of my own errors.

It was my silly earnestness to escape from the humiliations of poverty that devoted her to a profession she has abhorred & which has been the source of countless miseries to her,—in which she now even more than ever needs the support & aid of some protector. I shall then feel that I ought, in defiance of my own inconveniences & sufferings, to have abided by a husband & even a wretched home that could prove a shelter to a daughter. Shall I not then, think you, execrate the avarice, the ambition for my boy, that made me urge her to go to a distant world, unaided by any human being that could be a real friend to her?—Yes, her destiny if wretched, is the cool, systematic contrivance of her mother.—If you knew how my heart bled under every suggestion of your letter, you would pity me. But I shall not deserve your pity should I prove the monster of ingratitude to you you have depicted & the contriver of my daughter's ruin.—Let me sink to the depth of wretchedness, unpitied & unregretted. . . .

Before I write again, I may have heard how the commotions of the Theatre had ended,—whether it was to be shut for ever, or re-opened another Season under the guidance of Mr Adamson (for Mr Dyke is dismissed by the Committee), with whom, on account of his arbitrary & tyrannical conduct, she believes it will be impossible for her to remain.

She had left the Dykes from their ill-usage, had spent some time at *Mrs. Hayes*, a relation of Mrs Dummett's, & when she wrote was resident at the Dummetts', who are anxious to *keep her altogether*, at least till I come, for they are most sanguine for my success on the Island.

Performances & payment of salaries had been interrupted. She has sent me another £30 & is going, as soon as she could procure a government bill, to send £100 for *Orlando*, part of her Benefit, by which she clears £180. Her friends expected more, but the charges & expences were heavy. I think it exceedingly good. One box holding twenty persons made up among them *fifty guineas*, which was sent her in a green silk purse. How very liberal & handsome! It proves their opinion of her.

The £80 she says she must keep in case she does not follow

the fortunes of the divided Company to other Islands for the recess; or in case she shd determine to return to England. My removing to Ireland, which she did not learn till August, has discomposed her plans & thrown her into great uncertainty what to chuse or what to reject. But her next letters will speak of her decision. . . .

My boy is most happily settled with a quaker school-master in Cork & I never see him without tracing some fresh improvement. Had I selected a master Mr Humphries would have been my choice & Lanno's too.

He is no longer scolded & disliked, on the contrary he is in danger of being spoiled by too much kindness. Stimulated by the attention he receives, he applies with ardor to his studies, & has borne off the medal six following weeks for the greatest application & the best exercises from fifty-four boys. He is as proud as a peacock of this testimony of his merits suspended round his neck, & held it up with such a glow of pleasure on his face when he first met me so decorated.

He comes every second Sunday to breakfast & returns on Monday morning. I hear of or from him almost every day. Mr Honnor never goes into Cork without calling on him & bringing me some commendation from Mr Humphries.

He takes lessons of the drawing-master that attends Miss Honnor, & every Tuesday & Thursday Mr Grogan entertains us with praises of Lanno (*Mr Fenwick*, as he calls him),—"he is so clever, so sensible, so lively, so active, so manly"—(with twenty other so's) "that everybody must love him". Mary-Anne hangs her head down to her drawing board, smiles & blushes, while her younger sisters glance at her with an expression that pains me.

I lately prevailed on her mother to take her to a ball where I knew Sir Nicholas Coulthurst, a young Baronet just come of age & into £25,000 per ann, wd ask her to dance, in compt to her parents, which she did, & I hoped that his attentions would make her too proud to admire the poor & humble Orlando.

It is not usual for a Girl of 15 to form a penchant for a boy younger than herself—they generally look up to Men. If anything induces me to quit this place suddenly it will be what will I augur arise from that source. Mrs Honnor has not

deviated in the slightest from my former description. I wd not be accessory to giving them pain for worlds. They consider Orlando as one of their Children & Mrs H. talks of the *Boys* coming *home* at Christmas, just as she would speak of two sons. . . .

The day he went to school (Mr & Mrs Honnor conducted him, for I was not well enough), as he was standing on the steps while the carriage was driving up, I heard Anne, the Lady's Maid, say to Miss Honnor. "Well God bless him, for he seems to make happiness wherever he comes.—What a comfort he must be to his Mother". They did not know I was so near, & I walked away to quell the tear of mingled joy & pain. Mrs Wilkinson would wonder that this strange infatuation in his favor should have spread to Ireland.

Adieu. Do not wholly distrust me as you have done. God bless you & give you peace & health

prays your affectionate

E FENWICK

Sept. 25th.—I have pushed in this scrap to say that if Mr R. had the same alarming ideas about my poor girl's fate, at least tell him that the father of this man was a sort of ward of my father's.—That he *was a truly good man*—That his mother & sisters are so—that it was hinted to me by Mrs Bruce that he had resigned some property that came to him to encrease the comforts in which his mother & sisters now live. Clergymen's widows and orphans are seldom too well provided for. I should be glad too that Mr Robinson would not spread the affair & ill reports, it wd be cruel to a mother whom I look up to & respect that it should be done through me. Perhaps she is now equally alarmed & anxious, for she can only know Eliza by a profession she looks on with Horror. Their long residence in Ireland & my total separation from all my father's friends till Chance lately threw me in Mrs Bruce's way, makes me & mine unknown to them as to conduct & character. If this be right to be done, do it immediately. And once more farewell.

E F

LII.—MRS. FENWICK'S OCCUPATIONS

LEE MOUNT, Oct. 27 (1812).

I am both surprised & ashamed to think what a bad correspondent I am become. It is a delight to me to sit a spare hour in my chamber, by my cheerful wood fire, & mentally converse with you & with Eliza. Such ruminations, though often verging towards melancholy, are an actual feast to me, & yet to take up my pen to write to either is a positive task, while I long for the receipt of each of your letters with an earnestness I cannot describe.

I try to account for this odd & reprehensible change in my habits, & begin to fancy that the ease, serenity & quiet of my situation are too much opposed to the stimulating warfare of life I have generally led. . . .

In my occupation I am more active than before. I have much more to do & am therefore compell'd to greater & more watchful, vigorous activity.

My pupils have already greatly improved. The second is a girl of quick intellect & will I believe do great credit to my cares, especially if I can but succeed in subduing her *devil* of a temper. I am now completely *Master*.—We seldom come to a quarrel, therefore I have hopes of that end also.

The perpetual speaking & exertion of the hours of tuition leave me a little exhausted & induce listlessness afterwards, more especially as my climbings & wanderings give me bodily fatigue.

Then I have no books & that I feel to be a lamentable thing. The library of the Russell Institution saved me from many a wearisome hour.

Newly come to Europe & to settle from the wanderings of a military life, Mr & Mrs Honnor have not had time amidst the bustle of building, enlarging, improving & furnishing their mansion to think of accumulating books, so that except a monstrous quantity of Agricultural & farriery Volumes, with one or two on Architecture & Mechanics, we have none but schoolroom books.

Mrs H. subscribes to a Cork library, which I imagine is a

very bad one, for the novels of character we have sent for are never to be had, & the generality of the Minerva Press compositions I cannot, however fond of a story, read.

Orlando tells me of a sort of institution library which he wishes to have access to, but the subscription is yearly & a deposit beside is given & they are at present beyond my means. This quarter I have even over-run my salary to a trifling degree.—My postage has amounted to £3, & Orlando, with his entrance money & his drawing lessons etc, costs me within 2/6 of £20.—But Oh with what pleasure do I pay that money, witnessing as I do the dear boy's stability in his pursuits, his rapid improvement & the manly, reflecting turn of mind he begins to possess.

I have been but once to Cork since he went to school, & when I express'd to Mr Humphries my gratitude for his uncommon kindness to Lanno, he answered—“*He is so good a boy he deserves to be made happy*”. And happy he does make him, though he never suffers him to be idle.

He has won the prize Medal, that is bestowed every Saturday on examining what is called the *Judgement Book* of the week, for superiority of application, every week since the second of his going to school. He regularly wins the premium for the best executed maps since the third that he attempted, & these he is obliged to execute in a given time out of school hours. Bathing is his principal recreation, & swimming has I think superseded his passion for climbing.

His Master sometimes on a Saturday afternoon takes him out prospect viewing or snipe shooting, & Mr Humphries's total indifference to the inconveniences of weather, or the obstacles of a stream to ford, together with his cheerful, friendly conversation, help much to strengthen with Lanno the influence of the school-master.

Mr Joseph Humphries, brother to Mr H., an intelligent, sensible Quaker, attaches himself much to Lanno. With him Lanno a fortnight since made two tours, *on foot*,—one to see the fine ruins of Kilcray Abbey, & the other to Blarney Castle & its picturesque domain. In the former he walked 23 miles in one day, & the other about fifteen. His account of both were very entertaining to us on the following Sunday, & his observations on them & the historical facts connected with

both, convinced me that his time had not been thrown away.

Happy for him & me was the advice you gave of a removal from Mrs Wilkinson's silly, cruel taunts & their evil tendency on his spirit. He feels the value of his independence of such obligation so confer'd as he ought to feel it, yet in remembering Mrs W.'s unkindness, he does not forget the reverse on the part of Mr W., & speaks highly of him & in particular praise of the order & system that prevailed in Mr W.'s mode of giving instruction. . . .

I see him here once a fortnight. He continues to be in high favour with the whole family, but with all the distinction & approbation he receives, his deportment & manner, however lively, is not forward or presumptuous. I miss his little billets which you used to convey, but his time is so occupied he has not the opportunity of writing. I intend he should learn to dance, but he has beg'd it may be deferr'd, as it would be impossible he shd attend without neglecting something of more utility. . . . Next quarter will be less expensive than this one & I shall be able to save for the payment of the debt I owe you.

My residence here has not increased my inclination to send Lanno to the East Indies, but all that I hear & judge on that subject I will reserve for a future communication. . . .

A warmly contested Election & its Balls make a little bustle among us at present. Our Autumn has mostly been fine. Once a week we are generally visited by a fine pack of fox-hounds & a train of hunters. They come *to draw*, as it is called, our woods for foxes. Their errand is cruel, yet I cannot help thinking it a very pretty & animated sight. I have neither seen the fox started nor killed, you'll observe. We have abundance of game of all kinds.

What nonsense I talk to you!—but to chat thus seems coming nearer to each other. Adieu! Remember me to all friends & think of me ever as your

affectionate friend

E FENWICK

LIII.—ANXIETY ABOUT ELIZA

LEE MOUNT, Nov. 24th, 1812.

The extraordinary delay of my letter of which you speak, alarms me for the fate of those I have so forwarded to Eliza. How could it happen that a month all but two days should elapse before mine reached you?

Excuse me, my dear Mary, if I say I will not send your letter to Barbadoes. I hold myself sacredly bound not further to interfere between Eliza & her wishes.

Her thoughts suggested what you have expressed,—I am sure of it, from the contents of one sweet & pensive letter I received but did not copy for you on account of its length & not liking to give detached parts of such a letter.

She speaks of a reproach which her aching heart sometimes suggests,—that she ought to have lived for me & Orlando *alone*, & shrinks from an appalling idea that calamity may follow this departure from a duty.—She must decide for herself. I cannot suspect her of being very lightly caught. She did not shew haste to be married, or she might have taken Mr Mudge, he had youth, a good person, was not a fool & had fair though not splendid prospects. He even re-offered himself by letter since she went to Barbadoes, which I at his earnest request forwarded to her.

If then mere girlish inclination to be married has not helped on this chosen match, I must leave it to the event of time & her decision. I made a solemn appeal to the exercise of her Judgement when I answered her & Mr R.'s first letters on the subject.

God knows whether she has received that letter, or any other since I came to Ireland, for I have no acknowledgement of any. Her last date was August 5th & I have not had a line from her since. She was then involved in a thousand perplexities,—quite undecided what plan to adopt, & I have no clue to imagine what she has done, or even where she is. I confess I am completely miserable. Night & day do I lament that I ever urged her to adopt her profession, or, having adopted it, to accept Mr Dyke's offers. The case you put to obviate my anticipated self-reproach is dissimilar. *You persuaded me*

to come to Ireland *for a certain advantage*,—the very addition I wanted to my means of support for my boy, & beside that a fair prospect of great encrease of comfort. . . . But when I, impatient of Mr F.'s ill treatment & excesses, sought quiet & repose under another roof, I left Eliza to endure the brunt of that from which I fled. I left her to loneliness & discomfort, —wretched at home, humiliated by her situation at Covent Garden, & uncertain whither, at the end of the Season, she must go. I did indeed consider myself & not her. A little more resolution on my part, a little longer perseverance in my other plan, & we might now have been living together on the fruits of our mutual industry. . . . We should have done well together, & I should never have lost the daughter so dear to me.—Indeed, indeed, dear Mary, I have been the contriver of the misfortunes that have or that may befall her.

I have never made the exertions for her that I have done for Orlando.—I was always weakly relying on Mr F.'s plans & weakly undecided how to act for myself. All the valuable part of her character grew out of the privations & struggles she shared with me. The early part of her life was embittered by her father's caprices & embarrassments,—her early youth by the oppression of those from whom she earned her subsistence, and alas! have I, by an error of judgement, prepared woe for her maturity? Oh my dear, dear friend, do not prophesy thus again! If you knew the pangs I have undergone, you would soothe & pity me.

No, indeed, I cannot suppose she could be more respectable as any *Mrs* than she might have been as *Miss*. I only ventured to think she might be happier. She has no family connections to look to for old age. Miss Lamb says that Marriage has fewer disadvantages than old-maidhood, & she seems glad that Eliza escapes marrying a West Indian planter, with purse-proud pride & *narrow* liberality. She thinks that equality of condition, concordance of pursuit, mutual exertion & decided preference is the choicest number to draw in the lottery of marriage. . . .

Orlando's greatest trouble since he came to Ireland has been about your kind & precious letter. The day after it reached me, I enclosed it in a scrap of mine, and, merely directing to *Orlando Fenwick*, sent it to Town with the other

letters, expecting the Butler would have called on Orlando & given it to him.

It was the Election time & Mr Honnor met the Butler, mounted him on his own horse, & sent him to some distance, when Samuel delivered his marketing instructions & various letters to a dolt of a lad, who forgetting more than half, put *all* the letters into the Post Office & did not go near Orlando.

When the Butler asked if he had delivered the letters according to his directions he said "Yes."—"Was Master Fenwick at home?"—"No."—

No farther enquiries were made till the next of Orlando's Sundays, ten days after, when I asked him how he liked your letter? Imagine how he was surprised & disappointed.

What is worse, we cannot hear of the letter,—they say it has been sent to Dublin, or sent to Lieut Colonel Fenwick now commanding at Carlisle Fort, or that it never came into the Office,—Orlando & the Clerk nearly came to warfare. I should not wonder if the Lad really dropped the letter in the street! . . .

Orlando grows, looks uncommonly well, improves constantly & is happy. His master distinguishes him with constant favor, & is out of school hours his friend & companion. Every Saturday they take an excursion after 12 o'clock, when the day's business is over, & these rambles both fortify his health & enlarge his ideas. The last time he was here, he fell into a reverie & awoke from it by gravely wishing he could command his time to pass over again, as he now began to feel & understand how ill a use he had made of it.

You mistook me, my dear Mary,—it was not the permanence of his or Miss H.'s liking that I feared, though I think there is some difference between the preference of 12 & 15, but Mrs Honnor is peculiarly nice & delicate on all such points. She is anxious to keep her daughters remote from all allusions to or suppositions about loving or being loved.—She is too late,—the mystery has been developed at school, as it always is. She would be wounded, I am sure, if she saw Mary Anne's blushes rise when we hear the joyful scream of the little boys: "Here is Orlando, Orlando coming!" Mrs Honnor is near-sighted. She praises Orlando continually, holds him up as a model for imitation, & wishes her children to love him;

& of course I would not for the world she should be wounded by suspecting her daughter of even this childish partiality.

Girls are sometimes strangely forward on such subjects.—A fourteen-year-old lass of Cork has written Orlando letters of a most surprising ardor, and pages of love-breathing verses & comments on his *cold indifference*. I was both shocked & disgusted. He felt much contempt for her, I believe. God forbid he should ever become a libertine! . . .

I must again defer mentioning particulars of Mr Honnor's history which effectually prevent my looking for interest from him for Orlando.

Pray enquire the common expenses of articling a Lad to an Attorney. . . .

Your poor children are very unfortunate. These, though born in India & apparently delicate & fragile, never know an hour's indisposition.

Adieu, Adieu, my dear friend. Believe me with all my faults & negligences, very affectionately yours

E FENWICK

LIV.—NEWS OF ELIZA'S SUDDEN MARRIAGE

(LEE MOUNT) *Dec. 17th, 1812.*

Your letter, my dearest friend, came from a sick chamber to a sick chamber. It was brought me in bed, where I was suffering under the operation of two blisters. Its contents did not tend to renovate me, though its genuine tenderness mingled pleasure with pain.

This is my first day of sitting up & now I think I am rapidly amending. As I have been confined but ten days, my strength cannot be reduced like yours, but what I feel acquaints me with the exhausted state of yr condition.

Mine has been a new species of attack & chiefly in my head, where the Agony was so great as utterly to preclude sleep & to produce wildness & partial delirium. Everything that could be done for me I had. Mrs Honnor has scarcely left me for a moment. If I were her Mother, she could not shew me more attention, or in a kinder manner.

Wednesday, Decr. 23d. I wrote so far last Thursday, when

I was compelled to lay aside a pen I was unable to guide, though I fancied myself recovering.

A relapse came on that night, & I had not the slightest intermission till Sunday night, after a tedious application of leeches & another Blister.

I am persuaded my disease was a determination of Blood to the brain, for such agonizing pulsations, though I have heard Eliza describe them, I never had an idea of. The Doctor thinks it more nervous. . . . I write now with difficulty & some risque perhaps,—at least Mrs H. is appall'd at my employment. It soothes my mind & therefore the little I shall say will not hurt me as the apprehension of your thinking unkindly of my silence would inevitably do.

How surprised I am that you make no mention of having heard from Eliza. How can her letter have miss'd you? In two letters I received on the 4th inst, dated Octr at St. Croix & sent away at the same time though written at different periods of the month, she mentions having written to you by that same Packet. In one she says "Last Packet only brought me yr *wee, wee* letter dated July 5th enclosing Miss Hays long & kind letter. I have answered hers for the fleet which sails next week." In the second she says: "I have written to my father, my uncle, Miss Lamb & Miss Hays". . . . A previous letter she refers to several times, as explaining events & circumstances which induced her to decide on marrying before she left Barbadoes, has never come to hand. She was married there, in the midst of her friends, & given away by Capn Soper, & left the Island for St Croix & perhaps Jamaica, four days afterwards. This is nearly all I know. Her letters are perhaps the best she ever wrote & the terms in which she implores for my approbation of the step she has taken, render it impossible for me to say I disapprove. . . .

Orlando has been ill. His master sent for a medical man who pronounced him to have a chill on the liver,—probably the cause was too much bathing or too much violent exercise. I did not know it at the time. He wd not allow me to be informed, & intense rains served as an excuse for not coming on his usual day. He had recovered, all but, when we met. He comes *home* tomorrow. The public examinations at his school take place on the three days before Xmas Day, which

he must not miss, & I have promised to extend his holidays as a reward for his industry & exertions. Mr Humphries gives but *a week*,—I shall keep him at least *two*. He knows not of my illness & will be shocked to find me in my chamber, & not less to hear that you are in yours. . .

It is now evening, 8 o'clock, I have sat up since Noon & am going to bed without any return of my disorder. This is going into town by a Gentleman dining here so I close it tonight. Be assured I am recovering, & send me consoling tidings of yourself. . . .

Yours truly

E FENWICK

. . I have laid by £2 of my debt to you & expect to have the overplus next quarter. Should you want it now, let me know & I can procure it. Lanno is expensive to me, but having paid my debts I shall make my income fit my demands very well, unless mined by other long illnesses.

LV.—ELIZA RELATES HER ADVENTURES

ST CROIX, *Sepr.* 30 (1812).

. . . We stayed there (at Capn Soper's) till tuesday evening when we went on board a delightful little ship with one mast, which was engaged to take the whole Company to St Croix or Santa Cruz.

I shd endeavour to explain to you some of our comforts. but if you will call to mind yr late voyage to Ireland, you may conceive them.—You had an excellent nurse (in Orlando), & so had I. It would have been worth my while to have married Mr R., if it had been for no other reason than that of having so good a nurse & doctor always with me on the many voyages I am doomed to take & different Climates I am destined to see.

We sailed 16 in Number on this sweet little ship. On Wedy afternoon we passed Diamond Rock, Martinique, & shortly after we spied a ship a great way off.

Now you must know that there is a great talk of American Privateers in these seas, & as in England I was sentenced by

many to a french prison, so in Barbadoes I had been promised a trip, gratis, to America. The Ship, therefore, we pronounced to be a Privateer.

We had the Owner & Capn of the Schooner on board as well as a hired Capn, & they got out their glasses to peep at the Enemy.

She came nearer to us & made signals, hoisting the English Colors for us to heave to ; but one Capn said she might be an American, notwithstanding her colors, & the other did not like to lose time, so they agreed *not* to heave to.

She fired, & the balls fell at some distance. The two Capns persisted in not stopping or altering our course, thinking to out-sail the balls.

The next however came much nearer, & then she fired without ceasing.

It was a fine afternoon & we were all on deck. We had just dined & this was our dessert,—that is what the Capns deserved for not doing at first what it seems was their duty & what they were compelled to submit to after all.

The last shot *we saw* seemed to be about twenty yards from us & then we were all hurried down to the Cabin. There were so many of us, that before we could all get below, a ball crossed the middle of the deck.

—“ It is an ill wind,” they say, “ that blows no one good ”. It must be a terrible event, I say, that will not present to me something ridiculous or that could destroy my propensity to notice & enjoy it ! When we were all spread one on another on the Cabin floor, I indulged in a hearty laugh at the terror around me.—Mrs Adamson went into fits, as usual,—whether it be a mouse or an earth-quake, it is all the same to her, she is not particular.—Mrs Thompson (Miss Simms), who though she has not much bodily or nervous courage has, I believe, quite as much mental resolution in these cases as myself, was perfectly silent, but her husband clung round her neck & roared most manfully.—Mrs Smith quarrelled with one of the Gentlemen because he bid her get into her berth. She said he wanted to put her between him & the balls, & I think it was pretty near the truth.

Notwithstanding my mirth at the absurd expression of the fears of some of the persons round me, I had, my dear Mother,

two or three moments of serious & awful reflection. Knowing that the Balls had now reached the Ship, I expected (as they fired at the Hull & not at the rigging), that one would enter the side & bring some of us certain death. I sat by Mr Rutherford in the middle of the little Cabin floor, my hands were clasped in his, & convinced that the same Ball would destroy us both, I thought only of you & Orlando.

I never believed myself so certainly near death before. On the 1st of May last, I expected to be overwhelmed in the general destruction which seemed approaching, but I did not know in what shape it would come, or how near or how distant it might be, but this was a plain & speedy death & the only doubt seemed to be who it would take first.

As we heard each report, they cried out—"now it comes!", & I closed my eyes & prayed God to comfort you as I listened for the crash with which the Ball would burst through the side of the Cabin, supposing that would be the last thing I should be sensible of.

To sit quietly at home & read or think of these dangers,—to fancy the daughter you love is still exposed to them, will be horrible to you. But believe me, it is a glorious thing, in the full vigor of health & strength to be so nearly acquainted with death in his grandest & most terrific forms. To stand thus on the brink of Eternity, purifies the heart of all selfish passions & brings it nearer to the hope & perfection of the World to come.

After firing thus about a dozen times, she stopped, for our vessel had been bearing down towards her after the third or fourth shot, & as we were now pretty near, she sent out a boat to us. Our Captains then found she was an English Brig of War.

As soon as the firing ceased, we all scrambled on Deck again, time enough to hear the Midshipman who came on board swear most vehemently at our Capns for not answering the first signal, & he said if they had delayed a few minutes longer doing so, they would have sunk the ship.

He then examined the Capn's papers & ordered him to bear down to the Brig to answer the Commander's questions. There was no remedy,—away we went, our Capns muttering curses all the way, but indeed heartily frightened.

When we got within hearing through the trumpets, we had another reprimand, & our Capn was commanded to go on board, but he pleaded earnestly that he was in haste to get into Port Royal, Martinique, that he had already shewn his papers to the Midshipman, & begged to be excused approaching nearer.

After a long dialogue and a hundred ridiculous questions about the news, this mighty Commander said we might return to our course & we took leave of him & his balls, never I trust to see them again.

Octr 8th & 15th. . . . When at last a Packet arrives empty (they are empty if they bring no letters for me), I have no resource, no outlet by which I can escape the anguish it gives me! I can no longer lay the blame on winds & tides, & fancy that they are still coming & the next morning may bring them.—It must be anger—sickness—perhaps death—I fancy a thousand things fatal to happiness—you may be too ill to write & Orlando too much alarmed to think of me.—The case may be reversed,—some dreadful accident may have befallen him, & yr time & thoughts absorbed in him. I know how adventurous he is, how many risks he runs,—yet I have more fears for you than for him.—If you are ill, I have done wrong, & it is a judgement upon me,—I torture myself to find some explanation of this omission in vain,—perhaps as in the former instance the letters have been delayed in England,—a cruel neglect indeed,—I must wait almost a month in this dreadful suspense.—No, if you did disapprove of my intentions, you would not choose to inflict such a punishment as silence on me!—

I cannot tell you how my heart wavers between hope & fear,—sometimes I fancy myself receiving your fullest consent & approbation, & indulge in all the transport such an event would give me,—then again I sink into despondency & fear the worst. At those times I repent my marriage. I think no inconvenience, no difficulties, should have tempted me to run the risk of your displeasure,—to hazard your affection. I then look on my disappointment from the last Packet as a fatal omen; & at such moments, were it possible that an opportunity should occur, I really believe I shd run away from my husband & set sail for Ireland. I look back with wonder that I

should have dared to commit an act of which you may disapprove.

—It is too late to consider all this now, & I can only say forgive me! Be but as lenient to my errors as you have ever been & I am happy.—Oh! when I indulge in the delightful visions of our reunion, & fancy you loving my husband & applauding my choice, I taste of a happiness which nothing but the reality can give me!—

. . . When unhappy & depressed in spirits, how much importance we give to the merest trifles.—Mr R. went out yesterday after dinner on some business, & I walked by myself up one of the mountains which lie immediately at the back of this town.

When I had gained the summit, I looked back at the setting sun & thought of *home*—of you, & of Orlando! I remembered how often we had wandered together up the Carlton Hill to watch the setting sun. We had seen the moon rise & had admired it. . . . Indulging in these recollections I walked slowly,—when suddenly a voice close to me said in a tone of fondness: “Eliza, my dear, what is the matter?”—I looked round, I thought *it was you*.—Forgive me, dear Mother, it was a Negro woman, speaking to *her* child.—Had I indeed beheld you, I should have felt no surprise at that moment. I was with you in thought at the time she spoke—I burst into tears & I have cried ever since—The fear of your displeasure preys inexpressibly on my mind. . . .

Novr 3rd & 24th. Oh! my beloved Mother, what a day of Joy is this to me!—Your letters have come & I may safely exclaim, “this is the happiest moment I ever knew!”—I have not read all yet,—one sweet sentence fills my mind! I have read it again & again, to be certain I have not mistaken the sense.—Dear, dear Mother, though my experience is but short, I believe I have secured *a worthy & affectionate protector who will shield me from many cares & sufferings.*

You know me too well to suspect me of hasty partiality, or of yeilding to, or indeed feeling, an attachment not founded on esteem.—I admired Mr Rutherford long before I even *liked* him. I saw he was perfectly different from the beings by whom I was surrounded. I found his tastes, his opinions, & the pursuits he most delighted in, were in general unison

with my own. But what first made me *love* him, was the admiration he expressed for my nearest & dearest connections.

Soon after we became sociable he learned from me to talk of you, & in conversing with him I was at home again,—was it not natural that I should love him?—Yet had he been a married man I should not *then* have cared. I had heard from Mrs Dyke that he was attached to a Lady in America; as I felt no interest about that, I never asked any particulars, but supposed he was so still.

He fancied, as many others have done, that I was in love with Mr Lamb. He saw the picture Mr Dawe gave me, & supposed it was the portrait of a lover, nor did I attempt to undeceive him. However he owns he thought of marrying me, long before I had a supposition of his partiality.

Our sudden marriage, so contrary to my intention of waiting for your advice, was on both sides the result of cool & serious deliberation, & to the best of our judgement consistent with our worldly interest.—Of that perhaps I know little, but I have a perfect reliance on his judgement. Yet I must confess I should now be little inclined to repent, had I found my present interest injured by my marriage. The calm, affectionate esteem I felt for Mr R. before, has lately altered into an affection which makes me shudder at the thought of the separation that must have taken place had I remained in Barbadoes.

The opposition of my patrons there to my choice was confined to the Dummetts & the Hayes family,—others, among whom were the Atty Genl's family, were on the other side of the question. Those friends meant it kindly to me. You will most likely laugh at such an assertion, but Mrs D. & Mrs H. had almost talked themselves into a belief that I might have had the Governor at last if I had waited!

The want of riches was their only objection to Mr R.—I have got a good man, & riches (such as we want) may follow. Is it certain that by marrying one of those rich men I should have *secured to you a happy home*? Certainly not, if my happiness were insecure. As it is, a happy home will certainly be *ours*.

I cannot look forward more anxiously to that time than Mr R. does. If it were not that we think it prudent, for your

sake & our own, to remain some time longer in this country, you would soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself.

I have been married now two months, & I feel as perfectly settled in my new situation as if I had been a wife for ten years.—Oh! my dear Mother, I am happy,—when you are with me I shall be perfectly so. I think more of you than ever. When I was with strangers, there was nothing to remind me of you, but now I have a *home* again. I find myself once more beloved, an object of solicitude and affection, & you only are wanting to fill up my content!

Mr R.'s affection, his anxiety about my health & comfort, & his constant endeavor to procure me any pleasures or amusements I express a wish for, remind me so strongly of you, I can scarcely separate you in my ideas. You seem one & the same person.

Then he scolds me exactly like you,—particularly when I do not curl my hair well. He is as anxious as you were that I should practise my singing & drawing. In fact he ought to have been my *Papa*,—I often call him so. If I were to call him *Mama*, I shd really believe you were with me.

My Barbadoes friends were distressed because I should not have an establishment at my command,—a Woman obliged to walk or wash herself is very unfortunate in their estimation. We may never be rich, but we shall have a competency. We shall always be obliged to walk, & Mr R., I fear, must wait on himself, but I can wait on you, & he *on me*.

—Perhaps you will wonder at the difference between these letters & my last, but yours have set my heart at ease. I no longer fear your anger or disapprobation, & I feel assured you will not, when you have read the reasons, disapprove of the suddenness of our marriage. . . .

How much all you say of Orlando gratifies me.—He is formed to be happy,—happiness becomes him so much. Mr R. feels a father's affection for him, & is, I really think, as proud of him as you, Miss Hays & I are.

How hard it is we cannot have a single consultation together on his future destiny.—While we are here canvassing the merits & demerits of each profession, you may already have decided for him.—There is, you know, a *hundred pounds* waiting whenever you or he need it,—*two indeed*, if no very

extraordinary & unforeseen misfortune happen just now to me. . . .

How much of the world have I seen since this time last year, & I am eager to see more. I think nothing of the wandering life we now lead. Every change is gain to me. I have now the same advantage I enjoyed when you and Orlando were the companions of my strollings,—I carry *my home* with me. I have a protector who, like you, shares with me in all the pleasures our wanderings afford, & takes all the cares & troubles on himself. . . .

But now for a confession, dear Mother.—I have hitherto been a very disobedient wife. Spoiled by Mr R.'s indulgence of my humors, tortured with a severe return of the Prickly Heat, & such enormous boils on my legs as prevent my walking, I have lately been peevish, irritable, & even passionate. Obstinate bent on having my own way, I have resented the slightest contradiction & I am ashamed to say, have persisted in doing what my Husband disapproved, even after he had told me if he could not persuade me he would never say "*you shall not*". Lecture me, dear Mother, on this subject, I deserve it, but forgive me!—He does, directly. . . .

LVI.—FROM MR RUTHERFORD TO MRS FENWICK

. . . I should first perhaps have told you how my heart thanks you for a consent which sets it all at ease & prepares it for as much happiness as life can give.

I trust, my dear Madam, that on learning our Union has already taken place, its suddenness, however it may have startled, has not given you offence or pain. Its propriety still appears to me in the light it did when I ventured to urge its completion. Anxious as I felt for the sanction of your consent—nay your presence,—strict prudence justified the step we took, if duty has not been violated.—I will believe then that you are satisfied with the reasons your daughter has stated, & have forgiven & blessed us.

While I regret your continued absence from us, I cannot but feel & acknowledge how necessary it is for Orlando.

Were I very young, the happiness I boast of possessing

& that still more perfect happiness I expect when we are *all* together, might appear as fallacious as it is natural, and you might tremble for the fate of that future, seen through the false yet beautifying medium of passion & inexperience, but thank Heaven we are neither of us Children.

Our expectations are not weakly sanguine, our wants few, and desires moderate ; & *should* Poverty come in at the door, we will have our windows shut.—That, by the bye, might be too much in these climates for the patience of your Eliza, for she was grumbling terribly just now at my wish to shut a window or two near her because it was raining, tho' there are above twenty in the suite of rooms we inhabit, which are all wide open.

How little happiness depends on externals we have a present opportunity of observing :—we have *six* spacious apartments and *two* tables ; our chairs number from *one* to *five* as Mr Sweepson may happen to want them in his part of the house. I am at this instant writing on the *Piano*, having very gallantly (for a husband of almost three months' standing) given up the table to the Lady, whose dressing-glass, carefully & tastefully hung up with green ribbons, serves equally for ornament & use.

The whimsical shifts we are put to in this almost empty mansion often divert us, & I could not help contrasting your description of the elegancies of Lee Mount, with our ungarnished dwelling.

One advantage however we have over you, viz., that however badly & scantily within, the house is very well furnished without, for so glorious a sky does not often, I believe, canopy dear little Ireland ! The wide Atlantic rolls itself even to our feet. The Islands of St Thomas, St John & Tortola dot the distant line of the Horizon, while the lofty & green hills of St Croix slope into glens & trols at our back, inviting & tantalizing your poor lame Girl, who can now only look & long to be there.

Forgive, I pray you, dear Madam, this careless chattering of a contented, happy heart.—I had other things to say . . .

LVII.—MRS. FENWICK IS AGAIN ANXIOUS

LEE MOUNT, *April 28* (1813).

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I take up my pen with an almost total incapacity of writing. I cannot command my thoughts to follow any but the most painful course.—Imagine what various & torturing apprehensions must assail me when I tell you that the date of the last letter I received from Eliza was *Novr 25*. It came to hand early in January, & this is now the last day but one of April.—Packets have arrived, fleets have come, at least so Newspapers aver, and yet five months elapse & I have no letter from *her*, who has ever been so punctual, so watchful of the opportunities of communicating her thoughts, feelings & circumstances to her Mother.

That the Captures have been numerous by American vessels I am aware, but if vessels arrive with letters to others, why not also to me?—The most probable cause, as it appears to me, is that she has herself been taken prisoner.

When she closed that letter of *Novr 25th*, they were on the point of sailing for St Thomas, & from thence intended returning to Barbadoes, taking Antigua in their way. Is it very querulous or unreasonable then that I imagine such a calamity to have befallen her, & that my nightly dreams should be haunted by representations of want & woe & suffering,—plundered of her little savings, her labours suspended, the term of our separation prolonged & all her air built projects of a reunion, of competence, content & happiness, overthrown & annihilated.

Forgive, dear Mary, my tormenting you with these useless lamentations, but when I attempt to write, my uneasiness & apprehensions press on me in a tenfold degree. . . .

Orlando has been here from the day before Good Friday, when his hollidays commenced, till last Monday morning, in the full enjoyment of liberty & felicity.

He reads me long lectures on my fears about his sister, till his eyes fill with tears & his voice is choked by a sob. But, young & sanguine, his hopes soon revive, & anticipations of misfortune have no power over him.

I cannot say that his presence makes me absolutely happy,

but he gives me moments of pleasure & amuses me very greatly. His Animal spirits are unbounded & he has a species of humour that is irresistible. Some of his flights really surprise me, they are so whimsical & shew so much observation on manners & peculiarities.

He is very well, grows, & his physical activity & strength seem to encrease. I often wonder what will be his fate in life, and I sigh to think that such happiness as he at present possesses cannot last through life.

God bless you, my dearest friend. Excuse this gloomy & for me short letter. Write to me. . . . Tell me all that happens to you & believe me ever affectionately yours

E FENWICK

I cannot act upon the advice you gave me till I hear of or from my Eliza again.—I write to her, yet have no idea that my letters reach her, & to address her in this uncertainty is an effort of the most painful kind. I dread the revolving period of writing in which I *did* take delight.

LVIII.—TIDINGS AT LAST

LEE MOUNT, *June 3rd*, 1813.

Thank you, my dear friend, a thousand times for the solace of your letter & its rational consolations. The latter, though not too late for my affection, certainly arrived too late for my sorrow, which had all vanished a few hours before at the reading of shoals of letters from Eliza, written from three separate Islands & of many dates, from Novr 30th up to March 25th, yet all came at the same time.

No mischief has happened to her, on the contrary prosperity still smiles upon her. I wish I could convey these letters to you for you may imagine their voluminous size when, unusually closely written, the postage *from London only* cost me £1.13.11. —They charged me by weight, the sheets are very large, & one, written in Decr, had under the seal a bright golden guinea as a Christmas box for Orlando. It is so long since I saw a guinea before that I looked at it as if doubtful of its value!

These letters give in their animated, playful flow a picture of a contented heart, depicting present happiness, good success,

& the liveliest hopes of futurity. Pray Heaven she be not become too sanguine.

It seems at the end of the St Croix season she & Mr Rutherford resolved to quit the Company, not liking many of them & being displeased with Mr Adamson's abuse of the Manigerial power with which he was invested.

Having been long solicited to go to Antigua, they proceeded from Santa Cruz to St Bartholemew's, expecting there to engage a vessel to carry them to Antigua ; but no sooner arrived than they were strongly solicited to play there with the Gentlemen of the Island, who had fitted up a Theatre for their own performances, & accordingly they remained six weeks ; but disliking the Island, which belongs to the Swedes, no English Packets touching there, not being able to get my letters from Barbadoes & uncertain whether their own, sent round by chance Vessels, would ever reach me, Eliza's discontent & uneasiness induced Mr R. to reject all proposals for a longer stay & proceed to Antigua.

Their Bartholemew expedition defrayed all expences from St Croix to Antigua, beside their living & servants, which was very well.

With her flattering & handsome reception at Antigua, among Mr Rutherford's connections, Eliza is so highly pleased that she wishes to make that Island her abode, until she returns to England.

The Theatre is convenient & comfortable. It was built by the *Amateurs*, & Mr R. managed it for them for upwards of a year. He now rents it, & all the performers, except themselves, play gratis, so that when the expences of lights & door-keepers are paid, the produce of the night is their own. It must be considerable, for they play but *twice a month*, yet Eliza seems to expect that profit will enable them, "at no very distant period," to return to England & quit the stage, for Mr R. to practise the Law.

On their first arrival, an English friend of Mr R.'s insisted on carrying them to *Monteros* (the name of his estate) about four miles from St John's, the capital of the Island, to remain with his family till they had procured themselves a house ; but on their fixing on one, Mr & Mrs Green profess'd great reluctance to part with them, & at length proposed their

boarding at Monteros, which they gladly acceded to, paying 16 dollars weekly. (Eliza says they paid Mr Dyke twenty.)

This arrangement saved their buying furniture & is infinitely more convenient in all respects. A gig or a saddle-horse is always at her command. She has her own Man Servant, & is very grand, but is still the same affectionate girl, & declares she wd rather be compelled to undertake every dirty, domestic office in an underground kitchen in London than be mistress of the finest train of slaves, on condition of a much longer separation from me & Orlando.

Mr R. has written most affectionately to both of us.—One thing gives me some alarm ;—just before their last left Antigua, one of my desponding letters had arrived, & affected Mr R. so much that he expresses a wish to put an end to these anxieties by coming home this summer. Conscious that subsequent letters have been worse, & that I twice neglected my accustomed period of writing, I dread lest my folly should influence them to an imprudent measure. It shall be a lesson to me for the future. To take them from such fair prospects to the uncertainties of English affairs would be madness.

She describes her health as being excellent, & the kindness, confidence & affection of her husband unvarying. I do not perceive any expression in her letters or his that indicates the likelihood of an encrease to their family, & I hope this circumstance will be *at least* deferred much longer. . . .

The very receipt of these letters has proved the accuracy of your judgement in calling my disorder nervous. I am amended to a degree I could not have expected in so short a time & I promise myself that a little fine weather will banish all that remains. I imagined I had told you that blisters, cupping, Leeches & scaryfying had all been tried upon me on the first attack without success. Nothing seemed to reach the seat of the complaint.

From regular & moderate exercise, when able to stand, I have never varied. I have not been six times up till twelve oclock since Christmas. The whole family, servants & all, are frequently, indeed generally, in bed by 10. Mrs Honnor & I frequently leave the parlour at $\frac{1}{4}$ past nine, as soon as the Tea-tray is gone.

I constantly rise at 6, & from $\frac{1}{2}$ past till 8 oclock I now usually

walk. My knees are less troublesome than towards evening, & I am become fond of going out before breakfast ; but as to lessening the quantity of my labour, or rendering it less fatiguing, I cannot do it with a safe conscience.

My accomodation is so much considered, I meet with such consistent respect, & my boy is made so perfectly one of the family, that I cannot endure to neglect one iota of my duties, more especially as nothing is prescribed to me.

By conversing with Mrs Honnor & Mrs Hewitt, who were certainly very highly bred, I have managed (artfully enough you will say), to draw from them a knowledge of certain particulars of my trade which I had not before. I profited by the hints I gathered, & fortunately Mrs Honnor, feeling many inconveniences which arise from her having been trained only to the ornamental, is anxious to blend the rational & useful with it, which suits my wish exactly.

The Children, bred among the crouching Malays & Paria casts of India, are turbulent & very inaccessible to those graces & strict polish of manners which Mrs H. lays *too great a stress* on, & therefore they require more watching, more catechising than many others would do. They certainly are very much improved & wound & shock Mama much less frequently. . . .

Lanno was in raptures with his Sister's letters, only cannot endure that Mr Rutherford should address me by the title of Mother. He declares he will write to forbid him that privilege. In all other respects his heart inclines towards the man who renders his sister so happy, & who courts his affection with a tender solicitude. He is very well, very happy & much improving. Unfit as I am now for toils & struggles, at times I almost wish he were but 5 years old, that I might defer the perplexing consideration of his settlement. . . .

I have hurried through this letter with a speed that may render it unintelligible. If you can make out that I am healthier & happier than when I last wrote, your sympathizing friendship will forgive all defects. I long to hear from you again, & with fervent & affectionate wishes am, my dear friend,

ever sincerely yours

E FENWICK

LIX.—MRS F. TALKS OF GOING TO BARBADOES

LEE MOUNT, *August 26th, 1813.*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I feel the greatest inquietude respecting your long silence. Do you remember what a period has elapsed since you wrote to me? I forwarded my last to you by Mrs Hewitt when she returned to England, June 4th, & I cannot doubt its having reached you, because Mr Lamb had one at the same time which he acknowledged. . . .

The complaint of which I lately spoke so much, is considerably better. I have tried river bathing & imagine it agrees with me, but whenever the wind is Easterly I am crippled with Rheumatism, nor do I walk with perfect ease to myself, —however I generally persevere in taking exercise. . . .

Since the 24th of May, I have had a regular succession of letters from Antigua, all of the most satisfactory kind, & portraying a mind elated with and fondly appreciating its own happiness.

I cannot tell whether Eliza or Mr R. writes more urgently on the subject of my coming to the West Indies. I have taken a year to consider of the plans they suggest, & if matters continue to appear as favourable as they do now for my successful establishment, I think I ought to go, especially if Orlando, as Mr Rutherford strongly recommends, goes there to study & practise the Law of their Courts. . . .

I conclude that you duly received the £6, because Mr Mocatta mentions having paid it to Mr Lamb. Perhaps you will be shocked to hear that I have actually this year over-run my income,—adequate as it did appear to me to every possible want. Every article of dress is very dear, & I am necessarily obliged to be more expensive than I was in London, for I wear my clothes out much faster, & in conformity to Mrs Honnor's Lady refinements, I dress better. That, however, with my management I could keep within reasonable bounds, but Orlando's expences are continually exceeding my estimates, & these I cannot in conscience retrench, so valuable do I deem the advantages he is reaping.

My Doctor's bill shall never, if I can help it, come to such an amount again as it has this year. English Apothecaries are dear, but irish ones exorbitant. I am charged £1 for each visit, independent of medicines the prices of which exceed anything of the kind I ever saw. In future I will apply my own remedies & have nothing to do with the Doctor.

Orlando continues to afford me every hope of his future welfare. He is much pleased with the thought of going to his sister & Mr Rutherford, whose letters to him have made a great impression on his mind, & he is not a little impatient to begin the preparatory career of his own independence. He is still most affectionate towards me & tractable to my wishes, nor does he fail to remember your kindness to him with grateful fondness. The qualities you approved in him are strengthened, & his temper is much regulated, but his animal spirits rise to an almost fatiguing excess. I am sure you would be much pleased with him now, & I cannot be so blind as not to trace to your kind counsels & influence much of his improvement.

Let me hear from you as soon as possible & as particularly as possible, & believe me ever, my dearest friend,

most affectionately yours

E FENWICK

LX.—ELIZA GIVES HER MOTHER A GREAT SURPRISE

LEE MOUNT, *Oct. 8th & 14th*, 1813.

. . . . On the 13th of Sepr, my dear Mary, I received the following letter from Antigua :

" July 28th, 1813.

MY BELOVED MOTHER,

I think in less than 48 hours you will be enrolled in the venerable list of Grandmamas, while you, unconscious of the approach of any such misfortune, are still, I dare say, fancying yourself quite a young woman.

But what will you say to me for never having popped out the secret before? Will you not call me deceitful, to have written so often & never even hinted at the circumstance?

Do not be angry. It has cost me a world of trouble to keep clear of the subject, but it was easier to be quite silent than it would have been to have spoken by halves.

I could not have spoken about my situation without complaining of the impossibility of your being with me & I well knew how much the knowledge of my anxiety would encrease your own. I have often heard you speak of your sufferings when I was born, & the danger your life was in, & I resolved, by being silent till I could positively say I was safe & well again, to save you the many hours of conjecture & alarm you would otherwise have suffered, from the moment of first knowing my situation till now. Indeed I doubt if I had spoken of it to you at first, & had described freely my excessive wishes for your presence, whether you would not have packed up & come hither in the first ship ready to take you, at any risque or inconvenience to yourself.

Both yr Children, but particularly your first, cost you a great deal of suffering, & I think you would scarcely have credited had I told you how perfectly well I have been all the time. The only complaint I have been troubled with is *ill temper*, falling into violent fits of passion & petulance on the slightest contradiction. That disorder was most inconvenient to poor Mr Rutherford, as it all fell upon him. However I have got rid of it, & am fast regaining my original sweetness of disposition.

. . . As it is now the end of the Month in which I have all along expected to be confined, & as I have been the whole of this morning at intervals in excessive pain, I conclude I must now be very near my time.

I do not, & indeed I never have for a moment felt the slightest alarm, tho' certainly that is no fault of the good Ladies I have happened to be in company with. From what principle of kindness & benevolence can it proceed, do you suppose, --that earnest desire which the Ladies I am acquainted with here have shewn to give me a full idea of the dangers & pains I have to encounter? They are determined I shall not be surprised at any suffering that may come. I sat for above an hour one evening laughing in my sleeve at the affectionate trouble a good old Lady was taking to describe to me the nature of the pain I might expect, which, to repeat her own

words "*could only be compared to the torments of Hell, for it was impossible that anything on earth could equal it.*"

In my old hardened way, just as I hear of Earth-quakes, Hurricanes, etc., I smiled & said: "*Indeed! Dear me!*", and "*Well, then I am determined to have a boy, for certainly a girl cannot be worth all this trouble.*"

By the bye, Mrs Thompson was brought to bed the beginning of this Month & has got a girl; she wished for one, but if mine is a girl I shall sell it.

I am not breaking through my determination of keeping my situation a secret from you by all this gossip, for if I am not confined yet for a month this letter will not go out of my possession.

—I am afraid the good Lady was nearly in the right, for I am in such agony I cannot write any longer. Farewell at present, my beloved Mother." . . .

Then follows in Mr Rutherford's handwriting: "July 29th.—My dearest Madam, Thank God the alarm the beginning of this letter must give you can last no longer than it takes you to read to the foregoing line & that it already falls to my lot to tell you that all is happily over.

Eliza has proved quite prophetic. She said it would happen on the 29th & that it w'd be a boy, & was right in both.

When admitted to see her early this morning I said: "I must write to your Mother directly", not having the slightest idea that she had already begun a letter to you on the subject, even in the midst of her sufferings.

It is now 2 o Clock in the day, just twelve hours since the little fellow joined us, & both Mother & babe *look & are well*.

We have indeed kept our secret completely & I am truly glad of it. You have been saved many an anxious hour, & we the thought of your uneasiness.

—Yes, Orlando is now an *Uncle*, even in Ireland where, had it proved a Girl, he would only have been an *Aunt!*" . . .

I need not, my dear friend, proceed to copy the rest of Mr Rutherford's letter, which is throughout the testimony of a happy, delighted Husband, under the most interesting of circumstances.

Imagine, if you can, at once my astonishment & agitation

& joy. Think too my friend how much this concealment of Eliza's has befriended me. . . . To the love that I have ever borne her as a parent, to the esteem many instances of her right feeling & sound principles have won from me, is now added a sensation of fervent & profound gratitude for that self denial, that consideration for my feelings which induced her to conceal her situation from me.

Was it not heroical to write so cheerfully, even after her pains had begun? I wonder if a letter was ever written at such a moment before, or if there were, whether it contained anything but Ah's & Oh's! . . .

I wonder at Mrs Hewitt's encomiums on me, for certainly I did not always approve of her dashing style & was the more free in my censures as my eldest pupil is just of the age to adopt such an example. However, with all her coquetry, Mrs H. is certainly good-natured, & I thank her in an especial degree because I know her praise gave you pleasure. That she should commend *our* boy I do not wonder, for he was evidently much in her favor.

The day that your letter arrived he came, having on the Sunday left his Keys here. I read him passages,—sometimes his color rose, & a tear glistened in his eye.—“Tell her,” said he, “that no encrease of size or age ought to make a *chosen Mother* reluctant to kiss *her adopted son*”.

He knows what he owes to you. It was your interference that first emboldened me to snatch him from the destructive jurisdiction of his father & uncle. He sometimes portrays his former miseries & contrasts them with his present privileges in a forcible & affecting manner, & not even the wildest riot of his fantastic spirits ever make him heedless of my requests or injunctions. I wish you could peep at him—partly your own creation too—and a noble boy.

I am envied on his behalf. Robt Honnor stands at a vast distance from him. Father & Mother see it & the former has at times been a little sore on the superior notice Orlando attracts from the visitors, but the Mother, with candor & sweetness, acknowledges the fact, commends & caresses Lanno, & holds him up to son & daughters as an example. Mr Honnor is now also reconciled to let Orlando take the lead, & himself confers it on him very often.

What I once apprehended of Miss Honnor has been smoothed & saved by an intuitive feeling of propriety in Lanno's mind that seems above the scope of his years. He behaves to her invariably as to the younger girls, shews her no distinction nor any particular avoidance, never appears to seek or engross her, but walks or talks or dances with her & her sisters in common. One only distinction he practises, & that is that he never romps *with her*, or gives her his arm, but turns her over on these occasions to her brother & takes a younger. At Table, when he has the choice of Seats, he comes to my side, & leaves Robert to sit by Mary Anne.

These are only outlines,—a thousand little other observances of the kind he constantly uses, by which he has secured the confidence of the Mother who is jealously vigilant over this girl, & owns she was a little startled by the warmth of her encomiums on Orlando.—*Very* praiseworthy, as he has often been told by the female servants that all the girls are in Love with him, & that Miss Honnor worships the ground he steps on. (This was told me by Mrs Honnor's own maid, but that he seemed never to take any notice of it.)

The Baby, Emily, is fond of him, & he of her, but his nephew—Oh what pride & delight he feels at the idea of fondling & helping to rear his sister's babe. His impatience to join them was great before, but now it is scarcely to be repress'd, & unless any contingency happens to alter our views, & frustrate our present plans, he will go to the West Indies in the ensuing spring.

He is to be placed with one of the most considerable professors of the Law during the necessary period of his preparation for becoming a pleader in the West India Courts. Attorney & Barrister are united in the same person there, & Mr Rutherford believes that a young Man such as Lanno is likely to be, with such advantages of spirit, talent & manners as he supposes him to possess, cannot fail to be highly successful & soon to become independent. The preparations are not so expensive as in England & Mr R. says the progress is more rapid. Besides he urges the advantages & happiness Lanno may enjoy by partaking a happy home & having his Mother & sister at hand to stimulate & to guard him. Mr R.'s pictures have been enchanting of our domestic happiness together, &

caused Orlando & I to mingle tears & smiles as we read them.

His letters to Orlando have been cooler reasonings & statements on the nature of the profession, its claims & duties, all which Orlando has viewed & heartily adopted the determination to apply with all his soul to the attainment of the necessary knowledge. He attended all the trials of the last Cork assizes, & gathered some information.

With this plan is connected that of my uniting with Eliza to open a school at Barbadoes, on which they are both very sanguine. They have pressed me warmly to come out by the Fleet, but I have deferred my determination till next summer. My heart leans to the undertaking, but I will do nothing rashly.

Should I go, my dear friend, I shall again tax your friendship to procure me recommendatory letters. They are of great weight on that proud Island, & to be well spoken of myself from England, added to the favorable impression in my behalf gained by Eliza, will, she says, secure the whole Island zealously in our interests.

I have outrun my paper so much in prating of this good-looking boy, that I have not left room to detail all the considerations that tempt me to try my fortune in a new world, & must defer them till I write again. Do not think me mad at my time of life & with my infirmities. Eliza seems to think I shall recover from every ailment there & live for ever,—at any rate it is something to be nursed & tended by two such Children. . . .

I have not hinted here yet of the plan I have in consideration. If I go I will take care they shall have time to make due arrangements. It will be received as a calamity by Mrs H. & that is in return most painful to me. But they cd not keep me many years longer. I shall not be needed & I am an expensive Governess to them.—Will you cross the Atlantic with me, dear Mary? Ah! you have not my boldness. We cannot be sundered by bounds that seem more impassable than we now are. . . . Separations are odious things. How ill I managed my early fortunes to be tossed to & fro upon the globe when I ought to be stationary in my native land amidst the circle of my dearest connections.—These are painful thoughts! . . .

E FENWICK

LXI.—THE SCHOOLROOM AT LEE MOUNT

Dec. 21st. 1813.

Your letters, my dear Mary, have often excited painful emotions in my mind from their too faithful pourtrayings of unmerited wrongs & consequent sufferings, but this, which I received last night, has really kept me waking from exhilaration of spirits, . . . and here I am, risen between five & six o'clock on one of the darkest of Mornings, to tell you so.

I cannot however send this letter till next week, & my pleasure would have kept alive had I defer'd till day light its expression, but I could not sleep,—my thoughts were poring upon the contents of every part of your letter—& at length I had recourse to my tinder-box & lit my fire, that as soon as dress'd I might sit down to scribble to you while I hope and trust you are enjoying as sound a nap as good health, peace of mind, a conscience void of offence & a comfortable couch can afford you. . . .

What I say to you is in perfect confidence, I know, & therefore I will mention that I think Mr Honnor is involving his circumstances.

She has told me, & he in fact corroborated it, that from the time of his *fracas* with General Maitland, his Court Martial & his dismissal, they have been living on their Capital. His coming to England to lay the statement of his wrongs before the King etc. etc. must have been very expensive. The King's madness rendered his memorials useless.—The Prince would not interfere, because his father *might* recover, the Commander in Chief was the personal friend & adherent of General Maitland, & Mr Honnor could not get a step forwarder. . . .

I thought Mr H. should have paid my Apothecary in return for what I have done for the two little boys, but he did not ; however Orlando's favor, *home* & liberal accommodation, I consider as remuneration for extra services, & the treatment he has invariably received has been my stimulus for exertions beyond what I believed myself capable of & which, I believe, may have spoiled the situation for a hired successor.

I am astonished at my success in Music, & I have taught all three, though in London I bargained that Miss Honnor

shd have a Master, but the eminent Master of Cork will not go out of the Town, & with these roads & wet Climate to go in in all weathers was misery & endless consumption of time. Mr Honnor asked me to take Mary-Anne & such being the case I willingly consented. A Drawing Master comes, but other masters could not be had . . .

Shall I give you a detail of my week?—Monday.—(allow always for a walk before breakfast when weather allows. In summer we breakfast at 8, now at $\frac{1}{2}$ past). In School at nine (prayers before breakfast), Mary Anne at the instrument till 10; then begin the English by rote lessons, consisting of spelling, grammar, Geography, sections of Blair's Preceptor on the arts & sciences, & sections of History, together with prose reading from all; overlooking & attending to the progress of a small & large hand copy from both Helen & Fanny, & one large hand from Henry, with revising a Sum from each, fully occupying me till one & sometimes longer. While they write, Mary Anne is preparing her french translation for next day.—From that till half-past one I sometimes walk, sometimes play at Battledore & sometimes lounge & chat with Mrs H. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past one the Children dine & are ready by 2 or $\frac{1}{2}$ past two to return to the schoolroom. I then sit down to the Piano forte. While I give one her lesson, the other hears Henry & Charles read etc., & works. The Playing & singing occupies me till 5, or if I take an hour out of doors from 2 till 3, then I can only leave myself a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour to dress before dinner, which is fixed for 6, but most generally begins at $\frac{1}{2}$ past. Mary Anne only dines with us. Chatting over the fire side, tea at 8, & two rubbers of Casino between us four (when Orlando & Robert are not here), concludes our evening.

Tuesday Morning,—french lessons. Mary Anne is translating Charles 12th on paper, beside which she reads & translates from some other french book & illustrates some grammatical rule or parses. Helen translates a fable, reads & does french exercises on construction. Fanny learns dialogue & repeats a verb & is just beginning her fables.—The writing & Cyphering as the day before, only I give Mary but $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour at the instrument & so I have more leisure on french days.

Wednesday, pretty nearly like Monday, only I make them read the Maps & answer desultry questions in Geography,

which taking up more time I cut off the afternoon singing lesson in part, confining it to the *Sol Fa*.

Thursday,—the same course as Tuesday.

Friday,—Poetical or prose recitation, & general questions, with writing & music as usual.

Saturday Morning they do no Sums, write only a copy of figures &, in addition to their french lessons, question each other on all the arithmetical tables. Once a month I give some time on Saturday to questions on the Major & Minor scales of Music. (I forgot to say that on the Wednesday, Monday & Friday they each write an English exercise.) Each now practises 2 hours per day, including the time I am giving their lessons on the instrument. Saturday afternoon I generally take to myself. They take it by turns to practise one hour before breakfast & one hour in the evening, so that the instrument is regularly going 6 & often 7 hours in the day.

Sunday, if we do not go to Church, we read the Psalms & Lessons & some essay. In the evening, our merry youths being here, we play at definitions, similitudes, consequences or some of these games & are much amused.

Such is the general routine of my days. There are in the course of school hours many intervals, when the children are each employed, in which I can write a letter or use my needle. I make the girls work a little. They have made a set of shirts for Robert, & we have all been employed lately on baby-clothes for poor women. Mary Anne I have taught to make her own gowns, at which she has now become expert. I can seldom get at a book & when I can I read an hour at night.

It would not be easy to describe the contest & struggle to bring these girls to a regular course of occupation, but now the hours are not more regular in their succession than they to the order of their employments, & I have no trouble but with occasional fits of inattention or dullness of comprehension in some, & the warfare of their tempers among each other. . . .

I often, particularly on Fridays when I am speaking the whole morning, am quite exhausted, & the musical instruction is above all things fagging & laborious, but the confiding propriety with which Mrs Honnor leaves me to myself, reconciles me to it. The constant watchfulness of Mrs Mocatta

lest her children should not have *enough* made my toil a burthen upon the heart rather than the head, & created sensations which now never assail me. . .

Our visitors, always few, are fewer, for Mr Honnor is offended with Sir Nicholas Coulthurst because he declines bringing the affair of Genl Maitland before Parliament.

It was this business brought him to London when I saw him there. When it is mentioned before Mrs Honnor, every nerve seems to thrill with agony. She is convinced, as well as all their connections, that it is an inevitable calamity, & that the violence of his conduct & his bold but imprudent & impolitic throwing up of his command at Macheragh & exposure of the errors & peculations both of the civil & military Governors during the Canadian war, not only raised a host of enemies but threw him into their power.

We have however had an unexpected accession of company, for General Forbes has come to take command of the troops in this part of Ireland.

General F. & the Lady now his wife went to India in the same Vessel that carried Mr Honnor & Miss Cotgrave, now Mrs H., to Bombay, above 18 years ago. The two Ladies, marrying soon after these their shipmates, went to different stations, & never met again till now that their eldest daughters are 16 years old.

The General, his Lady & three daughters passed a week with us, & no one ever better knew how to keep company alive & at their ease than Mr & Mrs H.,—but most particularly he. The General is cheerful, sociable & frank,—she amiable, I believe, but cold & quiet to a chilling degree. They have had no son among six girls & a large fortune is entailed on their *male* Heir. I believe the General would give his eyes willingly to make Orlando his own Son. They were in the course of the first evening upon the most intimate footing & the first merriment, beyond a languid smile, I saw from Mrs Forbes, was a continuance of hearty laughter at a dutch story of Orlando's, which he tells with excessive humour, & which Mrs Honnor always makes him repeat to every guest he meets here.

This boy always contrives to play (according to a common proverb) the first fiddle, yet his air & deportment is so modest

that he only seems to be calling others out, while he in fact fixes all notice.

The young people had a dance given them (Orlando has learnt in Cork & dances exceedingly well now), & while the girls were resting, Mrs Honnor desired Orlando to dance a caricature Irish Jig which he invented & taught, with a mock Minuet, to Robert. They did, to the great entertainment of their audience, & when they had done, the General went up to Orlando & seizing him by the front hair, held up his face & looked at him some moments, with an expression obviously of *would you were mine*, which a sigh when he released him seemed to confirm.

Orlando & Robert have since spent a day by invitation at the General's house at Glananire. These are advantages as to forming the manners of this dear boy, who has met with several such, but how valueless are they compared with his walks & conversations with you at Wandsworth.

I sometimes fancy that the growth of his intellect does not keep pace with that of his form, except in whim & vivacity, for he is a mere boy still, & dotes on tops, marbles, bats, balls & leap frog. Yet a very grave & studious young Physician of Cork, related to Mr Honnor & rising into reputation for his lectures & writings, has taken a fancy to Orlando, & invites him often to his house.

Robert Honnor has greatly improved in spirit & manliness of deportment since he went to school with Orlando. They are always together, generally dress alike, & are the two finest boys I see in this part of the world.

I am very glad to observe that Orlando seems to keep clear, whether by principle or constitution I know not, of sexual propensities. I cannot bear the idea of boys of his age aping the sensualities of men, & yet it is very usual. Mr Honnor was a father before he was 17. Nor does Orlando as yet lend himself to the romance of falling in love. Naturally gallant & gentle towards the sex, he pays them great attention, is pleased that the handsomest girl at the dancing school generally falls to him as a partner, but never speaks of any girl with an animation beyond such a point. Living among great boys (for his school fellows are all so), & sitting at Table here after we females retire to the drawing room, with Officers

& Gentlemen who indulge in very free conversations, he cannot be ignorant on such topics, but he gives no visible or coarse token of his knowledge, & though he has a laugh ready for Mr Honnor's sly jokes, the laugh seems to be more at the humour & point than at the allusion, & never offends against delicacy. I suspect this to be owing to conversations he has had with a brother of Mr Humphries,—a young Man of great vivacity but great purity of Manners. God grant that Orlando may thus persevere, for how few moral virtues can adorn the Maturity of a man who has spent his youth in debasing scenes of debauchery.

I await with great anxiety Eliza's next letters. They will probably decide my plans. One of the first proposers & warmest friends of our school at Barbadoes has left the Island, & a second patron is dead. Sanguine as my dear girl is on the scheme, she has been too constantly warned by my cautions & by her anxiety for my welfare, not to take some alarm at this, & to employ her every means of re-enquiring narrowly into our prospects.

Shd it be advisable from any doubt of complete success for me to lay aside the prospect, I should not like to send Orlando, as perhaps the Rutherfords might come home, & I shd then prefer getting him into some employment in London. Some way or other this spring must see him settled. His impatience is great & my anxiety unceasing.

Thank you for your heart-felt wishes towards my excellent girl. I have had letters, charming letters, up to the 22nd of September, but have left no room for extracts. She writes as playfully about her babe as about all other things, & amidst the sportive accusations she makes of its being the destruction of all her comforts, I trace the fondness of a doting Mother. She is I perceive a slave to her care . . . and will not suffer him to be carried out of her sight.

Wednesday 29th. . . . We have had dreadful floods & constant rains. My favorite lower wood walk is destroyed. Our house, thick as the walls are, is penetrated by the constant wet. Tho' I have a fire almost every evening in my chamber, in one corner the paper is mildewing & loosening from the wall. Yet I certainly am much better than I was last winter & in particular more free from Rheumatism.

I can easily account for better health from my greater freedom from anxiety of mind. I was then miserable about Eliza, & Mrs. Hewitt etc. was here. It is very silly, but the moment company come into the house I grow low-spirited, seem to be an unconnected, dependant being & am always looking for neglects that I never meet with. . .

Orlando shd have written a scrap of thanks & affectionate wishes, but Mr Honnor, in despight of the weather, is making their Hollidays very busy for them. Each day they have been out shooting from light to dark, & tomorrow they go out hunting. They have but a fortnight.

I wd rather keep Orlando at home, both because of a severe cough & because I shd like to give him other employments, but Mr H. means it for pleasure & wd take my opposition ill. Besides the boys themselves are so much enchanted with joining in mannish sports, that I think it injudicious to say a word. . . .

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me

ever affectionately yours

E FENWICK

LXII.—FRESH PLANS FOR ORLANDO

LEE MOUNT, *April 13, 1814.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . Selfishness will not suffer me to delay any longer asking for that kind, that ready assistance which has ever been so prompt & zealous for my benefit.

Time pressing so much, I cannot at present enter into the details of why I think it my duty *not* to allow Orlando to go to the West Indies. Mr Rutherford's & Eliza's intentions and wishes are as generous & sincere as ever, but some unlucky contingencies have fallen in their way, & struggling as they are in the outset of life, I will not burthen their labours with such an expence as from the answers to my *direct* enquiries I find it would be to push Orlando forward in the Law across the Atlantic. Nor will I use any portion of their money, unless fortune should become very lavish in her favors to them.

Yet it is, as you justly say, high time to fix him, & I am looking round with indescribable anxiety & embarrassment as to the means.

You are, I suppose, visiting again your family connections. Do I make a troublesome or injudicious solicitation when I ask you to enquire among them, or of any commercial acquaintance, for a vacant situation that this boy can fill?

You know him & love him, but do not recommend him too warmly, lest he seem below your estimate. Sixteen he will be next month, with a sound constitution & not untractable disposition. He has (& it was his own plan) latterly applied himself to learn book-keeping under a brother of his schoolmaster, who was chief Clerk in some Irish Commercial house. Of his progress I do not pretend to judge, but if it were incompetent, I wd get him lessons from Tate of Throgmorton Street, who I remember to have heard is an eminent teacher of Counting-House business. Orlando himself, I must tell you, is of opinion that he needs no further instruction beyond what practice will give him.

I do not imagine that at first he can look for much remuneration, nor shall I be reluctant to bear the chief burthen of his maintenance till he shall be deemed equal to such employment as will provide for his support. Bear in your mind, my dear friend, that I do not attempt to choose. Situated as I am, I must look to casualties for the fixing of his destination. I name Offices & Counting-houses as places that occur to my mind, not as directing you or any benevolent person who would assist him to get forward, how he is to be established.

I will say no more than that he is very decently equipped in point of Wardrobe, & I hope & trust will not in any way disgrace your recommendation. . . .

I could send Orlando to London speedily, but unless anything should offer I propose keeping him till next month here.

Now, my dear friend, excuse this short & selfish letter. I have many *extracts* I long to send you, & much to say on my own views. . . .

Public events seem little short of miraculous. Engrossed

by my own affairs, I yet cannot help looking at them with great emotion. . . .

Your affectionate

E FENWICK

I have written a line to Mr Robinson about Orlando in the cover of this letter.

LXIII.—THE BARBADOES SCHEME ABANDONED

LEE MOUNT, *May 24th*, 1814.

Thank you, my dear friend, for the readiness with which you undertake every service the embarrassment of my situation urges me to require.

Thank you also sincerely for the affectionate warmth which your advice displays, but even your zeal has failed to convince me that I am not acting precisely as I ought when I persevere in declining to send Orlando to his Sister. Both my letters to you were written in moments of pressure of time & thought, & I did not mention what has been my chief inducement to lay aside that Plan.

Eliza with the beginning of the new year began the project of a school in Barbadoes *for me*, upon the prudent consideration of making an experiment upon the professions of those who had loudly & long declared that if she & *her* mother opened a school on the Island, the greatest encouragement would be given, & that it must inevitably be a *most* profitable undertaking.

She deemed this to be the more necessary as one of her warmest patronesses & possessing great influence had, during Eliza's residence at Antigua, removed to England to continue there the education of her two little boys. The Commissioner, her Husband, whom Eliza thought during the two months of her visit to their house (after leaving Mr Dyke's) a very moral & steady man, has, since his wife's departure, indulged in open licentiousness, & keeps two Creole mistresses in his dwelling house, which of course puts a stop to all intercourse & the possibility of using his recommendation.

Another valuable connection was lost by that littleness of mind which constantly stands in the way.—Mrs Beccles, the

Atty Genl's wife, who had imbibed quite a *passion* for having me as Governess to her Grandchildren, felt proudly & weakly resentful at her liberal proposals being rejected, & frankly told Eliza that she would not give any support to the school plan.

Resolving therefore to try the remaining likelihoods, as I said before, she advertized & commenced with Mary Olton, the Niece & heiress of the Sopers, who never had children.

Mr Rutherford & Eliza had made a very scrupulous calculation on numbers & profit, & fixed the terms at what they deemed not exorbitant & but a just & a bare remuneration for the risques to me of voyage & change of climate, deeming it unwise for me to encounter such changes without the prospect of doing more than gaining mere daily subsistence.

Five strangers within the first fortnight called on Eliza & gave her their children, but at the end of two months not one of those who had been most eager to recommend the adoption of the project had come forward. Three causes were alleged for their delay, viz.—that the terms were *very high*;—that *I* was so long in determining to come that it appeared very doubtful whether I ever would come;—& lastly that if I declined coming to Barbadoes, it was not likely that Mrs R. would stay to carry on the school, so that they had better wait a little while, lest they should incur the inconveniences of removing their children & paying fresh entrances to other schools.

But according to old proverbs “while the Grass grows the Steed starves”.—Eliza & Mr R. will have embarrassed themselves & sunk their money in an experiment which my courage shrinks from. They are still persuaded that if I had been there, or was actually on my progress thither, the success would equal our hopes, & they judge so from the eager sensation in Feby, spread through their connections by the report that I was actually a passenger on board a West India Man coming into the Harbour, & had sent notice of my arrival by the Pilot's boat; & the Sopers, who hear & repeat all the pros & cons, warmly urge my hastening to Barbadoes with the least delay possible. But I have lost my courage & cannot undertake the enterprise. I have to my own thoughts relinquished the project & have so written to the Rutherfords.

To be much longer separated from me I am convinced Eliza will not endure, & when they receive that letter they will anxiously turn their eyes homewards. How then, or why, should I send Orlando to a West Indian Island to be destitute of protectors & to have no one to form for him those connections hereafter necessary to serve him? I never contemplated his going but in conjunction with my establishment there, & that establishment, which shewed such promising features in perspective, I thought would enable me to bear a share in the heavy expence of carrying their wishes for his destination into effect. The schemes rose together & together they fall.

I feel now that I was imprudent in not adopting the measure of the school when first laid before me. I ought to have felt that my demanding a twelvemonth's consideration & delay must necessarily check the zeal of persons who had merely founded that zeal on the caprices of a supposition. I think their doubts of me are the very natural result of my earlier doubts & timidity, but still I think such hesitation so natural & indeed becoming to a poor, storm-beaten pilgrim like me, that I make no self-reproaches.

Orlando's outset is unfavorable. One hope after another has been held up to his view, first by one & then the other parent without due consideration on either part. He has however so much more to commend than to blame in my conduct towards him, that I trust I shall never have my mistakes pointed out by him.

I perceive that he must be a mere daily drudge at the desk, without looking beyond. . . . Here I cannot let him remain. It would be destruction now to keep him unemployed & pining to be employed. Encounter what difficulties I may, I see but one means,—that of *bringing him* to London myself, to solicit everywhere & of everybody their enquiries or recommendation.

I should have taken the first Packet after the receipt of your letter, but that I am very anxious to avoid missing my West India letters, which I have been daily expecting this month past, & also because I had expended every shilling of my gains up to the end of last quarter & am obliged to serve half of the next to collect enough to bring us to London.

I hope to begin my voyage about the 10th of June &, allow-

ing a week for my progress, pray write me a line on the 17th, directed to the care of Mr Lamb, No. 4, *Inner Temple Lane, Fleet Street*, saying where or how I may see you. . . .

What I am to do with myself I know not. I have no house or friend to receive me. The critical state of Miss Lamb's health will not allow that I should make the smallest demand on her spirits, & Mr Lamb wrote to entreat that I would not even consult with her about Orlando's destination. . . . I have one or two real & warm-hearted friends, but they are scarcely less poor than myself.

At present I certainly think of *returning* to Ireland, but casualties may occur. Mr Honnor is advertizing the sale of *Lee Mount*. His last application to be restored to his army rank has been most decidedly rejected. Counsellor's opinion say he cannot get redress in the Courts of Law. His horses have been more & more unsuccessful. He is involved in two unpromising Law Suits. Miss Honnor, near 17, is old enough to quit the schoolroom, & I cannot help anticipating some change in their plans of living that will part us. If so I must shift for myself & my boy in London.

I need not request you, dear Mary, to be still on the watch for some means of giving employment to Orlando. Thank you for applying to Mr Tooke. Think for me whether it would be advisable or proper for me to wait on him or on anyone else you mention with my solicitations.

My health is not very good just now, but according to Dr Buchan my present complaints are all nervous. Uneasiness of mind & considerable mental labour, with that irritation which the adverse inclinations & negligences of Children create, I take to be the cause, & probably a voyage & change of scene may do me good,—though to own the truth, my present luxuries & comforts look very desirable contrasted with the expectation of *no home & an empty purse* in London.

Do not think me insane for tempting such difficulties ; I should be insane, & almost deserve to be so, were I not to make a desperate effort, since none other presents itself, to serve this Boy.

Promising myself that with such humble expectations as mine, I could have more easily fixed him, I did think when I wrote before of sending him alone, fancying Miss Lamb

might be well enough to take the guardianship.—Both expectations being erroneous, my course is very distinctly though not very pleasantly marked out.

Do not forget to send a line for me to the Temple & contrive a meeting for us. . . . Think now what an outcast I am. Oh what a sheltered & happy being shall I feel myself when fortune, weary of persecuting me, re-unites me to my affectionate Girl. She says that a moment's happiness lives in her estimation beyond Months of sorrow. I must adopt that creed, & think that the pleasure of now meeting you in London will counterbalance the anxieties that bring me thither.

Farewell, dear friend,

Yours sincerely

E FENWICK

PART IV
THE WEST INDIES

LXIV.—REUNION

BRIDGE TOWN, BARBADOES, *Dec. 11th*, 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I wish I could be assured that the apprehensiveness of your affection has not been disquieted by the long interval that stretches itself between the periods of your now hearing from me, for I never wake in the morning but the thought of your probable alarm & uneasiness recurs most painfully to my mind.

December is now passing on, & most likely it will be Feby before this comes to your hand. It was in August that you had my last letter, & remembering, as you will infallibly remember, how much earlier I had tidings of Eliza after she left her native shores, I cannot but dread the fears that may be awakened in your mind, or the conjectures you may pass on my silence. But voyages differ,—Eliza's was boisterous but swift,—ours was calm, placid, & tardy.

We were called on board by the Signal guns at Day-break on the 23rd of August, & set sail, but the wind shifting, & the Fleet being very large, the Commodore hoisted signals for returning, & we cast anchor again in St Helen's Bay, Isle of Wight, the same evening.

Three times in the course of the ensuing week we set sail & returned, nor did we finally put to sea till the 1st of Sepr.

We lay three days at Cove, & 8 days at Madeira, nor did we even see the Island of Barbadoes till the 28th of Ocr. Yet the weather was uncommonly fine the whole way, with the exception of one 24 hours as we crossed the Bay of Biscay, which our Capn called merely a *little rough*, but which, from

the dreadful sickness the rolling of the vessel occasioned, seemed to me tremendous.

All beside was bright sunshine & light winds, & many vessels of the Fleet being very slow sailors, our ship & others who could have made the voyage in half the time were obliged to keep back lest they should out-run the Convoy. This is an inconvenience often attending sailing in fleets, but the security is an indemnification.

It was a tedious, dreary time to me. The first three weeks I suffered dreadfully from sickness,—the rest of the voyage I was relieved from that suffering, but was still utterly unable to do anything for my amusement. I could neither read, write, or work, & the days & nights crawled on with a lassitude beyond description.

Orlando, too, found it very tedious, though he had many resources,—in his flute, learning how to work the ship, & playing at draughts with, or hearing of the miseries of french captivity from Mr Nichols, our only fellow passenger, a young man returning to his mother at Barbadoes, after being nine years & a half in a french Prison.

The only parts of the voyage I remember with pleasure were first, our casting anchor at Cove, which gave Orlando & I the opportunity of paying a hurrying visit to Lee Mount, where we were received with equal astonishment & delight. I was very glad we went there, for something of sullenness in Mr Honnor when we met in London had created a suspicion in my mind that in ceasing to serve them I had lost their friendship. I wronged them, particularly Mrs Honnor, & from the first to the lowest of the family, their evident pleasure in seeing me again gave me a sincere & commendable satisfaction.

The second agreeableness of the voyage was of an inferior nature,—it has nothing to do with feeling, it was only a gratification of taste at sight of the picturesque & romantic Island of Madeira. We had also a gratification of appetite there, for though the anchoring of such a large fleet had the immediate effect of raising the markets, yet we could buy 30 fine peaches for sixpence & 40 delicious figs for a coin of half that value. Pears, apples & oranges in the same proportion, but grapes were somewhat dearer. The indescribable fertility of the Island in fruits of every species almost, its romantic mountains

etc., afford great pleasure to the stranger, but no English eye can look on the squalid, wretched appearance of the lower class of the portuguese inhabitants without disgust. Of the higher classes I had no opportunity of judging, but we saw crowds of fat, thriving priests & friars, & the splendor of decoration in the churches equalled descriptions I have read but surpassed anything I ever saw before.

As I have already told you, we reached Barbadoes, our Land of Promise, on the 28th of October.

—My meeting with Eliza, with her husband & child, I will not attempt to describe. No, my friend, your heart so alive to all the refinements of genuine feeling will readily conceive how much that hour seemed to reward me for all previous suffering. Yet the delight, pure & holy as was its source, did not exist without its alloy.—I was shocked at the alteration in Eliza. She had been very ill. Her strength, her flesh, were wholly gone, her cheeks as colorless as the paper on which I write, & the hue of her skin changed from its brown to a ghastly yellow. I do assure you, with the strictest truth, that had I met her in any street or in any room in England I should not have known her till she spoke. Orlando had exactly the same impression.

She looks somewhat better now, or I am more accustomed to the change. Her heart & her principles are still the same, or perhaps improved. Her spirits have not constantly their former vivacity, because the debility she feels checks them & because she has annoyances & fatigue in the management of our little household that the mistress of an English family, with even the worst of English servants, can form no idea of.

Our domestics are Negroes, hired from their owners, & paid at what seems to me an exorbitant rate. With our small family we are obliged to keep three, or if we wash at home four, & with that number one third of the work Eliza does herself, & another third is necessarily left undone, as she cannot do more than her strength will allow. They are a sluggish, inert, self-willed race of people, apparently inaccessible to gentle & kindly impulses. Nothing but the dread of the whip seems capable of rousing them to exertion, & not even that, as I understand, can make them honest. Pilfering seems habitual & instinctive among domestic slaves.

It is said they are worse slaves & servants in this Island than in many others because there is less severity made use of.—It is a horrid system, that of slavery, & the vices & mischiefs now found among the Negroes are all to be traced back to that source. Bounded as my present experience is, I could say much more on this subject, but will defer it to return to myself,—a dearer theme I trust both to you & to me.

I have spoken of the pleasures of my arrival, I must now speak of subsequent pains.—We had but a few days to enjoy each other's society in comfort, when I fell alarmingly & dangerously ill. They say my own imprudence was the cause. I was strictly enjoined by Eliza & Mr Rutherford to close the Jalousies of my chamber windows when I went to Bed, but the heat was oppressive to me beyond endurance, & I could not believe that the night air, balmy & refreshing as it felt, was dangerous, so I opened my Jalousies to inhale the breeze & to gaze, as I lay in bed, on stars more brilliant & luminous than I had ever seen before. This indulgence, I am told, produced an inflammation in my blood.

I was very bad. The Physician who was called in, as well as my terrified family, deemed me in great danger, but I recovered, & have bitterly repented my not taking advice, not only on account of the suffering & weakness I have brought on myself, but in behalf of the dreadful expence I thus created for Mr & Mrs Rutherford. Medicine & Medical advice is enormously dear here. The Physicians of celebrity receive a Jo, or two guineas, a visit, & I was visited twice in the 24 hours while my disorder was at its height. I am now nearly well & my greatest inconvenience is an extreme dimness of sight, which renders the writing of this letter a painful effort.

I had just passed the crisis of my disease, when the fleet sailed by which I intended to have written to you. Eliza had in her desk a half-written letter to Miss Lamb, to which she added a line saying I had arrived & forwarded it by the fleet, but her time, as you may suppose, between me, the school & the household, was too fully occupied to allow her to attempt a letter. The Barbadoes Packet sailed from hence the very day before our arrival, so that opportunity of writing to you has

not been favorable, but not willingly neglected. I write now by the Island Packet, which goes round the Islands to collect letters, & may not reach England these three months.

The heat is to me almost intolerable & I have a secret fear I shall not be easily enured to bear it. Eliza finds it even *cold*, & Orlando is quite cool, while I am melting at every pore.

Our prospects, I am assured, are excellent, & one of the wealthiest men of the Island told me yesterday the only danger was of our having *too large* a school. Eliza & Mr Rutherford are no less sanguine on the subject, but the dearness of living & the hideous expence of servants create fears in my mind. Perhaps my reduced state, from bleeding, blistering & pain, may subject & bow down my courage, & therefore take no notice of this suggestion, for even before it reaches you, my spirits & hopes may revive.

Orlando is quite well, but I was misinformed in London respecting the ease of placing him in a Commercial House here. There are at this moment six young men of good families here waiting for a probable vacancy in a great Merchant's office, & another merchant, to whom I brought letters, tells me he is not only overstocked with young Clerks, several of whom have given £100 premiums for their admission, but that every mercantile house he knows is in the same predicament. Numbers have poured from England on this speculation of late, & together with the natives have blocked up every opening. This sinks my spirits a little. A trial is now making to get him into a Government office. The Law he himself positively rejects, & he judges rightly. When I write again perhaps this anxiety may be over.

It is with real pleasure I tell you that nothing can be more kind, considerate, attentive & affectionate than Mr Rutherford's conduct to us both. He is an admirable husband too, & has both taste & talent. More of him hereafter.—It is time I take my leave, with every kind & affectionate remembrance from Eliza & Orlando.

I long to hear from you. . . . Write me a very, very long letter. It will be most welcome & precious to her who is ever gratefully & affectionately yours

E FENWICK

LXV.—SCHOOL-KEEPING IN BARBADOES

March 21 & April 12th, 1815.

It seems a long & dreary interval, my dear friend, since I heard from you. How is it? Have you not yet written to me, or have the desired letters been in the Packets which the Americans have taken? Peace, we are assured, is now signed, & now I shall no longer dread these consequences of war. It is almost the eve of 7 months since I left the shores of *dear* England (8 since I bade farewell to dearer friends), and 5 since I arrived here, yet not one line, either from England or Ireland, has yet reached me.

There is something very formidable & appalling in this chasm of separation from long tried & valued connections. I think of it & feel it more than I expected. In the amusements of Novelty I cannot lose the regrets of the heart. I am too old to enter with avidity into new hopes, & from the liveliest speculations of my children I often shrink into a feeling of desolateness which I do not of course avow. I have my children, it is true, but I still miss the intercourse of such a friend as you, my dear Mary, & as my years increase I shall grow more & more conscious of this deprivation, little as adverse circumstances have allowed me its enjoyment.

When I quitted England, I thought I should never return, but so little do I feel myself *at home* in this Climate & Country, that I cannot forbear looking forward to the probability of a return. Prosperous I am likely to be, & very healthy I am at present, so perhaps, dear Mary, we may meet again & compare the various & harrassing changes it has been our lot to endure.

When I arrived, Mrs Rutherford had 14 Pupils, one of whom, a young Lady of 17, had only been sent for a year & consequently quitted at Christmas. We have now 30, & have notice of several others who are yet coming. These are all day scholars & as we have had many applications for boarders, we are now looking out for a suitable house, to be enabled to receive them also. . .

At present the income of our school exceeds our expences, & with the encrease we expect I allow the first two years to

clear us of all debt, including the money sunk in my & Orlando's passage & preparation.

The books I brought out have sold very well, & very few remain now on hand, but the elegant Piano-forté I had of Mr Whitaker is unsold. The principal Music Master here has taken infinite pains to prevent my getting a share of the trade of instrument selling, & has sunk his prices lower than I can afford to do. This is inconvenient, for we shall probably keep it a long time after we pay for it. . . .

Our prices are high, very high.—Our day scholars pay from ten to thirty or forty guineas pr annum, according to what they learn. These charges are much higher than the other schools (which are to me surprisingly numerous) and keep us in the higher & wealthy classes, thus securing us from bad debts.

At present we are *in fashion*, & those rich families who do not send their daughters to England, give them to us.—And very hard we work for them.—

We commence our labour at 7 o'clock in the morning, & often hear the roll of wheels bringing our pupils by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 & even sooner;—at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 we suspend the business for breakfast, & then to you it would be an extraordinary sight to pass through the ante-room & see it lined with female slaves, attending with their young Ladies' breakfasts, mostly attired in picturesque costume,—white muslin petticoats, colored jackets, colored cotton or silk Handkerchiefs on their heads most fancifully put on, & very frequently coral & gold Necklaces of a value & beauty that a London Belle might envy. They always attract my eye from the symmetry & beauty of their forms as well as their fantastic attire. In their manners they have a polished civility that frequently exceeds the good breeding of their owners; but except demeanour & outward form they are a detestable set of people,—idle, ungrateful, dirty, dishonest & profligate in the extreme.

To return to our occupation,—at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 (after our own breakfast) we recommence school, & continue till 4 o'clock, allowing an hour's interval from $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1 when the young ladies have their luncheons brought & amuse themselves. Thus they come in the cool of the Morning & return not till the great heat of the day is past.

Our rooms are large & airy, indeed we have often such a current of wind blowing through the rooms that without weights we could not keep anything on the Tables. Had we any spare chambers we would strive to make our present house do at least till we had 50 scholars.

Mr Rutherford teaches the writing, Arithmetic, & Geography, & the last mentioned in a manner so extended & so connected with History, General knowledge, & the Planetary System, as I never saw it taught before. I always wish to listen when he is teaching, though I seldom have the opportunity, we keep our pupils so constantly employed.

I have three pupils in music. Mrs R. 8 for dancing. At present I relieve her as much as possible from application in the school for she has the house-keeping to attend to, her boy to look after, & several infirmities belonging to her situation to endure.

I am glad to be constantly employed, for with all our good prospects, I must own to you, my dear friend, that I never feel as if I were stationary, that I do not like the Country, & that in every leisure moment when I turn to myself I have the painful feeling of a stranger wandering in a foreign land. Keep this in your own breast. It is but to you I say it. It would be ungrateful to the attention I receive to own that I am not entirely happy.

I suppose this mental discontent will wear away as Habit enures me to new customs & manners, but one thing will ever militate against my contentment,—the negro Slaves. Slaves *we* have none, but we hire them at high wages of their owners for servants, & no imagination can form an idea of the unceasing turmoil & vexation their management creates. To kindness & forbearance they return insolence & contempt. Nothing awes or governs them but the lash of the whip or the dread of being sent into the fields to labour. With us, therefore, they pursue a regular course of negligence, lies & plunder, the latter of which they carry on with a cunning & ingenuity that is surprising.

Of course the best slaves are not hired out, but kept for their owners' domestic purposes. With few exceptions they are admirably well treated on this Island, & yet it is generally observed that they are worse servants here than in other places.

It is a horrid & disgraceful System. The female slaves are really encouraged to prostitution because their children are the property of the owner of the mothers. These children are reared by the Ladies as pets, are frequently brought from the negro houses to their chambers to feed & sleep, & reared with every care & indulgence till grown up, when they are at once dismissed to labour & slave-like treatment.

—What is still more horrible, the Gentlemen are greatly addicted to their women slaves, & give the fruit of their licentiousness to their white children as slaves. I strongly suspect that a very fine Mulatto boy about 14 who comes here to help wait on the breakfast & luncheon of two young Ladies, our pupils, is their own brother, from the likeness he bears to their father. It is a common case & not thought of as an enormity. It gives me disgusted antipathy & I am ready to hail the Slave & reject the Master.

An impassable boundary here separates the white from the colored people (many of whom are a fair, light haired people); & those Creoles whose wealth would introduce them to the first circles in England a white beggar would not speak to here. We cannot admit a Creole pupil, yet some Creole families on this Island live splendidly & are very rich. I wonder they do not remove to England.

All this puts me out of temper. I believe I am growing childish, & inclined to everything out of my reach, for the narrowest means in England seem preferable to a liberal provision here.

At length Orlando is fixed,—placed for three years with a young Merchant whose enterprising spirit grasps at a great extent of business & keeps up a perpetual round of occupation.

His first year's Salary will not do more than find him in Clothes. He boards & sleeps with us. His second year will provide him, & his third leave him a little over-plus, beside the permission to begin to trade for himself at the end of the second year if he can procure means or credit.

His employer commends his activity, which must appear singular compared with the frequent lassitude of the West Indian Clerks.

I have an entire confidence now in the energy & application he will give to business, but greatly do I fear that the practices

of severity, which are really essential in the government of Negroes, may chill & close his heart against those general sympathies which appear to me essential to the excellence of character.

There are many things here, I mean in the manners of the people, unfavorable to the formation of a young man, but probably his stay here will not be long enough for him to acquire those vices of Manhood which are to me so repugnant ; for *Peace* is by no means favorable to the commercial speculations of this Island.

We it is very likely may suffer by it materially. It has been ratified since the commencement of this letter, & already we have notice that four of our scholars will leave us to accompany their families, preparing in consequence of the security of peace, to leave Barbadoes. There are children enough left, no doubt, for our purpose in this most populous of Islands, & we are connected with that class generally whose estates bind them to continuance & who are independant of such casualties.

Do not be alarmed for us ;—you may be sure our prospects are good, for Eliza has been offered 24 GUINEAS per week & a clear benefit to join the Company performing at Jamaica. Averse as she is to the Stage, prudence would determine her on accepting this proposal, if we had not the fairest hopes here from our present extraordinary success. Orlando seems to think it may be hereafter most to his advantage to go to America, but that is a future consideration entirely.

How I long to hear from you. How dismal seems this length of silence ! . . . It is shameful to feel & perhaps shameful to confess it, but when a vessel sets sail for England from hence, it seems to carry my heart with it. Yet my ties here are strong & encreasing. I am fond of my little grandson, who is a very engaging child, & I almost daily expect the birth of a second, whose helplessness will lay claim to my affections. Still these very ties do but encrease my longings to return to that Country where I should no longer feel myself a stranger.

Farewell, my dear, dear friend. Do not neglect to write to me, I beseech you, . . .

LXVI.—PROSPERITY

BARBADOES, *July 3rd, 8th & 11th. (1815).*

After believing that you, my dear Mary, as well as every one else in England had forgotten me, I was relieved from that painful apprehension by the arrival of your kind, affectionate & cheerful letter. . . .

You will no longer have to complain of my not writing sufficiently in detail, for some of my voluminous epistles must long since have reached you. I half suspect one might be lost in the Montrose Packet, but the other must have come to hand. I cannot exactly say whether I have written twice or thrice since the short letter you acknowledge, & my uncertainty on this point would not surprise you if you knew how totally my memory is annihilated and how constantly I am bewildered with a multiplicity of occupations, almost beyond my power of performing.

Since I wrote last, Mrs Rutherford has brought us a second little boy, & in the first week of her confinement had an illness from the effects of which she is but now recovering.

At the very period of her danger, we were robbed by two of our Servants, & beside the loss we sustained I had all the inconvenience of increased household claims without due assistance. I never underwent more fatigue, for night & day was the same, yet except weariness I had no bodily complaint, & on the whole I think my health has mended since my residence at Barbadoes.

. . . Of the prickly-heat, however tormenting, I do not speak as a disease, because it belongs to the fermentation caused by the climate in the blood or juices, & is looked upon as a preservative from worse ills. My old complaint has never returned, & considering the exertion & exhaustion I undergo daily, I must allow that the climate has been beneficial to me.

Nothing is so common here as old Ladies of from 80 to 100 years of age. The men shorten their period by intemperance & sensuality. I do not I assure you wish to be one of these great Grandmothers. I do not love life the better as I extend my acquaintance with it. Yet I should like to live & have health enough to revisit England, dear England, when I can

do so without being an incumbrance on the Sympathy of my friends in behalf of my undecided prospects.

I have the satisfaction to assure you that, greatly as my first dislike of the Climate induced me to fear some interruption to the success of our plans, I can no longer doubt the accomplishment of Mr Rutherford's fairest prophecies. We have now 37 pupils,—one boarder, at £100 per ann, though we have only opened our *boarding* school a fortnight, a second expected this week, & several others spoken of as coming.

We have removed into a very fine house, for the accomodation of boarders, & from the calls of enquiry & cards sent for, it is not being unreasonably sanguine to expect that our school room, before the expiration of this year, will contain 50 Scholars. Beyond that number I do not mean to go, nor would it be possible without sending to England for assistance. Already I have not, from $\frac{1}{2}$ past six in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, an interval of rest, unless I take it from the performance of some prescribed duty.

Eliza's long indisposition has rendered her unable to take any material share in the school business, for she had not indeed strength enough to encounter the difficulties occurring in the management of the household. We have however at last fortunately got a superintending Servant, & if his honesty, which we have at present no reason to doubt, equals his activity, he will prove a treasure. Already Mrs R is relieved from many claims & as her strength encreases, her assistance will greatly lighten my shoulders of their burthen.

Our removal has been attended with much expence on account of necessary purchases, but our income is equal to all we expend *now*, & will, after the coming quarter, leave an over-plus.

Perhaps you will be frightened, & be inclined to doubt our prudence, when I tell you that the rent of our new dwelling is £300 pr ann. Enormous as that sounds, it is considered to be very cheap; for large stores belong to the house, so well situated that we have already let one for £100 pr ann, & have another equally valuable for which we have had proposals. Houses are at a high rate & very difficult to be got. The Island has, as I daresay you know, a most extraordinary population for its size, & the Town is of course crowded with inhabitants.

I should prefer living in the Country, but our day-school bringing in nearly £800 pr ann, is too valuable to be relinquished.

Our House is not connected with any other building & its spacious, lofty rooms draw such a current of air through them that I have ceased to make an Outcry about the heat, because I do not feel half the annoyance I did.

Perhaps the toil I undergoe deadens my susceptibility of heat, by leaving me no unoccupied moment to lament it. We dine at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4, & by the time I rise from Table, the exhaustion of my day's labour takes its empire, & though I may have made a thousand wise resolutions of taking up my pen to address a dear Friend, I am incapable of the effort, & after inertly enjoying the evening breeze in a Balcony for an hour or so, lounge to Bed, & hold a war with the Musquitoes till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 the following morning.

What a new kind of life is this to me,—altogether new. My pale, sallow daughter with her two babes, full of the strongest, most apprehensive, most timid of motherly solitudes, is a new creature to me ; and Orlando too,—tall, erect, manly,—thinking & acting for himself & managing the business of a considerable mercantile house with sober steadiness, his fading color testifying his fatigues, are all strangenesses with which at times my heart refuses to become familiar.

As I open my whole heart to you, I will tell you that I have felt great uneasiness & misery lest he shd acquire a habit of drinking.—When we first arrived, he was cautioned against the water of the Island . . . For my part I cannot believe that the pure, unadulterated water, which agrees so well with the females, who generally drink nothing else, can be solely injurious to the male community. It is however generally credited & even Mr Rutherford, who is restless in all physical enquiries, dashes his glass of water with a very small portion of rum. Orlando was advised to do the same, & that which at first he murmured at, became pleasing. The heat induced thirst, & in the hurry occasioned by his business, his quantity could not always be measured with due restriction. I remonstrated, perhaps too angrily, & not aware himself how the fatal habit was encroaching, he thought me captious & unreasonable. He saw others drinking pints to his spoonfuls, & could not sympathise with my terrors. I had intended to

have asked you to write to him on the subject, but now I beg you will not notice my having spoken of it, for we had one evening a cool conversation in which he promised to leave it off, & for three weeks past he has not tasted rum, mixing his water with sugar in lieu of it.

I would not now seem to complain of him, especially as he has been maintaining an arduous situation with great propriety. I believe I mentioned that his employers are two partners, one of whom resides here & the other in Dublin. How much Orlando must have acquitted himself to Mr Hozier's satisfaction I leave you to judge, when after a little more than three Months service, he has left Orlando the whole management of the business, while he himself is gone on commercial speculations to other Islands.

Such a proof of confidence in the prudence of a youth just 17 has astonished everybody. A Merchant told me the other day that he believed no other House had a Clerk so young, so active & so fit to be trusted. And closely has he abided by his trust, undergoing excessive fatigue, & tormented at the same time with prickly-heat & terrible boils.—To him who was always free from eruptive disorders, these things are great evils. His color is almost faded, & in another year I suppose he will look as sallow & sickly as his poor Sister does.

What she has lost herself she seems to have given to her children, for they are fine, healthy creatures. The eldest, Pat, two years old the last day of this month, is a noble little fellow. Dark Complexion'd, with fine eyes & beautiful brown Hair, curling over his head, & open forehead, he resembles the children of the old painters. Subject to no one eruptive complaint that abounds here among children, his glossy soft skin & his sturdy limbs render him lovely, while the infant, *fair* & delicate, with soft blue eyes & pretty features, is as beautiful a babe as I ever saw. He was born on the 1st of May.

I recollect perfectly that in struggles & pecuniary difficulties I used to think any place would be paradise where I could secure a living. The means are now abundant, but Barbadoes is not my paradise. Eliza enjoys the heat & the fruits, with a thousand other things that were at first absolutely hateful to me, though now, I can tolerate many of them, but were

there no other objection, the endless trouble & vexation that Black servants involve you in, renders domestic comfort unattainable.

While I kept house for Eliza during her confinement, I was several times almost mad with the provocations their dirt, disobedience & dishonesty caused me. One who robbed us to a considerable amount, boasted to her owner's other slaves that she knew I would not suffer her to be flogged, & therefore she knew better than to work when she was not made to do it. You would be astonished to hear me scold,—I do so, I assure you, & that with a vehemence which on reflection surprises & pains me. Yet every instance of kindness, remonstrance, persuasion, or gentle reproof are so determinedly scoffed at by the greater part of this wretched race, that an excessive propensity to indolence can alone preserve any degree of equanimity of temper.

Next to the Negroes, the intolerable & numerous tribes of insects are great annoyances—above all the little red ants, who surround you in swarms, & against whose abuses the domestics must be ever on the watch.—Leave a small loaf or a cake on the Table,—unless it is fenced round with water, in ten minutes it is possessed by thousands & tens of thousands ; & you see a regular line, from the bread down the leg of the table, across the floor & up the wall, to some almost imperceptible crevice, from whence some are issuing & others returning with their prey. Every article of provision must be placed in small reservoirs of water, or in some suspended closet which by a process of tarring & chalking the ropes, cannot be travelled over by the indefatigable little torments. They visit your beds to hunt after the eggs of bugs, which they destroy, but they bite very sharply themselves. Bugs are not more offensive here than at home, but much more numerous.

The Cock-roaches, or winged beetle, I have not yet learned to see running about without fear. Other people sit quite composed, but I start away & call out for their destruction when they come near me.

The Spiders, some as large as a moderate sized saucer, I rather like than otherwise, because whenever they do make their appearance they are in pursuit of the Cock-roaches, & are very ready to sweep up a million of Ants by the way.

The Land Crabs, which are great plagues in some dwellings, we have had none of in either of our houses, nor had I ever seen one till the other morning, when at the house where I give private lessons 3 times a week, to a young Lady whose health is in a bad state, one walked into the drawing room, & across it to the gallery with perfect unconcern.

Speaking of that house reminds me that the Mistress of the Mansion is on her death-bed. I shall have a great loss in her. She shewed me every civility in her power, & of all the persons I had seen I felt most inclined to select her for a friend. They are a very rich family, but unfortunate in their children. It is a strange, perplexing Enigma, this life, yet it takes us a long time to find out that we cannot understand it.

Since I began this letter, I have witnessed the first *severe* thunderstorm.—I have heard a few frightfully loud claps before, but this lasted from 5 in the afternoon till 2 the next morning, in all its most terrific grandeur. I hear of no damage, except the washing away a small bridge, of which the rain alone was guilty. . . .

August 7th. A Month has elapsed since I commenced this letter, & the only Packet that has arrived left the Island again in 12 hours. It happened on a day when a crowd of chances concurr'd to swallow up every instant of my time, & I was compell'd to wait for the next, which is now a fortnight past its time.

Our school now contains 42 scholars. We expect a fourth boarder speedily.

We are indeed very prosperous, for Orlando has made a large stride towards his own advancement in life by his management of Mr Hozier's business during his absence. Mr H. has, since his return, intimated to him that in the course of another year he will probably open another House in one of the Leeward Islands, & giving him the management, add his name to their firm.

As a further proof of his confidence, he has this very day embarked Orlando on board a Schooner charter'd for the Purpose, & sent him to *Martinique*, to *Dominique*, to *Antigua*, & finally to *Guadaloupe* to settle accounts for the House, with the principal Merchants of those Islands. This will proove a

pleasant excursion for him in the variety of objects & manners he will see, & will introduce him in a favorable point of view to the persons with whom it is probable he will have much commercial intercourse.

Mr Hozier appears resolved to be a friend to him, & I hear from various quarters of the advantageous terms in which he speaks of Orlando & his services in the business.

Thus, my dear Mary, our experiment has been attended with the happiest results, & I recollect with some shame how perversely I looked on every thing when I first arrived, & how little I relied on the prophesies of what has actually come to pass. It must have been some physical infirmity Jaundiced all my perceptions. The heat was at first insupportable to me. It is now several degrees hotter & I seldom complain. I have now copious perspirations, & am relieved from that burning sensation which was agony. This is our Summer. The days are intensely hot, but the cool air of the nights is indeed delightful.

My poor friend that I mentioned in the earlier part of this letter is dead. I attended, as is the custom of this Country, her funeral. She was a most amiable & interesting woman. I little supposed, when I was introduced to her at Christmas & instantly knew that I must prize her beyond a common acquaintance, that I shd so soon drop a tear on her grave. Strange, checquered life we wander through, & find no resting place !

Public events have been so various & wonderful as almost to deaden surprise. Mr Rutherford & I are full of desire to know what has been the fate of that extraordinary & misjudging Man, for this Packet has only brought us the various floating reports concerning him & the occupation of Paris by Lord Wellington & Blucher.

Farewell, my dearest friend. Eliza & Mr R. unite in presenting a thousand kind remembrances to you. Her health is very much amended, but she has great fatigue with her household occupations & the care of her babes. Two of our best servants are ill & the others, *true* negroes, will do nothing without being watched & driven.

Orlando has been gone a week today. This is the 14th. We shall not see him till next Month at earliest.

I linger & am loth to say a last word. God bless you, my dear friend, prays yr affectionate

E FENWICK

About Christmas I shall endeavour to send some money to England with an order for the repayment of yr kind loan. We have much, as you may suppose, to purchase which, once bought, is our own, & not to buy again. We use our coming in money, rather than incur debts.

LXVII.—AFTER THE SLAVE REBELLION

BARBADOES, *Sept. 26th, 1816.*

I have, my dear Mary, a large sheet of paper in my desk, written from April 15th, a memorable day here, to the 28th, gradually recounting all our terrors etc. in that progress of the Negroes' insurrection, & addressed to you. The news is now old, & it is useless to try to interest you about a danger which you already know has pass'd over.

I quitted that sheet from illness brought on, I really believe, by terror. First an unaccountable sleepiness overwhelmed me, & then a slow fever. After repeated bleedings, & many struggles to continue my employments, Dr Dummett insisted on taking me away to his Country house for air & quiet.

There I was getting well when, one unhappy night, I by a strange oversight, set fire to the Musquito drapery that covered the crib my little grandson (who was with me) was sleeping in, & in my alarm for the Child & the house etc., I burnt my hands & arms so terribly that they were some weeks useless in a sling.

Still the nervous fever hung on me, & taking cold, heightened into a fever so violent that Dr Dummett requested another physician might be called in. For a long period they attended me twice a day, & daily expected my death.

I remember nothing that passed. I was constantly insensible or delirious, & at length awoke, as from an oppressive dream, & found myself covered with an eruption exactly resembling the pimples of the small-pox. No doubt this saved my life, but has left frightful marks all over me.

I was reduced to the utmost state of debility, so that I could not walk even from my bed to my easy chair. I was a tedious time recovering my strength, & my physicians declared I should never be restored but by a voyage to England or America, & Eliza, who quite despaired of me, urged me to go.

I could not endure to leave my family, & I am now wonderfully restored,—a miracle to everyone & no less to myself, when I look at the mortality that has reigned around me. In the memory of man so many deaths have not happened on this Island in the same time as lately. Many Gentlemen lost their lives from their fatigues in the insurrection, & many more have been swept away by a fever brought hither by the troops.

The insurrection caused us a *quarter's* loss of the *income* of the *school*, besides some delays of payment from persons who were great sufferers & who before had been rigidly punctual. My illness has, I suppose, cost £100 at least, so that we have felt a share of the general calamity & shall still feel it, as some of our debtors have died, & the accounts must wait till next year. In the end, I believe, we shall not lose, & as our pupils are returned we have still good prospects before us, & should consider the late difficulties but as dusky clouds passing over the sunshine of our prosperity.

I am now about to begin resuming my occupation. Hitherto we had an assistant, at a most enormous salary, to relieve Mrs Rutherford, who is in very indifferent health owing to her fatigues in attending me day & night.

Orlando has escaped all but a very trifling indisposition. He is now at Martinique, & will, if he arrives tomorrow as is expected, set sail next week for America. He is indeed a fine young Man, I have reason to be proud as well as fond of him.

He now, when on the Island, boards & sleeps at Mr Hozier's, but he visits us every evening & spends his Sundays with us, to the great delight of the family, for though in business he is quite *the Man*, yet in private circles he is still the playful boy, with unbounded vivacity, & contributes so much to the amusement of the young people that their eyes sparkle at his approach, yet so decorous in his manner towards them &

stands so perfectly aloof from all personal freedoms, that we are no less satisfied with the intimacy than they are.

He would not have gone to America till after Christmas, but one of the partners of the House, lately arrived from Europe, quarrelled with a Gentleman of this Island, which ended ten days since in a duel, & Mr Mulock shot his opponent dead. A Vessel of their own lying at anchor in the bay, Mr M. immediately went on board, & set sail for England ; in consequence of Mr M.'s departure, Orlando goes to New York to make some mercantile arrangements in his stead. I shall miss him sadly. It brings tears of joy into my eyes to hear the terms in which Mr Hozier speaks of him.

I am now passing a few days out of town, & the Messenger waits to carry this in for the Packet, whose arrival I only heard of an hour ago. I wd not miss writing by it even hastily, for I persuade myself you are very anxious to hear from me. I will soon write again, for now I must bid you farewell. Pray let me hear from you, & believe me, whether silent or communicative, whether sick or well,

Your most affectionate & grateful friend

E FENWICK

LXVIII.—A TERRIBLE STORM

Friday Morning, Oct. 15th, 1816.

3d day of a storm.

I scarcely know why I choose such an hour as this to begin a letter to you, only that it appears less melancholy to describe past devastation than to look on & see the ruin around us hourly encreasing.

We are in the third day of a Storm, & in our own persons are safe, nor has our individual property suffered any very important injury as yet, but our house is filled with the dripping goods & furniture of our less fortunate Neighbours.

Last night, about nine oClock, our new Bridge, only erected 10 Months, gave way, & with the Gable ends of two contiguous houses, was swept into the Sea.

The torrent of water then overflowed the lower story of

the houses & the Streets. An opposite wall soon fell, but that which surrounds our front garden on two sides continued firm, & we appeared as if we were living in the midst of a Lake.

Our Cellars were overflowed, which deprived us of one hope, for as they are very spacious, & built with uncommon strength upon Arches, we were advised on Wednesday by a Gentleman who requested he might retreat with his wife & children to the same shelter, to remove into the Cellar, if the surrounding houses began to fall.

I think we shall escape, for it appears to me that the wind is less violent & as our terrific Cabbage-tree stood the gusts of Wednesday, it will remain. It is a magnificent perpendicular Pillar, standing exactly before my Chamber window, & its overthrow would demolish that end of the house entirely.

Our greatest danger, unless the wind rises to its former violence, is this sweeping torrent of water, rushing down from the hilly parts of the Country,—in general a narrow stream, but now broad as the Thames, & roaring with a tremendous Noise equal to that of the Sea, which, if we look out of a window in another part of the house, we see lifting its waves Mountains high & threatening destruction.

It was only on Monday last that Prayers were said and a general annual solemnity held in commemoration of the dreadful storm of 1780 in this Island, & this commenced in the night of Tuesday, but was nothing more than a high wind till between one & two on Wednesday, & from that time has been tremendous.

—I write by snatches—It is now 11 oClock.—The torrent encreases in power.—We have heard the dreadful crash of three more houses falling on the opposite side of that horrid chasm that was yesterday our bridge.—Another bridge, a small wooden one higher up, is overflowed, & now we are shut out from all possible communication with the other side of the Town. We have no means of getting at bread or any fresh provisions, & if the servants we have sent out to search the Hucksters' shops down the Bay, do not get biscuits and salt fish, which is all we can hope for, I know not what will be done for the poor children & boarders. My poor & lovely baby is

pinning in vain for his Milk.—Dreadful accounts are rumoured from the Country but no certainty.—The best state must be bad enough.

Perhaps this will never reach you.—We have just been warned to secure our Money & portable valuables. It is expected the flood will rise to our level & sap our foundations.—Another very large house, opposite to one side of ours, & the only one between us & the river, is already overflowed in the lower story & the wall is wrecked.—About a quarter of a mile from us, two Ladies went with their Husbands & the child of one into a Portico at the back of their house to look at the storm. In an instant the ground gave way, & they were all lost but the Husband of one who was washed back to the beach.—The river has divided into two channels & made another passage to the Sea, carrying everything that opposed its progress.

—We are now also cut off from the Garrison & that side of the Country. This little memorial of my last thoughts will probably never meet your eye, but if we are saved you will thank me & I shall have an additional claim on your affection.

5 oClock.—The rain abates. The water abates. The wind is changed to a favorable quarter.

7 oClock. An hour's cessation from rain. Tremendous darkness, but we are going to lie down. Mrs Rutherford's presence of mind, fortitude & cheerfulness & exertions have aided & supported everybody.

Saturday morning. We are safe, my beloved friend! The Sun is shedding his golden beams over heaps of ruins. I hope this will reach as early as any tidings of our danger. My heart is too full of our deliverance to write more now.

Tuesday, Oct. 17th. A Vessel is about to be despatched to overtake the last Packet. We pay a high price for the admission of letters, but I will not withhold this scrawl.

Farewell. Heaven preserve you. I will write again soon. Eliza joins in kindest love.

Yours most truly
E FENWICK

LXIX.—ORLANDO'S DEATH

BARBADOES, *Thursday, Nov. 14th, 1816.*

The heaviest Calamity of my life has fallen upon me ! Ah, my dear friend, pardon my abruptness. I know not how to seek for terms of alleviation.—Orlando is dead ! Lost ! Gone for ever !—A cruel, malignant fever, which spares the aged & devours the young, has made me wretched.

He was dancing here on Wednesday, Novr. 6th, while my delighted eye dwelt on the grace & agility of his movements, & the manly symmetry of his figure. The admiration he excited gratified my vain heart, & on the following Wednesday, Novr. 13th, he was consigned to the grave.

Even Thursday morning, the 8th, he came on Horseback to our house & breakfasted. I observed that he did not look the worse for his dance, & he replied he was always better for dancing, & then rode off to the Castle to transact some business with the Secretary of our late Governor who died last month of the same cruel disease.

He never entered these doors again ; but, on his return to Mr Hozier's from the Castle, he still appeared well & in high spirits. About 2 oClock he proposed settling some long accounts with a Captn of one of his employer's vessels, & took him & his papers up into Mr Hozier's drawingroom, as being freer from interruption than the Counting-House. While thus occupied, he suddenly laid back on the sofa & Capn Padmore thought he was fatigued & sleepy, & went on without speaking, but Mr Hozier, chancing to come up, & knowing that it was contrary to his active habits to sleep in the day, was alarmed, & taking his hand, found a heat on it that shocked his own. He remembered to have just seen the carriage of our most eminent Physician in the Square, flew out & brought him in. He ordered Orlando to be put to bed, which Mr Rutherford, happening to call, assisted in doing, & then, at Orlando's request, came home for me.

I found him dozing in a profuse perspiration. He spoke cheerfully as I kissed him, & said :—" Well, at last I think I have got the fever."

" Pray do not frighten yourself ", said I, " remember how

I struggled through it & recovered to everyone's amazement ”.

—“ So you did ”, he replied, “ and I am not at all frightened. I have no anxiety but that you should stay with me, *if* it be possible.”

I assured him I would. The apprehension of my not being with him arose from another affliction. Eliza's eldest boy, a lovely creature, had broke his thigh, by a fall, a fortnight before, & was still confined to a fixed posture on his bed. His mother had never left him, night or day, & the care of the family & school had entirely rested upon me.

The perspiration much abated the heat for some time, but in the evening the raging heat returned. Dr Caddle came again at ten & had him taken out of bed & pails of cold water thrown on him from the greatest height the ceiling of the room would admit of. This operation was repeated every four hours, & always gratified & relieved him.

Friday morning Dr C. came at six o'clock, opened the veins in his temples, & desired I would write to request Dr Dummett would meet & consult with him at 11 o'clock.

Dr Dummett always attends us. He is next in practice & eminence, & they are both Men of great medical skill & humanity. He came directly on receiving my note, & found Orlando so much better that, going to our house in the course of the morning to dress the child's limb, he assured Eliza that he did not find a symptom of the yellow-fever, & thought Dr Caddle had been too easily alarmed.

Saturday he appeared to be quite well, had a great & happy flow of spirits, talked of past enjoyments & future prospects with animation, & jested about the consequence that illness had made him of, because so many persons came to see him, —agreed with Mr Hozier that he would on Monday or Tuesday remove to our *delightful* house (as he called it), that the pure air might invigorate & save him from a relapse.

The two physicians still attended several times each day. Dr Dummett was confident of his recovery, & kept Eliza's mind free from apprehension by his assurances to that purpose. —Dr Caddle mingled fear with his hopes, while I, Mr Rutherford, Mr Hozier & Eliza, had nothing but hope, till early Monday morning the fatal black vomittings commenced, & then indeed hope expired,

Eliza quitted her poor little sufferer at home, & joined me by Orlando's bedside, which we never more left. He lasted, contrary to the physicians' expectations, till 10 o'clock, tuesday night, Novr 12th.

About 12 on tuesday noon, after two hours' insensibility, he opened his glazed & almost sightless eyes, & in faltering accents asked for me, then for Eliza, & then for Mr Rutherford. We were all close beside him.

—" *I am glad you are all here*", said he, "*for I believe I am going to leave you.—Forgive me if I have ever offended you.—Let me take a last leave of you while I can.*"

We embraced him, & with an effort he fervently kissed me & his sister, & grasping Mr Rutherford's hand, he lay some minutes exhausted. Then with a deep sigh & a firmer tone of voice exclaimed :

—" *My poor Father!—I love him ! Tell him so, Mama, & bid my uncle farewell for me ! Send my love & farewell to all the family.*"

His voice now failing, he murmured other farewells which we could not understand.—Afterwards he gave another sigh, said his "poor father", & went on :

" *I have led an unworthy life ! I have never done anything criminal.—No—No, I have not been vicious but foolish—I might have done better & more !*"

(I think his father's situation was then dwelling in his thoughts, for he intended beginning next year to make him a regular provision.)

Mr Rutherford took that opportunity of asking if he should read a prayer, to which he replied eagerly : "*Oh yes !*", & Mr R. selected one from the Visitation of the Sick in the Church ritual, & though his voice was broken by sobs, Lanno seemed to understand & be pleased. A placid smile stole over his features, & near the end he dropped asleep.

On awaking he called for Mr Hozier, who had scarcely left his chamber night or day. When told he held Mr Hozier's hand he said : "*God bless you ! May you always be prosperous !—You deserve it !—Take care of some villains who envy & want to ruin you.—I mean some merchants here.—Farewell !—*

Soon after he roused himself again & said : "*Mother dear !*

—Eliza dear!—Do not grieve!—Pay all my debts—They are not many—I do not owe five pounds—but pay—pay!”

He then slept & in an hour revived to such a favorable appearance that all our silenced hopes revived, & even Dr Dummett was so struck by the change that he ordered fresh stimulants.—Alas! it was but the quiet, fatal progress of internal mortification. He became restless, delirious, unconscious of our presence, & seemed to suffer terrible agonies. Once he rose in bed & throwing his arms round me, with a firm grasp, solicited my love & forgiveness for any pain he had ever caused me.

Soon after he became quiet, lay gradually & serenely sinking into the arms of death, & drew his last breath, without a sigh, groan or struggle, at 10 oClock, on the night of Novr. 12th.

He was at first more beautiful than ever I saw corpse or sleeping youth. Mr Rutherford & Mr Hozier were desirous of having a cast taken, which an ingenious young artist of this place prepared to do, but the malignity of the horrible disease made the mortification so violent that it was necessary to cover him hastily with lime, & he was buried yesterday, 13th, at one oClock!

To say what we suffer is impossible. He was our pride & our joy. Mr Rutherford loved him fondly, & I must repeat Mr Hozier's eulogium in his own words on the night he died. Mr Rutherford observed that he had not left his equal on this Island.—“No”, said Mr Hozier, “nor on any other that I have ever seen.—He was the finest young man I ever beheld,—such generous feelings,—such noble principles he had! And with all the striking accomplishments of a Gentleman, he had the most persevering steadiness & activity of a complete man of business. It is not the clerk that I lose & regret, but one I have loved & fostered as a brother. Since the first three weeks he was with me, I have looked forward to a permanent connection. I have looked up to him as one who was to extend the interests & do credit to our House by his integrity & ability. He would have become one of the first men in any community.”

Such was his employer's praise, & as a corroborating testimony, one part of his last voyage to St Lucie (from which

he only arrived Octr. 28th, the day two years of our landing on this Island), was made not on Mr Hozier's account, but for another Merchant, who, with a House full of older Clerks, had engaged Orlando, with Mr Hozier's consent, to transact a difficult & important negotiation that he could only trust where implicit confidence could be placed in *ability & integrity*. He succeeded beyond Mr Walker's hopes.

In his constant trips to the various Islands, and he has been at almost all, he invariably succeeded for Mr Hozier in every speculation he made. His introductions were always to the first Commercial Houses, & he was everywhere carressed & distinguished.

His fine person, too, had its influence,—5 feet 11 inches in height, with a light & muscular figure. His features too, highly improved, made him very handsome, though he had lost the bloom he had brought from Europe.—Such was Orlando !

Eliza, now overwhelmed by this stroke, has still her two children & will soon have a third to console & keep alive hopes & expectations, but with me all is darkness & desolation.

His talents, his merits, his beauty, are everybody's theme, but we who knew his heart, his freedom from vice of every kind, who possessed his affection, who were daily cheered after our hours of toil by the irresistible influence of his high animal spirits, what is to become of us ?

Oh Mary, my dear, long loved friend, write to me.—He talked of you last Sunday. Revisited in memory the pleasant hours he passed under your protection & fondness. He always loved you.

—I have just heard that an English vessel sails today to overtake the last Packet. Farewell ! Farewell !

Yours most truly.

Pray for me & love me

E FENWICK

LXX.—A SORROWFUL LETTER

BARBADOES, *May 20th, 1817.*

Blame me not, Oh my friend, for a silence which is (I ought perhaps to be ashamed to say it) solace to me. My pen is

no longer that of a ready writer. I look at it with abhorrence. To write a letter, even to you, nearest & dearest of friends, is a task I fly from. It renews the severest anguish, that anguish that I have taken such laborious pains to subdue.

Overwhelmed with occupation, almost beyond my bodily as well as mental strength, I pass from active employment to my chamber, & there my wearied limbs & faculties soon sink into the torpor of sleep.—Sleep is my balm & my blessing.—It often gives me back the treasure I have lost,—But Ah then what a waking moment is mine !

Just such are the moments if I attempt writing. I dread to receive a letter, for I cannot endure to think of the answer. Yet, inconsistent as it may seem, I love to think of you, to feel the soothing consciousness of your affection & sympathy, to remember our last moments of precious intercourse. All this seems to me as something long since past, & never, never to be renewed, & produces nearly the same sensation of mingled pain & solace which I feel when I sit & listen to the praises of my noble, my departed boy.

Who does not praise him ? Who does not regret Orlando ? I did not know that he was half so highly estimated among casual observers.—Ah me—Ah me !—I must have a hard heart, dear Mary, that it did not burst asunder when I kiss'd for the last time the breathless lips of my boy. Indeed indeed I believe many Mothers, bereaved of such a son, would have expired & gone to the grave with him, but I live, eat, drink, talk, & enter into some of the busiest scenes of life ; contrive for the present, speculate for the future, & all just as if he were here,—no, not so either,—the interest, the charm of life, of prosperity is all gone.

I busy myself with tenfold earnestness to what I did before. Never did I seem to be so engrossed by my business, never did I cling so closely to the cares of the family as I now do,—not from interest, but from repugnance to encounter myself alone,—to commune with my own thoughts,—to court such emotions as now, while writing to you, shake every fibre of my frame.

To my share of the business of the school, I have discharged our Housekeeper & added her duties. This may appear no great matter to a European, but if you knew the slavery of

managing a family in the West Indies with Negro Domestic (& we have seven of them), you would wonder how I support the toil. From five in the morning till evening, I have literally not an unoccupied moment, & this wretched condition is my refuge. For reading & writing I have no time but what I take, as in the present case, from sleep.—The latter I court,—the former I avoid. . . .

A gleam, like that of a wintry sun, spread over the darkness of our regrets, when Eliza passed her critical hour & brought us a little girl, one of the finest babes I ever beheld.

I love her children, particularly the second boy, whose temper & character will, I think, resemble Orlando's, but that love serves to remind me of a more ripened affection. Pat, our eldest, now in his fourth year, cherishes the memory of his Uncle with a feeling beyond what I should have supposed possible at his age.

I have a fresh sorrow in the misfortunes that have befallen Lanno's employer since his death. He has lost £9,000 & assures me that upwards of seven thousand of the sum would have been saved to him had Orlando lived. Everything has gone wrong since, . . .

I wanted much to send home £100 by this Packet & have given an order on it for paying you, but we have several hundreds locked up, & cannot get a penny owing to the desolation caused by the fatal fever which sever'd me from happiness. Our expences are enormously increased by the excessive high prices of provisions caused by an extraordinary dry season after the devastation committed by the Negroes. This & next year will be a trying season, yet we are still earning above our expenditure & few, if any, of our debts will prove bad ones.

If it were not for Eliza's children, I should give up this life of toil, to which I grow every day more averse while more engaged by it. Orlando used to tell me I had but two years to toil, & then he would find me ease & competence. Falacious dream!—Mournful, burthensome reality!

I am sending away now letters to his Father, which were found among his papers, written in all the flow of youthful spirits & cheering prospects. If my nerves would have stood it I meant to have copied them for you, but the attempt blinded

me & shook me like an ague. This sad event has transformed Mr Fenwick altogether, I understand. Anguish has roused his faculties & principles from their worse than Lethargy.

Farewell, my excellent, my worthy friend ! Pity me, pray for me, & still try to love me, worthless, selfish & despairing as I must ever remain while I live to subscribe myself

Yours affectionately

E FENWICK

LXXI.—ELIZA'S ILLNESS

BARBADOES, *April 24th*, 1818.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I fear I am unworthy of you ! Why do I thus continually shrink into myself & retire even from communicating with a friend whose value, whose talents, whose acquirements I am at all times eager to contemplate & proudly to boast of ? It has been invariably the fault, or rather one of the faults, of my disposition,—happy, no one so eager to impart my pleasurable emotions ;—unhappy, I shrink from my pen with an undefinable reluctance so potent that I have not courage to contend with it. . . .

I received your letter when I was trembling under the apprehension of losing my sole surviving Child.—Eliza has been sinking for some months. She was compell'd to wean her Babe at 4 Months old & was ordered a sea voyage. She went to Demarara, & was for a short period amended, but her return to the confinement of the school brought on a return of her complaint & since she has been in a state of perpetual fluctuation, sometimes better & sometimes worse. . .

Her assistance in the school has been entirely relinquish'd since before Christmas, except for the dancing, & I have that on my hands & shall most probably go on with it, for a Widow Lady of English birth & education, who has been left in narrow circumstances by a dissipated Barbadian husband, now resides with me. I hire her domestic slaves for my servants & the £130 I pay her for their wages, with her own & her two girls' (her boy is gone to England to school) accomodation as members of the family, is her remuneration for the entire super-

intendance of all domestic concerns; a labour so great, so constant, so oppressive in this country, where every order must be executed under the eye of the mistress, that Mrs Rutherford could still less go on with that than with the school.

I now no longer know what I have for dinner till I sit down to Table, & every hour is uninterruptedly given to the school-room, where I have now a male assistant for writing & Arithmetic at a very heavy price. Heavy as these expences are, I am *obliged* to run them, for otherwise I must have given up the school entirely.

Everybody has seemed satisfied with the new arrangements, tho' everybody laments Eliza's giving up the school, for she is a great favourite in this community, & I believe she would have continued to struggle on, till no chance had been left for her recovery, had not the claims of her children compell'd her to try every means that might afford her longer life.

The school is not so numerous as it was, because so many families are removing to England. Since the end of the war, it has become quite a spirit of emigration. I have lost 5 since Christmas, & 6 more are preparing to leave the Island the latter end of next month. Still I shall have 40 left, but how far the late arrival here of a Lady who formerly lived Governess in the President's family & who has extensive connections on the Island may affect me, I cannot undertake to prognosticate. She opens a school exactly upon our plans in a fortnight, & has brought with her a most accomplished french woman as her assistant. I do not fear her taking any from me that I have, but those who *were* coming here may, tempted by novelty, be sent to a newer teacher. This has already been the case when another Lady set up in opposition a year ago. We shall thus destroy each other, & none of us be able to do more than *barely live*.

For my own part, though I am now able to live with all the comforts of a good table, a large & handsome house, if I can do *nothing more than live*, I will seek privations with less toil, for no slave that digs the field under a strict driver ever felt more fatigue & lassitude than I do when school closes at 4 in the afternoon, after being unremittingly employed from 7 o'clock in the morning. I am utterly incapable of

any exertions, & have given up all visiting, because I cannot bear the effort of dressing to go out.

Do not let this threat alarm you. Dreadful as the idea of separating from Eliza must be, if as the physicians say, she must seek for health in a cooler climate, for her sake, & her lovely babes, I will not rashly abandon my present station.

We have had terrible losses, & all that has been saved & more has been swallowed up, but thank God the worst is past. We know the extent of our loss, for the speculation is at an end, & could I collect in what is due to the school, we should have no deficiencies.

Eliza has made a great & almost desperate effort to free me from the inconveniences this unfortunate attempt of Mr R.'s to make us suddenly rich had produced, & has succeeded. —A Theatrical Company is here, & she has joined them. Her favor with the Public is unimpaired, though her illness has sometimes rendered her unable to appear & at others little fit for much exertion. They play only twice a week, & the rest she has between gives her that renovation that the daily, hourly drain of the school denied.

She cannot go away with the Company, but her dancing school is so full, that she will be earning more than her proportion towards our heavy expences.

After the other baby comes, the state of her health must determine future plans. If she leaves Barbadoes she will probably try her dramatic fortunes in America. If it seem wisest for me to remain, remain I will, & Orlando's grave may be my final resting place. I no longer grieve *for him*. I see so little happiness in this world that I consider him as blessed. Sometimes a Mother's pang shoots through my frame & I feel my desolation in his loss, but generally I dwell with gratified recollections on the remembrance of what he was. In all my hours of retirement, his form seems to hover near & soothe my fatigues & cares. I talk of him for ever, & from my doing so, others venture on his commendations in my presence, & the tear that fills my eye is more sweet than bitter. . .

My health is very good, but now the hot season is commencing I suffer from it much more than I did last year, from my being less relaxed probably.

Forgive this hasty scrawl. . . I *hope* I shall write again soon. Farewell, farewell, & believe me

Truly yours
E FENWICK

LXXII.—THE TRUTH ABOUT MR. RUTHERFORD

BARBADOES, *Jany.* 20, 1819.

What sad interruptions take place, my dear friend, in our correspondence ! I take shame to myself when I acknowledge that much blame rests with me, but in the present instance the arrear is on your side, for neither of my two last letters have purchased for me a reply. . . .

I am going to open my heart to you on a subject which has often put fetters on my inclination to write to you & made me withhold my pen, prompt as it always is to speak of every occurrence in which my feelings are interested.

I did not consider it either just or generous to tell even you that Eliza was not more fortunate in marriage than her Mother had been, while the evil was new, & there appeared, from avowals of repentance & better determinations, a prospect of amendment.

An insatiable love of Company & late hours seduced Mr R. into a habit of constant intoxication. A speculation, two indeed, which he had engaged on with certainly (of one in particular) the most flattering prospects of extraordinary advantage, failed, & embarrassed our concern extremely by the money sunk & engagements entered into. For this he ought not to be blamed, except as far as the Zeal & spirit with which he commenced the enterprises sunk too early before unexpected difficulties that arose, but most blamable indeed was he to suffer these disappointments to urge him to a continuance of the detestable practice which made him not only incapable of benefitting his family, but rendered him a disgrace & a burthen.

Eliza's health sunk under the perpetual irritation of her feelings. It was a subject on which she could not speak to me nor I to her, though I could perpetually trace her suppressed Anguish & bitter mortification in her haggard features, decaying

constitution & altered temper. This was misery enough for me. The present was torture,—the future promised but an aggravation of every suffering of my former life, & I passed daily from the fatiguing round of my toils, to gloomy meditations & anticipations which made the writing, even to you, a revolting task.

At length however Eliza, after every effort that a strong sense of the duties & moral obligation of her ties could dictate, insisted on a separation, advising him to try whether change of scene & a cessation of those intercourses which he had not the resolution to avoid, would not restore him to a better course of life.

She urged this reasoning,—that while his habits destroyed her peace & her health, she was equally incapable with himself of due exertions for the benefit of her children; that she must believe (till time had confirmed him a new Man) that he would never labour for the benefit of his children, & therefore all their claims were transferred to her; & that, in her calculations for the future, their wants & her maternal duties must be her only consideration.

Thus she argued, or rather insisted, unknown to me, for she carefully avoided making me any participator in her resolve, because he imagined already that I had taken a dislike to him.

Finding accordingly that she was stedfast & immovable on this point, he took his passage for England, & departed *exactly one hour after she had been put to Bed* of her fourth Child.

What she felt she did not express, but it was pretty visible in her sufferings. A dangerous illness followed, & she had many weeks' confinement to her Bed.

Mr R. left us a new bundle of vexations in the perplexed state of his affairs: neither settling his debts, nor claiming those due to him, which latter comes to much the greater amount.—We can do nothing on either side—we have only to labour for the support of these interesting babes, & to hope that health & life will be granted to us to rear them to honorable industry & virtuous conduct. But Oh how different does the toil of this occupation sit now on me!—Eliza, though her constitution is not restored, has recovered much of the elasticity of her spirits & the evenness of her temper.

We now converse without restraint or restriction on the past & the future. She feels the relief of no longer being exhausted with nights of watching, shame & terror of what evils intoxication might involve her in before the dawn of morning ; & what still more reconciles her to her hard destiny is that her children are saved from witnessing the errors of their father & that she shall bring no more little beings into life to have but one protecting parent.

She cannot however return to the daily toil of the school-room, though she still gives the dancing lessons twice a week. I believe it will be absolutely necessary for her to try the effects of a voyage & perhaps America will be her course. If she goes she will take the two eldest boys with her, as a solace & protection, & the two younger will remain with me. I look with composure towards this separation, which will probably be of six Months, because without it I fear her complaints may end in decline.

The school, which had a little sunk from the number of families removed to England, is now rising again, & I have a highly accomplished French Woman who resides with me & is a very useful assistant.

I believe I complained in my last that, great as my income is, my expences equalled it. I cannot remedy this evil. It is hard to labour so incessantly & not save money.

Eliza's last baby is called *Orlando Fenwick*, & is I think one of the loveliest infants I ever beheld, though so reduced at his birth by his mother's previous afflictions that we did not expect to rear him. He is six months old,—strong, large & vigorous ; yet precious as it was to give him the Memorial of his Uncle's name, we have neither of us courage to use it. When uttered by any other it produces so visible & acute a pang, that the family avoid it, & the beautiful Cherub is still " Boy-BOY " with us all. I think his eyes will exactly resemble Lanno's (the others have dark hazel eyes), & the contour of his head & face resemble his, but he is as fair as alabaster. They are all fine & intelligent Children.

Mrs R. has *once* heard from her husband,—a letter full of contrition & avowed remorse, but what he is doing, or what he intends to do, we are strangers to. . . .

Many apprehensions are entertained here of a second insur-

rection. I hope the danger is greatly magnified, but the reports tend to keep the Militia & regulars on the alert.

My own health is a matter of Amazement to me. I wonder how I support my fatigues, especially during the hot months when I pass sleepless nights.

We had a dreadfully long hot season this last year, yet it was not attended with fever on this Island. Children suffered severely from an eruption almost as virulent as smallpox. Two of ours had it dreadfully from head to foot. We who seek for gain in these climates have terrible penalties awaiting us. I am at this moment with a good appetite and sound health otherwise, suffering from a gathering in my leg something of the nature of a boil. I have had a tormenting succession of them, equally painful & particularly disagreeable as they come on the lower extremities entirely.

Farewell, my dear, dear Friend! Every comfort & blessing that you can wish in the present & succeeding years be yours
prays your affectionate

E FENWICK

LXXIII.—MRS FENWICK ANNOUNCES HER RETURN TO ENGLAND

BARBADOES, *Augst. 14th, 1819.*

When, when, my dear Friend, have I since my first arrival in this Island, which has been the grave of so many proud & dearly cherished expectations, sat down to write to you with such a glow as at this moment spreads from my heart to my visage?—Yes! I feel my pale face is glowing with the expectation that makes me seem to be above feeling the clogs, embarrassments, labours & anxieties that, in reality, surround me, for Oh, my dear Mary, I shall I believe once more see you! Once more embrace the friend who has consoled me under many afflictions, & shown me an exemplary affection through vicissitudes that have made me wear the semblance of ill-deserving!

We are coming to England!—The cause is melancholy, but the effect I trust will be blessed. Eliza will never recover *here*, it is but too obvious. All that *medicine, Diet, nursing, Air & bathing* can do has been tried, & tried in vain. With

every change she mends *a little*, & presently falls back into the same wretched state of unceasing pain, & palpitations of the heart so violent that nothing but strong opiates can allay. Such remedies of course increase the debility which occasions the mischief, so that she becomes less & less capable of bearing the fatigue that is necessary to our welfare, & after lingering perhaps eight or ten years in this despairing & almost helpless state of existence, would drop into an early grave, & leave me, *old, infirm*, & BROKEN-HEARTED, to protect & sustain four destitute Children.

Can you wonder that such a picture should appall me? To go ALONE to England or America equally appalls *her*, whose Nerves are so dreadfully shattered that she would unceasingly shudder under the supposition that I was sinking from an added weight of labour; or that some of her babes were ill & pining for her Maternal aid.

Besides, at the most moderate computation, the experiment would cost £200, & the income of the drawing & dancing tuition, the latter of which has been very productive, would cease, & after the heavy losses we have suffered, no such £200 can be spared without almost insurmountable difficulties, & a most painful increase of her Anxieties in absence.

The two Physicians, both Men of talent & experience (though they could not save my Boy), are of opinion that a change of Climate *will renovate her impaired constitution*, & nothing remains but that we should go together, & try new fortunes in our own dear Land.

As soon as I was convinced by the failure of the effect of our removal to the sea side (Margate) whence I last wrote to you, I addressed Circular letters to the Parents & Guardians of my Pupils, stating my Motives & soliciting scholars to carry to England & educate there.

My letters (for unable to write but when I should have slept) cost me time & labour.—They were all delivered on the 6th & 7th of this Month. This is the 12th, & I have had but two positive refusals, & those accompanied by candid statements of inability of circumstances. Seven are already *promised*, & the rest are yet under consideration.

The letters have excited a great sensation, & convinced me that I am more estimated in this Country than I imagined.

Eliza always ranked high in the Public Opinion, though her marriage displeased many of her choicest friends, & I at present have every reason to believe I shall be furnished with 20 Pupils to carry to England.

I propose settling about Clifton or near Bath. I do not want to live in a Town ; a commodious family House, with a Garden etc. would suit better, though old fashioned in its structure, etc., than a modern Mansion, & would I fancy be cheaper.

I *hear* of two Widows & one or two Maiden Ladies of small fortunes who are expressing a wish to go with me as Members of my family, but that is yet in Embryo.

To hurry my friends into a sudden decision was I thought unjust, or to leave those who were to stay behind without sufficient time to meditate upon a new choice was ungrateful to their preference of me ; I therefore announced a six Months' notice, & to go away by the first ships after Christmas.

I also dreaded to put Eliza to the trial of a long winter in her delicate state, for here she often shudders at the evening breeze, & wraps up in a shawl which it would be difficult to bribe me to endure the weight of.

Another very potent reason is that I must have time to collect in my debts and pay what I owe, & this is the worst part of the preparation, for I have some heavy defaulters. I believe I told you in my last of a debtor dying between £2 & 300 in my debt, & leaving me a friendless, destitute orphan to provide for,—she is a fifth Child on my hands.

The eagerness of my pupils to go with us is beyond what I could have expected, & the school-room displays no dejected countenances but those who know they shall remain behind.

You, my dear Mary, are disgusted with living in the bustle of a school, so I suppose I must not ask you to make one of my family. But you will come & see me, will you not ? You will come & see Eliza looking nearly as old & much paler than her Mother, with her four interesting babes around her.—You must come & adopt a portion of this little Orlando, who by his volatile spirits, health & sweet temper, hourly reminds me of his Uncle's infancy, & twines himself irresistibly round every fibre of my heart.

—Ah, my dear Mary, there is yet a pang to be suffer'd,

even in this longed for enterprise,—Lanno's grave must be left behind! I have looked to that hallowed spot as my final shelter. Eliza, I said to myself, will have her sons to sleep with her in the tomb, & I shall rest with mine! But he must rest alone! No kindred dust will join with his!—Vain, foolish tears will flow whenever these thoughts occur, but our duties are to the living not the dead, & his beatified Spirit is the associate of Purity & happiness, though his outward form perishes in an obscure & foreign grave.

And now, my dear Friend, how short an interval lies between this & my new mode of life! It is late in the day for me to begin fresh schemes, but I do not seem to have grown *old* in faculties, though advanced in years. Sustained astonishingly through incredible toils & oppressing anxieties, I seem but the more invigorated & the more fitted for the struggles I must look to encounter.

I seek first Eliza's restoration to health & vigour. The voyage itself, it is supposed, will do much for that, & my next Object is to form a permanent establishment for her to proceed with when I am gone to be no more seen.

She has had great offers to go to the Theatre at Jamaica, from a report spreading that she wd resume the Stage. Her health would not support the fatigue, & the stage affords no settled home for the rearing of Children.

You made some pleasant acquaintances when you were at Clifton. Will you not bespeak their good opinion for me when I come?—I should wish for some society, because I shall probably have some tall Girls whom I should wish to see something of English Manners. We have Harp Players & some excellent Piano-forté players, but music & dancing must not be their only recreations. I wish them to learn to relish intelligent Conversation. . . .

The french assistant I have here, I do not mean to take, because, though highly accomplished in French, Italian & Music, her terms are too high. I shall want one who will be more willing to attend to subordinate matters & yet she must be mistress of French & if possible a native of Paris & well educated. Can you enquire what salaries are usually given in schools to such a Person? Whatever information you can give me, either with respect to the part of the Country

where I intend to fix, of the general rate of living in England, or any other Matters relative I shall most gladly receive.

Eliza joins in affectionate remembrances with

Yours most truly

E FENWICK

Pray write immediately.

LXXIV.—THE DREAM ENDED

BARBADOES, *Feby. 1st, 1820.*

(*my Birthday*).

The delicious dream is at an end,—We do not come home!—My dear, prudent, considerate Friend, your knowledge of the West Indian character seems almost intuitive,—something even more decided & exact than enquiry & experience gives.—

Five Months since we were PROMISED, most regularly promised, eighteen of our Pupils to carry home to England.—Two others were engaged three months since to follow us in the course of one year, yet after the arrival of *The Concord*, in which I had engaged Passages to the amount of four hundred Guineas, & had advertized having done so in the Barbadoes Papers, nay even after their own preparations were mostly made, Six of the promised Pupils were withdrawn.

I ought not to have been astonished, yet I was thunder-struck. Your letter had only arrived a week before, & Mrs Rutherford, with her eyes full of tears, exclaimed: “*How exactly Miss Hays knows them!*”

Twelve remained faithful to their word, but upon the nicest calculation We could jointly make, and with the chance of casualties, I could not reckon on making the income of twelve meet the expenditure, & limited as our means are by the heavy losses we have sustained, I dare not speculate; therefore, in my turn, I was forced to disappoint those who depended on me, & give up the project. I took two days for consideration, & that determination was the result, though made with bitter mortification.

Poor Eliza however suffered far more than I did. She pines to rear her boys in England, & dreads for them the sensual indulgences & luxury that most Children here are

allowed. Happily her own health is much better, & should she have a relapse I shall insist on her taking a voyage home, if she merely stays while the Ship unloads & loads, & returns in the same Vessel.

You, my dear friend, will I know regret that our meeting in this world is deferr'd (perhaps for ever), but you will commend the sacrifice of affection to duty. We are doing here *very well*, have an excellent school; have paid all the debts that Mr R.'s unfortunate speculation involved us in, & are clear of the World. To the best part of my belief & judgment I have but two doubtful debts, though a long line of sure ones, on my books,—one is *large*, yet it will most probably be paid in time, the other, which I think I shall lose, does not exceed £25.

You may rest assured, Dear Mary, every means has been tried to discover some family connections of the destitute Miss Haman, but neither Father nor Mother were Natives of this world, & not a human being can we discover on whom she has a claim, except her Mother-in-law, to whose dissolute conduct the father owed his ruin & death, & who now lives openly with the Gallant, probably rioting in the plundered spoils of her unhappy husband. Lord Combermere's private secretary, Captain Grant, is doing me the kindness to set on foot a military enquiry of the back transactions & stations of the Regiment, by which he hopes to find where the Parents were married & she baptized. If we can get certificates of these, Lord Palmerston (in answer to a Memorial which Captain Grant & the Honble Major Finch assisted me to draw up in due form) has written to the Governor (Lord Combermere) to say the Child, on proof of her legitimate birth, shall be put on the Fund, & an annual allowance granted to me. It will be but small I suppose.

Farewell, dear friend. Let us meet often in thought though separated in Person.

Eliza joins me in every affectionate remembrance & thanks for your GOOD ADVICE. With her usual power of Mind, she has regained her composure & says it will be for the best. She is bent on making & saving Money, & hopes, if she cannot bring them, to send her boys in a few years to England.

Pardon a short letter. We are in the midst of the bustle

created by our preparations for our Annual Examination & Ball, which we deferred from Christmas to February on account of our going away. You may suppose, in an expensive Country like this, where dress is carried to an excess, and where fine dancing is idolized, & when we have near sixty heads & imaginations to regulate & keep cool on the occasion, & yet consider of laces, & flowers & trimmings, how inadequate the day is to the demands made on it. But I would not miss the Packet.

God bless & protect you

prays yours ever

E. FENWICK

March 16th. This did lose the Packet, & I have been involved in toil & trouble ever since. Little Elizabeth has been near death, & Mrs R.'s night & day attendance on her Child brought on all her worst complaints. Thank God the Attack, though severe, has not been long, & she is again amending.

We have removed 4 days since to a most commodious, cool & pleasant house, which I always admired but little thought I should ever inhabit.—Excuse further particulars, for I am overwhelmed with bustle.

Yrs ever & truly

E F

LXXV.—MINOR TRIALS

BARBADOES, *May 12th, 1820.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I intended a long Chat with you by this opportunity, but a troublesome giddiness in the head which has assailed me some days past, renders writing a difficulty. I will not however let the occasion pass without a line, promising myself that even a line will give you pleasure.

You have before this received the news of our disappointment, for which I daily, almost hourly, return thanks & feel it to be a blessing.

This is a season of most unusual scarcity; the sugar crops have failed & the provision grounds are destroyed by a long drought. We suffer here on the spot extremely from it,—no

presents of Yams etc. etc. now from the Country, & our household expences, by the encreased price of provisions, amount now to £20 per week & sometimes exceed, whereas last year, at the dearest part of it, £15 was the utmost. Money seems to have vanished. We just scrape together enough for Marketting (for which there is no credit), but cannot get in the Sums I want to send to England for books, music & all the materials of our occupation. This makes a loss, for I buy from the Stores at a dearer rate than I sold at and yet left myself a sufficient profit.

It is my daily penance to read over my list of unpaid debts ; even from families who for six years together never missed the quarter-day, I receive explanations & apologies for non-payment.

All this is troublesome & inconvenient here, but still our situation is so well known that we could obtain in our turn any credit we chose to ask,—at Bristol, on the contrary, had remittances failed, what a situation should we have been in ! How can I think it otherwise than an interposition for wise ends.

Eliza is constantly fluctuating,—a week or two tolerable,—a week or two worse. I exceedingly wish her to have the benefit of a voyage to England, & nothing keeps me from sending her but the want of a spare £100. I have written very peremptorily to Antigua, & if the funds come, I will lose no time,—if not, wait we must. . . .

Our old cares, of which I have often complained, do not lessen,—namely the vexations inseparable in this Country from household duties,—Neglect,—idleness,—& plunder are the invariable order of the day.

The week before last we were robbed by a young girl of 16 who looked after little Elizabeth & did needlework. A most engaging Countenance & peculiar artlessness of manners imposed on us completely. We were always losing, & suspected all but her. Till on Sunday week, growing bolder by success, she opened Mrs Rutherford's drawer by a false key & took £40,—£10 of which I found hid in an old shoe,—the rest no threats could make her acknowledge the disposal of. She was the daughter of a *free* colored woman by a white Gentleman, & being free herself the law could not command the

flogging it would have ordered a Slave in the same circumstances. I could not bear to prosecute to death, & therefore she was turned loose by the ill-regulated Police of this Country. —We find these misfortunes constantly assailing us.

Adieu, Dear, dear Friend. Tell me all that concerns yourself, & what face old England at present wears.

Eliza joins in kindest wishes with

Yours truly

E. FENWICK

LXXVI.—FURTHER MISFORTUNES AND A BALL

BARBADOES, *Sunday, April 15th, 1821.*

You are right, my dear Friend, I am painfully convinced this is no Country for you. My solicitation ¹ was dictated by affection but it wanted Judgment. Even experience will never, I fear, make me wise enough to distrust the sanguine impulses that in all the vicissitudes of my life have led me astray.

I had scarcely sketched the course of our bustling days, & urged you to become a Member of our family, when fever, in all its tremendous violence visited our Island, & what has rarely been the case, Women & young Children have been among its victims.—Two lovely daughters (formerly our Pupils) of one family went to the same grave. Several Officers & young Men, Europeans, of our acquaintance, were swept off. Our eldest Boy was attacked, but happily escaped, though severely enfeebled, & he was the only one of us that caught it.

But those who had not fever, were annoyed with distressing eruptive disorders, & our other Children were severely afflicted in that way; & our second Boy, just recovering from them, met with an accident,—a fall 15 feet perpendicular on his head, which kept us for 10 weeks in uncertainty respecting his getting well.

In short, I scarcely can say that I have known a peaceful or comfortable day for a long Season.—The fever is gone, but poverty & afflictions abound. The Crops have again failed,

¹This letter is missing.—Ed.

—several planters are nearly ruined, business is totally at a stand, & money is not to be had.

Our family is so large, that the weekly consumption of dollars would distress one exceedingly, but that the prices of provisions are much reduced. Yet as it is, we are greatly inconvenienced, & of that you may easily judge when I tell you that I wrote begging letters, a fortnight since, to the amount of £658, & have not yet received one shilling.

I get out of temper with these moral evils, & still more with the physical evils of the Climate. Such a Season as the present has scarcely been known in the memory of Man.—No cool weather,—no rain,—no thunder,—nothing but heat, dust, a burning Sun & glaring skies.—This dry & hot WINTER deprives us even of hope as well as comfort, for the new plantations of Sugar cane are perishing with drought,—the ponds on the Windward side of the Island are drying up, & the grass is burned to stubble, so that the Cattle are suffering greatly.

In short I envy the Lady who brings this letter to England, & is removing with her whole family to your more favored & more equal Country. Ah, will it ever be our lot to return? —How often do we talk over the wish of *seeing* HOME AGAIN, after the bustle, noise & distraction of the day has ceased & left us to an hour's uninterrupted converse. How gladly would we exchange the luxuries of our present dwelling for a cottage & narrower means at home.

We do not love the idea of rearing our boys here, & yet we dread to encounter the hazards of a new commencement. —A Gentleman of St Thomas's, who knew Mrs Rutherford 8 years ago at Santa Cruz, is here, & has fascinated my imagination a little with his animated description of the comforts of living in America. He intends removing thither with his family next year, & seems to think we should act wisely in doing the same, but though New-Haven in Connecticut has been very stationary in my thoughts, I have not courage to such a speculation on one report; or indeed if I had, while all we earn is thus locked up from our use, any such project is impossible, & grumble we may, but go on as we are we must.

Eliza's health is astonishingly improved, so that she has, during two Months, gone through the excessive fatigue of preparation for our Annual School Ball without one attack

of Palpitation.—Yes,—poor, embarrassed & distressed as are the general circumstances, our Ball went on as usual, except that we were obliged to defer it, on account of the fever, from Christmas till this month.

It took place on Friday last, & the Ball room was as numerously & as elegantly filled as I remember to have seen it. A school Ball is certainly a pleasing & interesting spectacle, & ours in particular, for the Children begin this branch of their education very early, & the little groupes, all in one elegant costume of white sattin trowsers, with lace, gauze, or book-muslin frocks, tastefully trimmed, appear like fairies.

Our Elizabeth, four years & one week old, made her first appearance, & has been so well trained by her Mother, that though she cannot dance any variety of steps, she went through a reel & a Quadrille without one mistake either in time or the figure, to everyone's surprise & admiration. She is small of her age, brown but very pretty, & the room being very large & very lofty, made her small size more conspicuous & her exertions more singular.

Her eldest brother, Pat, now 7 years & 8 months, dances in a very superior manner, but Tom, the second boy, from weakness of Muscle has little chance of excelling in that accomplishment.

I avoid evening Gaieties as much as possible, for my constitution refuses to support them, but on such an occasion I could not with propriety be absent, & not getting home till past 4 the next morning, for the company dance after the pupils have done, cost me a head-ache that lasted me the whole of yesterday & is not quite gone today.

The succeeding calm & quiet that we shall now have for a fortnight of Holidays, we should most perfectly enjoy indeed, but that we have some formal, irksome visits to pay, that our interest will not allow us, now we have leisure, to avoid.

So many of our boarders are very young, that except in holidays we now rarely go out in the evenings. A few boarders from Demarary remain all the vacations, so we still have household cares & claims.

I have lately had a very disagreeable embarrassment, that caused me vexation enough to set all the bile in my stomach afloat & confined me three days to my Chamber.—Upwards

of a year since, I hired a very excellent Cook of a Widow Lady, & soon after I had him, she pressed me to purchase him. As he suited us particularly well, had fewer faults & evil propensities than most of the black servants, & as I was convinced her circumstances would compel her to dispose of him to some one, I took him, at £140, part of which I paid to two of her Creditors who were pressing in their claims,—the residue she received herself & I agreed to allow her daughter to continue a day-scholar without payment, as she is in narrow circumstances.

To my no small surprise & vexation, when the Man had been mine about 6 months, he was seized on & sent to Jail for an execution given by his former Mistress previous to the date of my Sale. I could not lose the man, & I was forced to buy him over again at the Marshall's sale for £135,—£70 of which I was compelled to lay down, & thought myself favored by the Creditor in being allowed three Months for the remainder! No other execution can now touch the man, so in him I am secure, & I have my remedy against Mrs Todd in law, but she is lame & infirm, & basely as she deceived me, I cannot bear to send her to prison, & I have some hopes that a Son-in-law, who expresses great indignation at her conduct, will indemnify me in a part of the money.

It will no doubt be repugnant to your feelings to hear me talk of *buying* Men.—It was for a long time revolting to mine, but the heavy Sums we have paid for wages of hired servants, who were generally the most worthless of their kind, rendered it necessary. Out of 8 in our household, 5 are now our property, —2 Men, 2 boys and one woman. The latter, should we ever quit this Island, I shall give freedom to, because she is old, & has attentively nursed our little Orlando.

This babe is an engaging & noble creature,—the most robust & large of Eliza's Children, but does not, as we fondly hoped, resemble in face his Uncle. He is fair, with light, curling hair, & light eyes, & has not a feature that we can find a likeness for in the family. In temper & vivacity & intelligence he *does* resemble the early childhood of him *for ever lost yet ever here*. I call this Child "Roland", & all the family follow my lead.

How sweet it is to cherish the remembrance of the dead! When fatigued & oppressed with the petty vexations & the

toils that belong to our occupation, the recollection of the bright youth of my blessed boy has power to soothe & to revive me.

We thank you, dear kind friend, for your promise of friendship to our boys, should we send them to England for education. Should we continue here, we shall certainly I believe do so, but not till our income is so much in our own possession as to enable us to send a year's funds at least along with them. They shall be trained to be honest, industrious & independent, but never, if we can help it, shall they encounter the misery of blushing for the non-fulfillment of their parents' promises.

Our rich landlord is dead, & in him we have lost a warm friend. To the two little Girls (his granddaughters) he placed with us, he has left large fortunes, but by some error in the wording of the will, they fall into the Guardianship of their father & Mother, an unhappy, worthless pair, who are intoxicated from Morning to Night, & fight like adverse dragons. The poor old Gentleman gave me strict injunctions never to permit the Children even to go & dine with their parents. Now the father is going to remove them to Europe, & flushed with exultation at the handsome income that will fall into his hands, intends, as he says, to take them a tour of England, Ireland & Scotland. The loss of two very profitable scholars does not grieve me as does the certain destruction of mind & manners which will overwhelm these poor little girls.

We have read 8 of the Novels of Walter Scot, & with delight. In *Ivanhoe* there is a chivalric, lofty tone that inspires enthusiasm. That Rebecca is the most saintly creature I ever met in print, & her father is a masterly portrait of the characteristic features, both good & bad, of that extraordinary people. Richard's gay festival with the Clerk of Copmanhurst is a high dramatic treat. In short the work appears to me almost Unique. . . .

Forgive my late silence, for really, surrounded by sick Children & uncomfortable from the oppression of the Climate, I had not courage to write till the present opportunity occurred.

Eliza joins in every affectionate wish with

Yours most truly

E. FENWICK

LXXVII.—ANOTHER PLAN MOOTED

BARBADOES, *July 31st, 1821.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Mr Johnstone, an officer of the 21st Regiment, and one for whom I entertain a very high esteem, will I hope present you this letter in person. He is a *very young* Man, though a very tall one, & if I know anything of our general coincidence in taste & feeling, I think you will like him, as I am very certain he will *like you*. . . .

I intended to have written by him one of my long gossiping letters, but my mind is greatly unhinged by a severe shock we have just now sustained.—A lovely & most beloved pupil left us on Friday Morning, July 20th (on a visit to her Parents & home) in perfect health, was taken ill on Saturday afternoon & died on Sunday night.

She was an only daughter, the delight of her Parents, the pride & ornament of our School. Very handsome, very accomplished,—an object of general admiration wherever she appeared, yet modest, Lady-like & unassuming to a degree that would have conciliated Envy itself. She was in person, in grace, in engaging qualities, for a girl what Orlando was for a boy.—To us, not only docile, but blending the tenderest watchful affection with unvarying respect. We have many good girls, but none to fill up the void made by Miss Brereton's absence,—*her* place at table, in the schoolroom,—at the Piano,—in the dancing room, never will be filled up by any succeeding occupant.

Ours was indeed a house of tears when the fatal news came. Mrs Rutherford procured a conveyance & went directly to the distracted parents. She remained there all the week, & but for her I believe the father would have persisted in his resolution of never again tasting food, but Eliza's gentle, soothing voice & sympathetic reasoning, at length induced him to break his sullen, bitter silence, & to take a small portion of Nourishment.

Mrs R. was obliged to return at the end of the week, for the claims of our duties are weighty, but as we heard yesterday that Doctor Brereton has again shut himself up to mourn

as one without hope, I am making arrangements to spare her for another visit, to calm the loud phrenzy of the Mother, & to rouse if possible the father to resignation.

These are heavy dispensations, my dear Mary.—We see disease, poverty & misery lingering on through long & joyless life, while the young, the blooming, the rich, the happy are suddenly consigned to the tomb. This dear Girl wanted one month of 16, & was to continue with us as a Parlour Boarder another year.

I never saw happiness, domestic happiness, so perfect as in this family.—There cannot exist purer minded or better people than Doctor & Mrs Brereton. They have a son left, 8 years younger than his sister, but inferior in endowments. We ought to believe that the Lord chasteneth whom he loveth.

I am suffering much from a complaint which the Physician calls Erysipelas. It has settled in my left foot & is very troublesome. Our little Elizabeth has had a low fever & is much emaciated. All the rest are at present well.

The present distress for Money is really terrible. I am put to the greatest inconvenience. Instead of receiving upwards of four hundred pounds due this Month, I actually was compelled yesterday to borrow money for the household provisions.

I believe we have made up our minds to run away from it ;—Alas, not to England, but to America. A most flattering prospect has been held out to us for removing to *New-Haven in Connecticut*. The Climate is excellent,—the Country beautiful, & everything so cheap. Several West India families, some too that we know, have removed thither, & are delighted with their new settlement. I saw a letter from a Major Williams, who keeps his Coach & Four, with suitable appurtenances of living, near *New-Haven* on 2000 dollars per annum ; & we here, without even a single horse, expend upwards of 4000 dollars every year.

There happens to be no female school of the higher order at New-Haven, though several at New York, & it is supposed that ours would be very attractive, as the principal families are now compelled to engage Masters at home.

But the great temptation of removal is first the health of our Children, & secondly the opportunity of giving excellent

educations to our boys & bringing them up to habits of industry & utility at a very moderate expence. If we send them to England the expence will be enormous,—if we go ourselves, the removal will cost a little fortune & we should find so many competitors there that we fear not being able to live in that decent & comfortable order which we think highly salutary to the habits & good taste of our Children.

What say you, dear friend, to joining us in America? I have made the strictest enquiries,—Cold winters without fogs, succeeded by bright summers, form the constant climate. Every house in New-Haven possesses its own garden, abounding with fruit trees, & an area in front handsomely planted. It is near the Sea. Splendid Steam boats or well appointed Land carriages proceed to & from New York (the most polished City of America) every day & at a most moderate expence. The finest Cyder costs not more than 5s/6d sterling for a cask of 30 Gallons. All the produce of the Country is equally cheap. I pay now £200 per ann for the house we live in; I shall there have a very fine one, I am told, with an extensive garden, for £65 at the very utmost; perhaps if taken for a time for much less.

Of course we could board you much cheaper than you can find it in England. We shall draw a very agreeable circle round us. We will walk together in Summer, & join together with pleasant parties of Sledging excursions in winter.

We are not too old to enjoy a new sphere of observation, dear Mary. What say you?—Do consider it seriously,—a voyage from London to New-York does not take much time nor consume much money. From New-York to *New-Haven* (I hope my final resting place in this world) demands but a few hours, & one of us would hasten to be your conductor.

We do not think of removing till about next April or May, the best season for our voyage, as Packets at that period of the year are constantly passing from New-Haven to the Island of St Thomas's, to which we should go from hence, & where the Gentleman resides who was the first mover of this project, & wishes two of his daughters to accompany us to America.

As he is of a most sanguine temper, we waited for other information before we decided, & before our letters were answered an excellent source opened to us by the unexpected

arrival of Mr Edey, a Native of Barbadoes, who removed with a large family to New-Haven about 4 years ago.

His approbation of the plan is so warm, & his encouragement so decided, that we have resolved on making the experiment, unless some unforeseen casualty arises to prevent it.

As we had not fixed our resolves the last day Mr Johnstone dined with us, & his $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of leave taking yesterday was so necessarily occupied by kind wishes on both parts & obliging repetition on his of desire of being servicable to us in England, that no mention was made of thoughts of removal. He has often regretted our not going to England, as he wished to give a little sister to whom he is guardian to our care. With his soldier like prejudices, I dare say he would blame us for becoming Americans. Mrs R. feels some reluctance & regret that her boys should not become right loyal subjects of Great Britain,—I say let them be good Citizens of a good State, it matters little where.

As I cannot help fancying that Mr Johnstone will be attracted to visit you more than once, a thought has struck me, on which I must give you a caution.—I have never been told so, but I shrewdly suspect I am here supposed to be a widow. I would not utter a falsehood if questioned, but it seemed so much a probability, or rather a certainty, that no question or hint ever came across me either one way or the other. There is something so awkward & so humiliating in the explanations that would be necessary in stating the truth, that I beg you always to avoid any mention of that person who has been so unjust a Husband & unfriendly a Father. We never hear from him or of him, & to all intents & purposes he is morally dead to us.

How singular that My case should also be my daughter's. Three years have now elapsed since Mr Rutherford left the Island, & we are perfect strangers to his fate. What quarter of the world contains him, or whether he be living or dead, we know not.

I am pleased on this account with our project of removal, because I can look to a lasting settlement for Eliza in America. I should die here with a painful impression of the various disasters that might overwhelm her & her Children in sudden ruin,—our storms,—our hurricanes,—but above all the fatal

insurrection which we constantly dread, prevent the soothing consciousness of being *at home*.

Farewell, dear Mary, I have written more than I at first expected. Let your reply be speedy, & believe me

Ever truly yours

E. FENWICK

LXXVIII.—LAST MONTHS IN BRIDGETOWN

BARBADOES, *Dec. 10th, 1821.*

At length, my dear Friend, I have received your book, of the fate of which I had made so many anxious enquiries. It was doubly welcome by the hands of Capn Richardson, because he had seen you. . . .

We could not help welcoming Capn Richardson like an old friend. His stay was short in the Island, & a mistake in the delivery of a card of invitation prevented his dining with us, to meet the family of a young Lady that he brought from England, who was formerly a pupil of ours, but he took tea with us when we happened to have a good many chance visitors, & danced two Country dances with Mrs Rutherford.

He was excessively delighted with Pat's fine eyes, curling clusters, & good humoured smiles, & should you see him on his return to England, I dare say he will give you no unfavorable account of the appearance of the family.

Our exterior is very gay & animated, from the nature of the family, but our inward & secret thoughts are full of perplexity. One Money disappointment follows another in rapid succession, & I am at last compelled to employ an attorney, where hitherto I have carefully avoided that measure. Times are so inconceivably bad that I foresee when April comes, & we are preparing for a departure to America, I shall be obliged to sell my debts, with the sacrifice perhaps of two thirds of the Amount, & dispose of my 5 Servants for half their value, if I wish to get cash for our removal etc. I dare not trust to securities & judgments etc. when going to such a distance, unless before that time the English Government has the wisdom to open the communication between the West Indies & America,

which appears indeed the only means of redeeming these colonies from utter ruin.

My letter by Mr Johnstone of the Royal Fusiliers will have apprised you of our intended emigration. I acknowledge it is a bold experiment, but every thing tends to make me believe it a wise one. I am wearied of having a large nominal income on my books, & yet unable to command the use of it. Never will I again yield (as I have unfortunately done here) to the procrastinating habit people indulge in in this Island. Many who preferr'd letting their accounts accumulate from quarter to quarter while abounding in cash, are now partaking the general distress & unable to collect a dollar scarcely.

But the more powerful inducements are my impaired health and the welfare of our children. It has been a dreadful year of intense heat, unmitigated drought & cutaneous diseases. Boils & blains have covered Children in particular. Ours, from the cool manner in which we rear them, have escaped the worst of these eruptions, but the youngest (Orlando) has had a succession of boils from head to foot, & has still a visitation of fever once in every 24 hours, which has reduced him considerably. When the long prayed for rains came, fever broke out, & has carried off many victims with even more than its usual rapidity.

The physical evils of these climates are indeed numerous. I am always impatient of heat, but this year it seemed impossible to endure its intensity from day to day. Only within these few days has the air been cooled by North East winds, for Month after Month the sickening breezes from the South robbed us of vigour of mind & body.

Did I not in my last invite you to America? My heart has nourished the invitation if my pen withheld it. We have had letters from Mrs Rutherford's earliest friend in Barbadoes, the wife of a Commissioner who left this Country four years ago & is now settled at Newhaven, confirming the particulars of the cheapness & comfort of living there, & encouraging our prospect of settling at that place. Will you come? I am perfectly convinced you could lodge & board, with a well supplied table & good fires in winter, for £50 sterling per Ann, & very likely for less.

I long to hear your thoughts on this matter. A voyage,

change of scene, change of manners, all would tend to better your health & amuse your mind. Should you not like the people & the Country, you could return, & your saving of income would meet the expences of travelling. The winters, it is true, are severely cold, but it is not a damp, foggy cold (the worst of all to endure), but a clear, bright atmosphere allows & invites to exercise. Fuel is cheap & abundant. The fever visits the more southern provinces & I do not apprehend at any time is more frequent than in New York or so much so as in London. . . .

Whenever I get hold of an English News-paper, which now seldom happens, as my former supplier flew into a pet with his correspondents irregularities & countermanded the Courier. —By the bye, what a gross calumniator that editor seems to be.—Well, when I read of these pageants, pomps & vanities of travelling display, which has seized our veteran King, I can hardly believe my eyes.—What will be the end of all this, I cannot divine, but I guess a second marriage & another gew-gaw Coronation will happen to amuse the minds of the star gazing multitude.

The *Venus*, one of Daniel's Ships from Bristol, has come in this morning with 27 passengers on board,—all Natives of this Island, & the Concord is expected with as many, beside the Complement of other ships. These foolish people have been spending double & treble their incomes in England, & are now, for want of means to continue their extravagance, returning to encrease the difficulties here.

We all like our Governor, who does not seem likely to lean to either of our political parties, but an unlucky personal dispute between two principals of the opposing Juntos is reviving in all its bitterness the feuds which it was hoped the Governor's impartiality would have laid to Sleep.

I have not seen Godwin's new book (not new now I suppose), nor had I heard mention of Queen Mab before your letter. I abhor its author, but infinitely more his wife,¹ who of all human beings is the object of my sincerest detestation. I am highly pleased with your account of the answer to Malthus, & glad that he has made a votive offering at the shrine of Chris-

¹ This must refer to Mrs. Godwin, not Mary Shelley.

tianity. Let us hope it was done in sincerity & singleness of heart.

I have just read & Eliza is now reading *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*. It seized with painful intentness on my feelings, & unless misled by the present impression, I should pronounce it the best of W. Scott's works. The *Monastery* pained me. I did not like that this genius should adopt supernatural agency & that of no very dignified kind. It has however fine portraits & beautiful passages. The Abbot pleased me excessively & Kenilworth also, but Jenny Deans & Rebecca are holy creatures, whose excellencies are indeed, as you justly call them, perfect specimens of the Moral Sublime.

I long to get to America that I may get at books. I am not a subscriber to the Book Societies here.—One, called the Literary Association, refuse all members till their number is reduced; & the other I was deter'd from offering myself to by being told one of their earliest rules was an exclusion of all *School Keepers*. Lately a member assured me the law was obsolete, & would not be called in exercise against me, but it would be ill worth my while to pay £10, which is the first subscription, for the little reading I could have while I remain here. . . . There is not a *Circulating Library* in the Island. . .

Our Port Captain here (or rather I believe Agent for Loyds), the ugliest man you ever saw, but witty & highly informed, is a cousin of Lord Byron's, & they spent their earliest years together. I met this Captain Cook one evening at a tea party, & was delighted with the torrent of Criticism & anecdote he poured out. I should like his acquaintance of all things, & might easily lure him to our house, but he is boisterous, & swears & drinks, which are objections.

Mrs Rutherford continues to possess health & has revived once more to that happy elasticity of spirits which I fancied was extinguished for ever.

She has bright prospects in her eldest boy if he lives. He is a lovely fellow, of a most even temperament of mind, & with great animal spirits, a careful avoidance of what he takes to be error.

The second is still ever in extremes, & will I fear be always in extremes, much to our discomfort & his own hazard. His fancy & feeling are both singular, & superior far to his brother's,

or any child I know, but they lead him often into excesses, & we do not expect from him the unbroken comfort that the elder's happy disposition promises. I do not love Tom less (he was Orlando's "Cherub") than I ever did, but I love Pat far more than I did, as his steady Judgment & unrepining obedience daily gain upon me.

Elizabeth is a little, pretty, plump brunette, abounding in all the vanities of her sex; dotes on dress & ornament, & is, at 5 years old, a very fascinating baby coquette. We do not think she will have any talent, but pride & emulation will doubtless make her accomplished.

Roland (for I have not courage to give him the abbreviation of *Lanno*) is full of the most engaging attributes of childhood. They all dote on their Mother, as well they may.

Thursday, Decr. 12th. I have this moment received tidings of the Death of Colonel Piper of the 4th or *King's Own*. He paid me a morning visit on Sunday, after Church, sickened on Monday, & died last night. He had a pension for gallant conduct at Waterloo, & a shattered arm, & having served his three years in the West Indies, was expecting to go home in April, & retire to his native Devonshire. I knew him there many years since. He was a polite, fashionable Man, fond of music, of dancing & of society. Without strong intellect, he was also without vicious habits, & his ease & gentlemanly manners rendered him an acceptable visitor, & his death has affected me. I was prepared for it by hearing, from another officer of the regiment last night, that the black vomits had begun. The first is I believe the unvarying forerunner of death. Two officers died last week, one in 24 hours after the attack, & in town the fever has had many victims.

. . . Farewell, farewell. Write immediately, & believe me ever yours

E FENWICK

PART V

AMERICA

LXXIX.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS

NEWHAVEN, *Septv 2d*, 1822.

At length, my dear Mary, I address you from the New World, where I hope & trust I am fixed for the remnant of my days, for such a succession of petty cares & disappointments, added to the fatigues & difficulties of breaking up such an establishment as ours, so occupied the last three Months of our residence in Barbadoes, that I really began to think I should never reach their end.

I had also tormenting apprehensions for Mrs Rutherford, on whom the suffering of leave taking, & all the well meant but injudicious remonstrances & persuasions of friends to give up our project & resettle, as it were, among them, took a most injurious effect.

I felt it less, for having all the Money Matters to regulate, I was kept up by being constantly angry ; but her sympathy was as constantly assailed, nor did she know, till it came to the point of separation, how much she loved & was beloved by many intimates of ten years standing.

Of course many secret associations of ideas augmented the pungency of her feelings,—her ill-fated marriage—her four Children born there—her beloved brother buried there—all I daresay contributed to shatter her frame & waste her strength & spirits.

But it seemed as if fortune favoured our removal, for on the day three weeks that we had eat, or rather sat by, our last melancholy dinner in Barbadoes, surrounded by weeping friends,—on that very day three weeks we dined cheerfully & heartily in Newhaven, surrounded by friends whose Joy at

our arrival equalled the regrets of our Well wishers across the Atlantic.

As the Ports were not then opened, we were obliged to go first to St Thomas's, a four days' sail, & there we waited four days before we embarked for America.

Then we passed two days at Staten Island, nine miles from New York, where the ships from the West Indies perform Quarantine, & yet we completed all in three weeks,—our voyage from St Thomas being one continued rapid & pleasant sail without a moment's interruption of our straight forward course.

The American ships are not neat & commodious in their arrangements, generally speaking, but the most unparalleled fine weather, our continued swift progress, & great kindness & attention on the part of the Captain, made us careless of other inconveniences.

Bringing Six boarders with me & a Servant, besides ourselves & the four Children, I expected to take lodgings till we could settle ourselves in a house ; but I had not taken just measure of the affectionate hospitality of the Dummett family, now settled here, with whom Mrs Rutherford spent so much of her time in Barbadoes before her marriage, for two elegant equipages were immediately brought to the door of the Hotel, & all of us,—*Children, Servant, Dog, Cat, Parrot & Macaw*, were whirled away to Mr Dummet's Country residence, & there we remained three weeks, being visited & visiting, & making Country excursions, while Mr Dummett, Major Williams, & two other West India Friends, took all the trouble of getting a house in readiness, & preparing our cards & advertisements.

We had not been previously acquainted with Major & Mrs Williams, who have been settled here five years, but they knew us by Character, & we were well known to all his relations in Barbadoes (the first people in Consequence & fortune in that Island). In his own Country, & in this also, he is supposed to be one of the proudest Men existing, while in all other respects of the most unimpeachable character & principles ; yet had we been a long absent Mother & Sister arriving, the kindness & constant attention of Mr & Mrs Williams could not be exceeded.

Our introduction here by the Dummetts & Williams, both

being families who rank high in the public opinion, is a most important circumstance to us.

Several American Ladies have called on us & made parties for our further introduction. We are pleased with this, as the only fault the Natives can find with the West Indians living here is that they keep too much within their own circle & have rather slighted the advances of the Americans. It is certainly true, but we do not intend doing so, & flatter ourselves we shall incite them to generalise a little more.

We have been introduced to the Bishop of Connecticut, a most Gentlemanly, intelligent & liberal minded Man. There is a wide chasm between the Episcopalians & the Presbyterians, & they seldom mix together. We had letters to the first Mercantile house of this town, & mutual calls have passed, but there I suppose the intercourse will stop, as we go to the Church & they are rigid Presbyterians.

Major Williams was the first person who ever rode in a carriage here on Sunday, & when he not only drove to Church in his Coach, but took an airing in the afternoon, every one was struck with astonishment. But as they soon found him to be a strictly Moral Man, they began not only to endure but to imitate, & now the Episcopalians, in particular, use their carriages on Sunday.

Yet in no part of the world that I have ever seen, did Sunday ever appear so much & really a holy day. In the very Centre of the town is an immensely large Square or Green, & in the Centre of this square stand three beautiful buildings, in an even row, at a little distance from each other,—the Church—the Presbyterian Meeting House—and the Methodist Chapel—all of large dimensions, & the hours of worship being the same, it is really an impressive sight to see all ranks of people hastening to pay their homage to the deity. No shops open—no traffic—everything appears to be in unison without doors as within the crowded temples.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of this town. The principal streets look like the fine avenues in Windsor Park, being planted with rows of lofty trees. The houses are all apart from each other, except in the streets of business, & are surrounded by Gardens & shrubberies. The houses are mostly wood, nicely painted, & are seldom above two stories, very compact, &

tasty in their papers & other decorations. It does not look at all like a City (unless you visit the Wharf of a mile long), but like a town or village of Gentleman's houses.

The Country is covered with Woods & Hills & Cliffs, interspersed with beautiful small rivers, beside the noble expanse of the Sound, & the prospect is bounded to the North by Mountains. I believe you know how I always doted on this sort of scenery, & really my exclamations of pleasure at some of the woody, deep sunk Glens, or splendid openings of Country, in our rides, have I believe excited a smile among our party, but when I am pleased, I cannot help expressing it.

Mrs Rutherford is already recovered astonishingly. Her sallowness is giving place to a clearer skin & a fresher complexion. A family from Barbadoes arrived here last week & Mrs Gunning was amazed to see the speedy change in both Mrs R. & her Children.

No one can compliment my looks, for I am even paler than in Barbadoes. I suppose I am too old to mend. Perhaps it is because I cannot yet feel quite at home under our change of life. It is an awkward thing, the entirely new beginning of housekeeping, & still more awkward the commencement of a school. All went on in a regular system at Barbadoes from long habit, & the New comers, guided by habitual pupils, easily understood & adopted the rules, but here it is all to do over again, & the Children have been allowed in other schools such insubordination & independence that it is a double difficulty to bring them under that due subjection which I think necessary to their improvement. Some also (the Misses Williams) have never before been at school but were attended by a Master at home. The Major could not endure that his daughters should go to a school where boys & girls were mixed under one Master. Of course they have still to learn the power of regular, steady application.—Altogether we find fifteen as fatiguing to the spirits as fifty were, but this will mend, & in a few Months we shall get rid of this troublesome feeling of not being *at home*.

My next shall tell you something more of American Manners & Character. We have not yet had time to see it out of holiday garb.

I must now bid you a reluctant farewell. I cannot fancy

I am as far from you as before, for the fruit & everything remind me so much of England . . . In my next I shall give you more details of our manner of living etc., for I have not relinquished the hope of your coming to us. Farewell.

Yours most truly

E. FENWICK

I was compelled to leave £872.17.10½ of unsettled accounts in Barbadoes, and £185 in Tortola owing me by the Collector of the Customs there, & to put all in the hands of a Attorney at 12 per Cent Commission. What we did collect, & the advances paid by the pupils accompanying us, served to provide our voyages etc. & to purchase furniture etc. All our friends here insisted on paying their Children's quarters in advance & our fifteen pupils are all West Indians. Four other West Indians come this month and we hear of some Americans who are also to join us. Indeed I am fully persuaded we have done wisely, our friends predict the most flattering success, & think that after becoming known we shall attract many pupils from the Southern states, where the people are very rich & are very fond of education. Newhaven bears a high character for health & beauty. Our advertisements have appeared at Charlestown, New York, etc., etc., & are backed by such references as must give them importance.

LXXX.—LOSSES AND GAINS

NEWHAVEN, *Augst. 1st, 1823.*

STATE STREET

I take shame to my self, my dear though long neglected friend, for my silence. I have known too for the last three weeks past that the last letter I wrote you never was forwarded. The Communication between America & the West Indies is now so frequent & our Friends there have found so many opportunities of writing & sending us little tokens of remembrance, that when I was forwarding a letter on business to Mr Hurly in Barbadoes, I sent a packet to England, directed through the usual channel of Mr Robinson & his friend, for him (Mr H.) to forward. I was unlucky in my choice of a Capn, for he never delivered either mine or the letters of any

other person from this place, & by his American Apathy I have, I fear, lost the only chance of recovering a debt of £124. 13. . . .

Much as I had heard against American Captains, the kind, handsome (& even affectionate, I may say) conduct of the one who brought us to the United States made me believe it a slander, & the polite act, & honorable conduct of another, belonging to this Port, who brought me a remittance of dollars, & some presents of sweetmeats for the Children, & would not receive any freight, obliterated all traces of the bad report of their losing letters & embezzling small packages, but further experience has convinced me that such things are. Some Jars of Tamarinds, a Barrel of Yams, & a box, I suppose of Guava Jelly, lately sent from Barbadoes to New York, are all lost, beside the letters of whose destination I have already complained.

But one letter was not even sufficient in so long an interval, I confess ; however I have a powerful claim on your forgiveness for much of my silence. I suffered during several Months from severe head-aches, which came on every day, precisely at the same hour of Noon, & lasted all the latter part of the day. If I wrote, worked or read in the evening, I was sure to have a return in the night. Bleeding, Blistering, Leeches, Medicines & a regimen, were all tried, & tried in vain, & my spirits sank to a lower depth of dismay than I remember to have experienced, because the disease was so decidedly opposed to the claims of my situation. Every little exertion was torture & I could scarcely bear the voices of the Children. The necessity of this endurance, & the irritability of Nerve it produced, helped to encrease & prolong these head-aches, which have at last, I trust, yielded more to reasoning myself into less despondency & more patience with little evils, than to the prescribed remedies.

During the last year I have certainly had no cause for sorrow ; actual affliction has not approached our dwelling ; but I have pined in secret severely, bitterly. I left in Barbadoes a long list of uncollected debts,—most justly & honorably due to us as the reward of every sacrifice that duty demanded, & the hard earned remuneration of ceaseless toil.

I left a legal power in the hands of Mr Hurly as my agent, & put my accounts into the hands of an Attorney who, I

was convinced, would not idly commence suits where I shd have to pay expences, agreeing to pay him 12 per Cent out of what was collected. Mr Hurly acted from friendship. By their last letters I find I must renounce all expectation of debts that amount to upwards of £700—& of the remaining ones they entertain doubts.

An Englishman, the Collector of Tortola, Mr Snow, gave me his promissory Note, June 14th, 1822, at Six weeks, for £185, which I placed in the hands of Mr Coaklay, a Merchant of St Thomas's, with directions how to remit it to America, feeling as satisfied of the punctuality of Mr Snow as it was possible to be. Not one shilling has yet been paid by him,—nothing but excuses & solicitations for time. I have now written to order him to be sued.

These disappointments & losses have sat very heavily on my mind. I am growing old apace, & want to trace the rest of my Journey on a smooth & level road.

We are establishing a new connection, & required our former earnings to set us fairly & freely forward. Our first year of residence here has been unavoidably expensive, from having a house to furnish, & winter preparations, both of clothing & furniture, to make. We have also the usual disadvantage of want of experience, & often buy dearly, beside the expences of removal with so large a family from one world to another; & therefore what we had collected to bring with us was soon swallowed up.

It was a delightful hope, & indeed belief, I cherished, of settling what we could spare of the money still to be collected in, upon the Children, which though not amounting to a fortune, would have been a little reserve towards fixing them (the three boys) to some pursuit when old enough. It was a cherished, consoling project, & the Annihilation of it has raised bitter & angry feelings towards those persons whose Children have benefitted, incalculably benefitted, at the expence of our little beloveds. In the dead of night it has stood before me as a Sin, that I worked for bread & meat & clothing & instruction of the Offspring of cold-hearted strangers, & left our own to depend on contingencies. The doing so was no sin, but a great folly on my part, but the repentance, or rather the manner of repenting it, is as great a folly. . . .

We have now tried America one year, & have reason to be satisfied. Our school gradually encreases & the pay is secure. We do little among the Americans, for very obvious & natural causes. Our terms are much higher than the other schools, & we have refused solicitations to lower them. We feel that we are much better off with twenty at the price fixed, than with 50 at half its amount,—our fatigue less, our responsibility & our risque less. Besides our school is more select & has a better face.

The Connecticut people are proverbially economical, & they have a fondness of Male teachers for their girls. A Mr Garfield here, a Young Person too, keeps a female school & has near 60 I am told. He is very clever, very zealous, & I am sure very competent, but I am shocked at his manners. A young Lady was married last week to whom he once gave Liddle's poems & bid her shew him which she liked best. She happened to be related to the Bishop, who is truly the Gentleman as well as priest, & by his advice she was taken from Mr Garfield's school directly. But this teacher talks to his young Ladies of their *sweet-hearts*, I am assured, without the smallest reserve. His price is half ours exactly, but he will never have a West Indian pupil. We have twenty, 9 are boarders.

A Mrs Apthorpe, a Lady most advantageously connected & singularly circumstanced like ourselves, settled here a few months before us, who stands much in our way. Her Husband, a Drunkard, a Gamester & a Brute, had spent a very handsome fortune & wearied out all their friends, who however took her case into consideration & on her separating from him according to some form of American law, they set her up with her three daughters in Newhaven, & exerting a wide extended interest, got her several pupils,—16 I believe she has, tall girls. She boards them & superintends their conduct, & engages a Master to come every day to instruct them. She is a very pleasing woman & fit for her situation. It is certain that some of the young Ladies she has would have come to us, but then we do for ourselves what she pays for, & therefore we neither are nor ought to be envious. Our profits are greater & it is still predicted that as we become more known we shall receive pupils from the Southern States. Our income meets our expenditure, but I have been obliged still to receive advances

from 2 of our friends & patrons here, because funds from Demarary are locked up.

Did I ever mention a Mr Culpeper who placed his youngest girl with us & gave me £100 in advance the day she enter'd? During a year he still kept paying in advance, & dying at the end of the year, settled a part of his property secured to her, to provide for her board & education till she was 18 with us, unless she married before that period. Her eldest brother & sister he appointed her Guardians. But the Demerary laws will not allow a Guardian to act before 25 & her brother was but 21. He came to Barbadoes to take leave of the Child, paid me up to the end of May, 1822, with 100 dollars in advance for the voyage, & assured me that if the Court appointed another Guardian, my remittances would not be affected. Something has however affected them, for from that hour to this, not one penny has come nor even one line of enquiry from either Brother or Sister. A Mr Benjamin, a rich Demerary Merchant, has settled here with his family, & sends us two daughters & a niece. His corresponding Clerk has delivered several letters of mine to the family of Culpeper & sends word they are well etc. We suppose some disagreement subsists between the Guardian of the Court & the young Man. I have, by Mr Benjamin's advice, addressed that Guardian, & as he (Mr B.) goes in Ocr to Demarary, I shall then get it settled, for it is safe, but as 500 dollars are already due, the absence of that amount wd have put us to difficulties, if a good friend here had not stopped the gap.—Are you not tired of this grumbling detail of petty disappointments? But so much have they occupied my thoughts, I could not help dwelling on them with my pen.

My ardent longings for your society, dear Mary, as a member of our family, the severities of the winter did certainly abate, & the occasional intense heats of the present summer make me altogether doubtful of the kindness of wishing you to come to America.

For my part, I do not dislike the winter, but Mrs Rutherford, who was always a chilly Mortal, suffered inconceivably, & maintains that to be cold & to be happy are incompatible things. Now, when everyone else has been panting under a suffocating atmosphere, she discloses it to be just pleasant.

I thought our English climate was variability itself, but it never equalled in sudden & extreme changes what I have already seen in America. We spent one evening in Feby at the Bishop of Connecticut's, & returned home between 11 & 12 in one of the loveliest & mildest nights a winter ever afforded. I said spring was begun, yet when I opened my eyes next Morning the snow was above three feet deep & the water freezing near the fire side.

I do not love the summer, the heat is to me intolerable. What with flannels & blazing fires I can keep myself comfortable in winter, & plaids & furs enable me to enjoy sleighing exceedingly. We drove 18 miles one afternoon in one hour & $\frac{1}{4}$, without any extraordinary speed of the horse. In the sleigh with me I had 8 Children, & it was difficult for the driver to keep the horses from going much faster. Mrs Rutherford was in Mr Dummett's single horse sleigh with her two youngest Children, & driven by Mr Dummett's Son, & they, with another single horse sleigh of the party, went in a shorter time.

The prospect was glorious. Every twig & every branch of each tree was encased in ice. The roads were lakes of polished ice, & every field & hedge transformed into Crystals. A bright sun in a clear sky shed such a lustre over all that it was too dazzling to rest the eye on ; I never beheld or imagined a prospect of such splendor.

It is usual for rain to fall after a Snow Storm, & then freezing follows, & effects this brilliant Metamorphosis. Then sleighing is in perfection.

It is fashionable to drive about the streets. The horses are decorated with bells. The sleighs are prettily shaped & painted, & crammed as full as they can hold of Ladies & Children, who make a dashing appearance, with their fur caps & gold bands & tassels, & the Buffalo & Deer skins hanging round the sides of the Sleighs bordered with scarlet cloth, as they go crossing & re-crossing each other at every turning with a rapidity like flying. An overturn is thought little of, because the carriage is so close to the ground ; it goes on steel runners, no wheels, & a child can drive it. I always prefer'd going into the Country.

If you want a perfect picture of an ice prospect, read the

Pioneers, a Novel of extraordinary talent, written by a Mr Cooper, an American, a clergyman I believe. His *Spy* is also a work of the first order. . . .

The American Lord Byron, a Mr Percival, is in Newhaven, but so shy & determinately avoiding is he, that there is no hope of becoming acquainted with him. He is quite young & has the reality as well as the oddity of Genius. He writes at present for a Newspaper, having, as I hear, spent his little property.

We have removed to a large & very commodious house, much to the encrease of our comforts, & have now been visited by almost all the leading families of this Town.

Mrs Rutherford is a universal favorite. The Bishop says she is the finest Woman he ever saw. This was told me by his wife. Now *FINEST* does not relate only to personal beauty here, but to the mind, goodness & tout-ensemble. I tell her she ought to be grateful to an American winter, for it has renovated her in a most singular degree. I often look at her cleared complexion, her color, the vivacity of her eyes & the roundness of her person, & think she can scarcely be the daughter I brought sallow, colorless & almost a Skeleton. Our friends here say she looks as young & better now than when she first arrived in Barbadoes. Of the *better* I have no doubt, because all that she has done, aye & all that she has suffered, has enlarged her intellect, & speaks very emphatically from her Countenance. Her children have benefited even more in health & equally in looks. Of their persons & dispositions I will speak more in my next.

With these terrors of mighty Winter, & these oppressions of the Summer skies (which I support merely because they are not lasting) before me, how can I hope to lure you to America? Ah no, I will not ask it. It is indeed a task at our period of life to break up old associations & habits & begin new. I remember how long I was in assimilating my feelings & tastes to all that was new when I went to Barbadoes, & though I removed here surrounded by my family, & have joined a circle I knew previously, I even yet have a latent sense of being in a strange land. I seem to love Barbadoes better than when I was in it. I could not be tempted to go back. I think & wish to be here the rest of my days,

& yet am not altogether *at home*. No, I will never again urge you to quit the connections you have lived among from infancy. . . .

Do not punish me by silence. Eliza bids me give her affectionate regards to you. Farewell, farewell.

Yours very sincerely

E. FENWICK

So many interruptions occur in the day, & our occupation so engrosses our time, that I have now completed this by sitting up at night on the 9th of August. It is just one o'clock, so Good Night, Good Night, my dearest friend !

LXXXI.—INFIRMITIES & DISAPPOINTMENTS

STATE STREET, NEWHAVEN,

March 24th, 1824.

How gratifying, dear dear Friend, was your letter of Novr 18, 1823, to me, which however did not arrive till January. . . .

I never pined half so much for England in Barbadoes as I do in America, & yet my taste & reason both prefer America to Barbadoes. Perhaps certain similarities of climate & manners revive dormant sympathies which had slumbered under the influence of a tropical country & tropical customs. —However so it is, & if I could transport me & mine to England with a wish, you would before this have seen personally how old I am grown, & possibly have been surprised to see how much of *the Governess* my manners have imbibed, instead of that suavity for which I had so much credit in my younger days. I remember a cornish Gentleman once saying I was born to govern & understood my vocation. I was very angry at the time, for I believed myself to be led, & that I knew not how to lead, nor did I desire it, considering the remark rather as a censure than a compliment, but times change manners, & now I not only assume the reins, but never relinquish them.

I sometimes, on looking into myself, wonder how Eliza, who possesses a much firmer character than mine, yields so invariably & unresistingly to my decisions. Her opinions, deliberately formed, she does not relinquish,—but her principles of respect & duty constantly keep alive a deference to my will

& a yielding to my sway that perhaps renders me somewhat arbitrary & sometimes perhaps unreasonable.

When I compare my present with my former self, I acknowledge a greater change in mind than body. Years of calamity & petty vexations have worn my temper into asperities & rendered me captious & petulant. I know it & am sorry for it, yet I go on sinning & repenting under the powerful imperious influence of pecuniary disappointments.

A friend once said: "If you leave your debts behind you in Barbadoes, you will never get a shilling", & his Judgment appears correct,—I cannot get a shilling from there. Yet I do not blame myself as being precipitate, for had I staid, I suppose my chance would have been the same, & the advantages of health to Eliza & her babes by the removal is a species of compensation.

The pupils I brought with me from Demerary have doubled & trebled my perplexities. I can get no Money remitted from that Colony, & am daily under the necessity of expending money for the wants of those very children.

Nor do we yet succeed in getting *American* pupils. We are, & in a particular degree Mrs Rutherford is, much liked. All the principal families have visited us, & we are invited to the largest parties. Our invitations in turn have always been accepted & our society is evidently sought & approved, but still our school is West Indian & the Americans prefer as a teacher of young Ladies a Man (doubtless of talent) but who talks to them not only coarsely but indecently.

Dr Browne, the Bishop of Connecticut (at once the handsomest, most polished & Gentlemanly Man I have seen in America), assures me our success would be greater in Hartford, 40 miles from this, but then we should quit our West Indian connections, who are not only our present support, but shew us every friendly attention in their power. I acknowledge also, in the midst of my complaints, that a year & a half is not sufficient to impress a conviction of the stability of a school, & it is so common here to fly off to some new place & profession on the first symptom of disappointment, that they may calculate on our abandoning the project.

We have had an English winter,—such a one as has scarcely been known in the memory of Man for this climate. But

little snow & much rain, mist & fog, & such perpetual changes that we dared not part with our fires or our comfortables & have been paying all the penalties without any of the enjoyments of an American winter.

Two of my Grandchildren have had low fever, but are recovering, & the spring will quite restore them I trust.

How much younger you are than I am, my dear friend. Without spectacles I can neither write nor read, & I am very deaf, at times so much so that when I fall in with people who do not speak articulately I make the strangest mistakes imaginable. This gives me a distaste to going into strange company, & I should constantly avoid it, if Mrs R. would let me. I have not the vestige of a tooth in the whole upper gum, therefore what remain sound & firm in the lower still are useless. Then I have at times such a stiffness in my knees that on first rising from my chair I can scarce walk, & like an old horse cannot go till warmed with exercise. Such are my infirmities & warnings, dear Mary, & long may you escape them. I am very large & stout, & still preserving an upright carriage have some proportion in the largeness of my size. I always wear black, & look like a respectable old dame, & I have no doubt if we were side by side, you might pass for my daughter.

Eliza looks much younger now than when I went to Barbadoes, having recovered the glow of her complexion. All she has seen, all experienced, & all she has suffered, aided by a strong mind & expanded intellect, has improved her countenance & encreased its interest. It is this expression & the animation of her features when her animal spirits are in full force that causes many persons to think her handsome.—So much for family history,—Will you again apologise for talking of yourself? . . .

Our critics here do not like St Ronan's Well, but I think W.S. has shewn the Pen of a Master by making a hackneyed story & commonplace incidents highly interesting. I was pleased certainly, but must own some of his characters, well outlined, are not appropriately filled up. The management of the story of Reginald Dalton I thought admirable, & all the Oxford scenes highly delineated. The book was much read in our College here, & I told some of the Students whom

I know that I feared it had roused them to some experiments they had lately tried to get rid of a very obnoxious tutor, but which only terminated in the expulsion of several Members of the senior classes.

You could not suppose yourself near a College in New-haven, for all you see or hear of the Students, generally speaking, is when they are playing ball on the College Green or taking their promenades. A few venturous spirits venture to the Balls that are sometimes given, but dancing is against the College rules, but the tutors wink at the infringement provided it does not interfere with their prayers or recitations. . . .

You must read *The Pilot* & give me your opinion of it. It is by James Cooper, of Cooper's Town, State of New York, the author of the *Spy* etc. etc. I think so highly of this man's talent that I was mortified at hearing he is vain to such an extent of egoism that some New York wit has given out that he writes his Novels in the street, leaning against a Lamp-post. The high tone of the present race of Novels is a blessing to the rising Generation.

Have you met with any of Mrs Hemans poetry? I have been delighted with the fugitive pieces which have got into the Newspapers. She is I believe of Boston.

Our *intimates*, the West Indians here, though highly bred, & genteel, are not literary, & in the large parties conversation is unavoidably divided into little groupings, while the eternal rounds of sweetmeats, Ices, Jellies etc. etc. etc. prevent anything like continuity, so that we do not often get into the associations we best love. . . .

Yrs ever

E. FENWICK

LXXXII.—ATROCIOUS CALUMNIES

NEWHAVEN, *March 1st*, 1825.

I confess, my Dear, my long tried & yet neglected friend, that you have cause to reproach my silence. I reproach myself still more severely, & acknowledge with shame & Compunction, that I ought not to have suffered any cares, perplexities or busy occupations to have induced me to procrastinate my

writing to you. To wait for quiet & leisure in a family like ours is to seek for that which can never be found, & I begin to believe it equally unlikely that repose from tumult or vexations ever will be ours.

The past year seems like a confused & busy dream. We lived for some months in a crowd.—Six Barbadian Ladies came for a renovation of health, & would not be denied accommodation in our family, which added very much to the usual claims on our time; & to encrease the bustle surrounding us, one of them had been the *first love* of a Gentleman who had removed with his family to this Country some years since, & about the time of our arrival had become a widower. Parents on both sides had objected to their youthful passion—both had married—both had become free, & they no sooner met in our drawingroom than we all predicted the result. Mrs Alleyne was married from our house.

About the same period, two other weddings occurred in our West India circle here, & we could not, without giving offence, avoid taking a share in the gay & almost endless festivities with which it is the practice of Newhaven to solemnise such events.

All that over, & our boarders departed, I looked for an interval of domestic repose, when a storm burst over us, as sudden, as unlooked for, & as astounding as a thunder clap from a serene & cloudless sky.

I wonder if I ever named the Wallace family to you? They were living here (from Santa Cruz) when we arrived,—a Father, Mother, six daughters & one Son, much older than his Sisters, a poor wretched youth always intoxicated & disgracing his connexions,—an elder Son was spoken of as a British Officer in the 20th, at that time guarding Bonaparte at St Helena. Mr Wallace regretted that our terms were so high he could not afford to send us his children, & soon applied to Mr Marshall & Mr Dummett, to propose to us receiving 4 of his girls for what he could afford to pay punctually. Before the treaty was concluded, he fell ill & died. Afterwards Mrs W., declaring it was necessary for her to go to Santa Cruz to settle her affairs, renewed the negotiation, & considering her situation as very unfortunate, I agreed to receive 4 daughters for the amount of their board, making *no charge for their education*,

giving them even the accomplishments of Music & dancing, & to the eldest of the 4 Drawing also. She took her eldest & youngest with her, the former of whom died on the passage.

They were with us 15 Months, & experienced parental care & kindness, as many can testify. Their eldest brother, Capn Wallace as he was called, arrived from Europe, & after the Mother's return the girls went home to live with their Parent. A great change in their stile of living was immediately apparent, which, *they intimated*, was owing to the Son's resources.—He gave dinners to the Students, & other gay young Men, & Mrs Wallace gave Dances & parties, dressing the two eldest girls splendidly & elegantly, & always boasting of John's generosity to his Sisters.

All this time they were courting our Notice & attentions, —always soliciting Mrs Rutherford to take Elizabeth under her protection to the public balls, which she did. No one disagreement had we, not the slightest injury did we ever offer them. For my own sake I carefully preserved the secret of the terms on which I had received the girls, but one of Mrs Wallace's friends, to whom she confided it, had made it known, & possibly their pride was piqued,—I know of no other cause, but suddenly a string of the most atrocious calumnies were promulgated by Mr Wallace & his Mother against Eliza & myself.

He among other equally base & odious slanders, asserted that Mrs Rutherford's Children were by different Fathers, & that he knew I had kept a *bad house in London*. Three Gentlemen of the highest respectability came forward to testify against him, who heard him utter these horrid slanders.

I cannot describe our horror & amazement. We seemed crushed never to rise again; but the Zeal & Kindness of the friends who crowded round us, soothed & sustained us. The story spread like wild-fire, & even the most distant of our American acquaintance called to testify their good will & good opinion.

Though convinced of the Mother's equal baseness, we had only positive proof against the Son, & against him I commenced a prosecution. The proceedings are summary here,—he was arrested, & then gave notice he should take the Bankrupt's

Oath—to swear himself not worth 16 dollars beyond his wearing apparel.

Accordingly himself & his Mother appeared before the Judges & most of the principal Gentlemen of the Town, & he made *oath* that he had gamed away his commission in Paris,—that he had been some time maintained by borrowing from a waiter at the gaming-house,—that he had then proceeded to London, where he had lived two years BY HIS WITS (his own phrase), & had then come to join his family in this Country, *as a Steerage Passenger from London.*

This disgraceful testimony was supported by his Mother, swearing her Husband had died insolvent, that she supported her family entirely on funds of her own, & that her Son had not the means of buying a meal without her assistance. Thus proved a beggar, he was set at liberty,—the suit goes on, but when the verdict is obtained he will again take the oath, & I can neither get Damages nor imprison him, a great error in the Law putting a slanderer on the same footing with a poor debtor.

One revenge we have, in their proving themselves Liars, & every paltry boast of Mother & Son about his standing in the british army, his pay, his Santa Cruz property, etc. etc., is commented on by every Mouth. A thousand other slanders of other persons have come to light, & the family are the execration of the town, while we are receiving constant testimonies of approbation.

In the first bitter agony of my heart, how I prayed that the story might reach Mr Rutherford, as a most meet punishment of his desertion of a meritorious wife & her four lovely children.

I expected the health Eliza had gained to be destroyed, but happily the affectionate zeal of our friends has sustained her.

One of Mr W.'s slanders was accusing her of intriguing with Mr Dummett's son, now a youth of 18, who when she first went to Barbadoes was a little pet of hers,—perhaps you remember her speaking of him in her letters. He retains his early liking, & has been to her & me like one of our own Children. Mr Dummett, when we first arrived, said: "Now Mrs R. you must polish Douglas & reform his careless habits,

I know he will bear reproof better from you than from me.''
—But it would fill another sheet to tell you all of this tale of infamy. It would be unnatural if told as a fiction, that Malice could be carried to so gross an excess, & without the smallest provocation to excite it. Mrs W. now pretends that I said I took her children for Charity, but she also pretends she forgets where she heard what indeed I never thought, much less said.

When the story first spread abroad, Major Williams (who is the first here for wealth & honorable & gentlemanly character, & who has two daughters taller than I am still under our care) came every day in an open Barouche with his Wife & her Sister, & took Eliza out, driving through all the principal streets & avenues of the town, to give the most public proof of his desire to defend our cause. Mr Dummett was & is absent in Florida, but all according to their power have proved their wish to rase from our minds every painful impression. Still there are moments when bitter pangs assail us, lest these atrocious people should in some other place interrupt our peace, or that our Children may hereafter smart under their slanders & unparalleled Malignity.

I have dwelt longer on this odious tale than I intended, but as yet it swallows up all other thoughts & cares.

I have received no Money yet from Demarary,—Mr Benjamin, who took my power of Attorney & from his wealth & high influence in the Colony would have been able to serve me greatly, was lost with his eldest Son & his Wife's Sister on the voyage. My affairs in Barbadoes are still unsettled, & I begin to despair of getting any of the debts collected.

We have been warmly solicited to move to the Neighbourhood of New York, & have it under consideration. I have much to say on that subject & on others relating to ourselves, as well as on parts of your last kind letter, but time presses to a conclusion. . . . Adieu, you shall soon hear from me again & write as often as you can.—My dear, dear Friend. Farewell !

Yours sincerely

E. FENWICK

LXXXIII.—ANOTHER MOVE

663, BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
August 7th, 1825.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

So little disposed am I for writing, either in body or Mind, that I could scarcely touch my pen but on account of Mr Hurly's immediate departure for England,—*still dear England!*

Since our removal to this vast City, Mrs Rutherford has had a long & dangerous illness. Her old complaint of determination of blood to the chest & brain has been attended with so much internal inflammation as seems to baffle all medical skill, & to defy the efforts of constant bleedings, blisterings, starvings, etc. etc., by which she is reduced to almost infantine weakness. It is also judged now that her liver is affected.

I came to this City high in hope. It was an enterprise (though a costly one) that augur'd well, & every friend who desired to promote our success assured me that our commencement was unusually favorable. I was warned not to expect more than two or three scholars for the first few months, which has been the general routine of the most flourishing schools, yet we received 13 pupils in the course of the first Month, & heard a considerable increase spoken of for the conclusion of the hot weather,—such hot weather never has been known in the memory of the oldest persons, & the dread of Yellow Fever has sent everyone out of town that could do it conveniently.

Though alarmed at the high rent, & the immoderate rate of Servants' wages, my courage was ready to bear me through till Eliza fell sick. That event struck so deeply into the root of our enterprise, that added to excessive bodily fatigue, my mind has become depressed, & I can only look at the gloomy side of the question, & dwell on painful forebodings.

Yet when I reflect, I ought with thankfulness to prize the blessing granted me in uncommonly good health, through which I have struggled under the most laborious (for bulky me) occupations. Out of two servants One (a *Countrywoman* whom I received from compassion, as a widow with helpless, unfriended Children, supplied her with clothes & money to

place her Children out), robbed me & was turned away, & the other insulted & quitted me; so there I was left destitute of all assistance in a large & lofty house, except that of a little girl, for upwards of a fortnight. In that dilemma I was compelled to give a vacation, which we had announced not to do before the expiration of six months.

Hordes of Irish Women are flocking to this country, bringing their natural pride & want of industry, & adding thereto the distressing spirit of insubordination & insolence that pervades the class of people here destined to be servants & labourers; while the Blacks & Mulattos are stepping so far above Slavery, that they even outrun the Whites in their independence & defiance of anything like humility. The inconceivable influx of strangers to this City makes such a demand for Servants, that good & bad are almost equally sure of places, & the community are now looking about for means to lessen in some degree this species of domestic misery. Everyone complains & laments & severely experiences the same difficulties, & therefore I do hope that some remedy may be found by wiser heads than mine before long. . . .

We are in the upper part of the town, where it is pleasant & airy. The neighbourhood is new, the houses handsome, & are so rapidly engaged that rents are very high, & we are told that in a short space we shall find ourselves in the Centre of the City, though now our house is one of two Marble buildings, with an unoccupied Space for building on each side.

New York is rapidly encreasing in wealth. We see constant signs of plenty, & even of Splendor, but Courtly Magnificence or beggarly poverty is nowhere visible. Like all great cities, it has its lurking holes for the meanest & basest no doubt, & I miss the rough simplicity of Connecticut.

Mrs R. has come downstairs today, but with difficulty. A more even pulse than she has yet had promises a step towards recovery. She must change the air as soon as she can support the Motion of a carriage.

I have at length made the bold resolution of sending the Demerary children home. Three of them I sent in June; the fourth is still here.

All my West India Debts are still in arrears & gradually

becoming more & more hopeless. My most active friend, Mr Hurly, has quitted Barbadoes, has visited us in America, has been to the Lakes & Falls, & tomorrow sets sail for England, from thence to Ireland to visit his Mother, from whom he has been many years separated. I am not sure that he will call on you. He is curiously shy of strangers for a Man that has been so much out in the world. He has two undying claims on my regard,—one is a constant zeal for my welfare, & the other having been a favorite with Orlando!

Farewell, Dear Mary! As long as I live I feel that I am bound to cares, toils, & anxieties, but my heart still keeps its affection towards you!

Believe me ever affectionately yours

E. FENWICK

LXXXIV.—A MELANCHOLY REPORT

No. 643, BROADWAY, NEW YORK
(*June 1st, 1826*).

MY DEAR FRIEND,

When Major Dix gave me notice three days since of his departure for London, I resolved to send you a long letter, but a bilious attack suddenly seized me, & I have been incapable of holding a pen till the very morning of his departure. However as the letter will travel to London free of the encumbrance of Postage, I will send a few lines of greeting to the friend whom I shall never see more in this world of sorrow & suffering.

Yet I have nothing to say that will give you pleasure, for care & anxiety surround me on every side. The severe & frequent return of Mrs Rutherford's constitutional Malady, the pressure of blood to the heart, which must sooner or later end fatally, gives me the most melancholy anticipations for the future, while the total absence of all remittances from the West Indies involves us in present difficulties, & fetters our efforts to form a beneficial establishment in this City. I now begin to think I shall never get any of my West India debts, & it is hard, after so much labour, to have at my time of life the world to recommence with a young family to struggle for.

When I wrote to you by Mr Hurly, Mrs R. was ill. She

was unable to resume her station in the family till the end of September. The last night of the last year, she was again seized, & never crossed the threshold till the end of March. The Physician who attended her called a consultation, & it was then decided she could not live. The lungs & liver were both in a state of inflammation. However she did struggle through, & a continual course of Calomel gave her something like a return to health, till within the last fortnight. No human being was ever more rigid in their observance of all prescribed rules, & the helpless situation of her four Children gives her an anxiety to live that no charm she ever tasted in existence could do beside.

I am a wonder to myself, for generally I have sound health, & undergoe great bodily fatigue, which I support very well. Out of evil comes good. The total insubordination of servants in this country compels the Mistress of a family to be frequently mistress & domestic in one. We have occasionally two, & frequently none. Those who keep 4 or 5 are often left entirely without at $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour's notice, & a *service* of three months is an extraordinary event. These annoyances have made me take so much exercise in household exertions, that I am a third less in size, & have fifty times the activity I had in the West Indies.

The children too are cured of being *waited on*. William, at 12 years old, can mend windows, chairs & locks, & has such evident promise of skill in Mechanical arts that I hope he will soon provide for himself.

The second boy encreases our cares by the general infirmity of his constitution & by a peculiar unluckiness. He is constantly meeting with accidents, & has lately been confined to bed 7 weeks with a dangerous wound under the cap of the knee. Contrary to expectations he has recovered the use of his limb. He has powerful faculties, but a vehement temper, & the most irritable nervous system I ever saw in Childhood. Every stranger is attracted by the sweetness & suavity of his countenance, & yet he is often fierce & uncontrollable. I am very fond of him, & yet I look with dread to the future for him.

Elizabeth, a blooming little Brunette, has excellent health, & without much mind, will become educated & perhaps accom-

plished, by the steadiness of our efforts, so as to be either an assistant to us or go out in life.

The youngest, Orlando, has such rapid growth, & such repeated attacks of a complaint resembling his Mother's, that I think he will scarcely reach Manhood. That will be no evil,—we shall feel the blow severely, but we shall reflect, as in another & perhaps a dearer instance, that he is saved from the perils & trials of existence.

Major Dix sends to say he will call in ten minutes for the letter. I am ashamed to send such a scrap, but you will receive it as an assurance that my thoughts often fly to you, & that in the midst of sorrow & suffering, I retain the friendship which has often afforded me consolation in times even more adverse than what I have now to complain of.

According to American fashion, we removed at the end of May, but the toil was not undertaken to gratify mere American restlessness, but to reduce our rent 200 dollars per Ann. We are no longer among the Gentry in the *Marble Buildings*, but at a few yards distance, cased in humble brick, & far from being humiliated by the change, we like our new residence better than our old one. . . .

Yours most truly
E FENWICK

LXXXV.—FURTHER ANXIETIES

NEW YORK, 643 BROADWAY.
Octr. 15th, 1826.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I hope you received a letter which I forwarded by Major Dix on the 1st of June & which I conclude reached you a little before I had the comfort of receiving yours from the hands of Mr Hurly, after a tedious passage of 52 days.

I needed comfort at that time. for I was again in hourly apprehension of seeing Eliza draw her last painful gasp. Another very severe attack came on in July, & another powerful Salivation has again relieved her. Yet is it but a change of

suffering,—from the greater to the less certainly—she can now again lie down at night, can walk from room to room by day, but her teeth are loosened & her mouth so sore she can only receive spoon meat,—what is worse Medical Men think it is suspension, not cure. We have a kind & Zealous friend in one of the most eminent physicians of New York, & to his skill I think I owe her present existence.

What a life of suffering has been mine, & how am I, if it must be so, to bear her loss, & to toil & struggle for her helpless Orphans? Yet with all my reason tells me I have to fear, I still revive to hope as soon as the violent symptoms abate. And I keep my health, my strength & my activity of body & mind. Is it not wonderful? Ah my dear Mary, how dreary it is for us to look back on our past lives, & how desolate the future! Greatly do we need the faith of a better existence to enable us to support the miseries entailed on this.

I am still stemming a torrent of pecuniary difficulties. Not one shilling can I get from the West Indies. I have lately sent out new powers, legalised by the British Consul here, appointing fresh agents,—as a last effort. I can do nothing more unless I go myself, & the state of the family renders that measure impossible. I am convinced too I should never return. I grow yearly more impatient under heat,—a hot day renders me a useless log, & I dread it more than a whole winter in Spitzbergen. Could I collect from Barbadoes, Antigua, Demarary & Tortola the debts owing to me, I should not fear our eventual great success. . . .

You must consider this letter as a sort of morning call. . . . Let me hear from you—we shall never meet more in this weary pilgrimage I fear, & will our Spirits carry recognition of mundane friendships into eternity? I hope so, & that it will then be enjoyed without the alloys of separation & all other painful & destructive contingencies. . . .

Farewell, my dearest friend. Eliza joins in affectionate prayers & wishes with

Yours sincerely
E FENWICK

LXXXVI.—THE LAST ENTERPRISE

NEW YORK, *April 15th*, 1828.

NO. 11, BOND STREET.

MY DEAR & ALMOST ONLY FRIEND,

I began to think you tardy in offering me your tribute of soothing consolation, though fully conscious I had merited little from you. Long harrassed by internal anxieties respecting the dreaded event of Eliza's death,—the impenetrable obscurity which shrouded every anticipation of the circumstances in which that event would leave me & her orphans,—the pressure of difficulties, & the constant expectation & as constant disappointment of such remittances from the West Indies as would alleviate the added bitterness of pecuniary embarrassment, altogether combined to make me too much absorbed in self—I know it—I feel it now that the suspense has terminated, & I survive the stunning blow.

She is gone—& I meet the cares that remain with a torpid indifference that at times even surprises me. . . . In this large New World I stand *alone*!—My ties are comparatively babes.—No one remembers my youth & better days, or cares what I was or where I came from. . . .

Trust me, dear Mary, though all within, when I dare enquire, is a cold & desolate waste, I have still a sense of my duties to these orphans, & still the power of giving myself generally up to externals.

It is singular that from the hour of Eliza's death I have become quite careless about my West India affairs. They pressed weightily on her mind. She felt that I had determined on removal for the benefit of her health & that of her children, & for her sake & theirs had broken up a prosperous undertaking to commence new toils in a strange land, & her regrets & her wants stung me deeply. I now give it up, & heard only last Month of the death & insolvency of a Gentleman who owed me upwards of £300 without any emotion. It is probable I may never recover any of my debts, but if I can but live to see each of these children in the road to honest independence, any corner will serve me to die in.

My Mode of life I was induced to change last summer, by being applied to, to succeed a Lady who had taken a hand-

some house to accomodate, in the Style of a genteel private family, three families who engaged to board & reside with her for a year. She found herself totally incompetent to the undertaking, & at the end of three months announced her determination of giving it up. The Ladies & Gentlemen, pleased with house & situation, were unwilling to remove, & applied to me to take the establishment.

It promised so well, & called me into so much more bodily exertion & change of scene than the school, that, strongly urged to try it, I gave up my pupils, & removed hither. I have had no cause to repent it. I am more called into gay society than I wd choose, & am heavily pressed on by household duties, but they dissipate my thoughts & benefit my health.

My inmates are pleasant, have genteel manners, are highly satisfied with all my arrangements, & two of the families remain with me a second year. The other two, for a fourth married pair joined the circle when I took possession, are called by affairs to a distant part of the Union. As I have declined taking any but permanent boarders, I have some fears of not finding successors, for the heavy expenses of the establishment demand a full number to make it answer.

My poor Orphan Children are blooming with health, & pursuing such courses as would have fulfilled their Mother's utmost wishes.

William & Thomas, turned of 14 & 12, are both apprenticed in a most extensive Manufactory of Gold & Jewelry. There are 26 apprentices, & one of the four partners (an excellent & talented man) devotes himself to the care of the boys. They have also Masters attend in the Evenings & prosecute their usual School studies, which is very important to me, as Tom was too young to send out, but his wishes to be with his Brother were too urgent to be denied. I hear the warmest encomiums from their employers on their abilities & manners, & the eldest, after 9 months practice, chases on Gold better than is usual after two years teaching. They pay me a visit every evening after their school hour, & pass all their Sundays with me.

Elizabeth, a very pretty creature, little of her age, but healthy, is making great progress in her education. She has a decided taste for Music & already plays WELL. I cultivate

this accomplishment sedulously, in the hope of its being, together with other acquirements, a means of her independence.

Orlando, the youngest, 9 years old, is at school, & what will be his lot I cannot yet divine. He is a good & promising Child, & I hope will emulate the steadiness of his brothers. I hope I have not wearied you with this detail.

I cannot but regret that you must remove, unless you were removing to join me. I wish our excellent Bostonian divine had inspired you with sufficient esteem for America to induce you to try how easy it is to cross the Atlantic. The Vessels are now so admirably fitted up for the accomodation of Passengers, the Captains generally so much more than mere sailors, that a voyage to England & back is spoken of almost as a mere water excursion, & everybody I believe who can afford it make the experiment. The *Hudson*, by which this goes, & other of the line of London Packets belong to one of the Gentlemen (Mr Griswold) residing with me. I should feel a throb to which my breast has long been a stranger if I had to request Capn Champlin to be particularly attentive to you as my friend,—“Foolish dream!”, you will say,—would it were no dream. . . .

Write to me, my dear Friend, & do not let my sluggish aversion to using my pen deter you. To you it is habitual, & I know pleasant, to pour out your thoughts on paper,—to me thought awakens sorrow.

Forgive all my weaknesses & believe me still & ever

Yours affectionately

E FENWICK

I lately recd a letter from Mrs Godwin, the 1st of two or three years. She advises my coming to London & trying a boarding house for the outdoor students of the London University. I could not command the means & I could not leave the boys.

FINIS

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